A. 7.



Hugh Cecil Earl of Lonsdale.

ON-SAT 327

1885.

385 A New Book of Sports: Reprinted from the *Saturday Review*. Richard Bentley and Son, Printers in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen. London. 1885.

8vo. 380 pp. M., $7\frac{7}{8}$ in. by 5 in.

6/.

J/a

2/6

A NEW BOOK OF SPORTS.

REPRINTED FROM THE "SATURDAY REVIEW."



LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON,
Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen.
1885.

(*All rights reserved.*)

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Fox-Hunting on Dartmoor	1
Otter-Hunting on Dartmoor	12
Deer-Stalking	20
Covert-Shooting, Past and Present	29
Badgers	37
Rowing and Sculling	45
Football in the Field	55
The Wall Game	62
Modern Falconry	72
"The Other Tennis"	81
Giuoco del Pallone	90
Curling	96
Skittles	104
Wrestling	109
Savate, Boxe, and Canne	119
Boxing and Sparring	126
Backsword and Schlaeger	137
Rapier and Dagger	146
Athletic Sports	155
Coaching	165

PAGE

Riding-Schools 173
Figure-Skating 181
Sea-Fishing 191
Deck Pastimes 199
Canoeing in Canada 211
Ice-Yachting in America 224
Coasting and Tobogganning 234
A Lacrosse Match at Montreal 242
Lassoing and Bull-Tailing 251
Baseball 259
Cricket in America 271
Athletics in America 280
Banjo and Bones 289
Marbles 300
Tops 308
Knucklebones and Cat's-Cradle 315
English Chess 322
Mora and Lotto 330
Cut-Throat Euchre and Poker 338
The Games of Savages 346
The Recreations of a Corps Bursch 356
The Fiesta de Toros 364

A NEW BOOK OF SPORTS.

FOX-HUNTING ON DARTMOOR.

HUNTING the wild red-deer on Exmoor has become the fashion of late—too much the fashion, perhaps, to make it a very sporting affair; but a fine September spent with the stag-hounds is a delightful way of seeing and enjoying that beautiful country. One of the greatest charms of hunting is that you are led by the chase into sundry and out-of-the-way places, sometimes of great beauty, which would never be seen except by the few who live hard by, with whom familiarity may have bred contempt. To know a large tract of country as well as a hunting-man knows his country, to know every path, every stream, every ford, every lane, every gate, to say nothing of all the intricacies of the woodlands, is of itself a joy exclusively given to him. If hunting falls before the scythe of the Destroyer, this knowledge, amongst the rest, will be lost; the red-deer and the wild fox will be as the wild cat, the tree martin, the eagle, and the peregrine falcon, beautiful animals gone from us for ever—extinguished in the name of humanity. It

would be a curious study in comparative psychology to speculate whether a fox would prefer life with hunting to no life at all; as a man doubtless prefers life with the gout to obliteration.

As the wild red-deer is to Exmoor, so is the wild fox, the old aboriginal large grey fox, to Dartmoor. And if you want to know Dartmoor as it ought to be known, scorning guide-books and antiquarian researches into Druidical remains which the freaks of nature have bountifully supplied for the *dilettanti*, you must hunt this fox. You must not refrain from following after him; and where he goeth you must go, even unto the bogs. Getting into a bog on horseback causes a curious sensation that no man who has any respect for science ought to neglect. We have given up limiting ourselves to five senses, and a sixth has been authoritatively announced. If a philosopher could be induced to hunt the fox on Dartmoor, he would experience another new sensation, utterly unlike the rest, when he rode his horse into a bog, which he would be bound to pronounce a seventh. It is an old tradition, and a well-known fact, that no man or horse was ever hurt in a bog, though it must be allowed that it requires an educated taste, as in the case of Wagner's music and some curious old wines, to like it. It is the necessity for a good education that makes hunting on Dartmoor, very fortunately, not so popular as it might be. But to the past master, the man who has come out in honours, what hunting can be compared to it? It is true that you may take a very high degree in Leicestershire and find yourself at the bottom of the class, if a bog may be made classical, at the university of Dartmoor; and this, no doubt, carries

with it its vexations. To lead the field with the Quorn, and have to follow a roughish-looking moor-man, albeit very well mounted, with the Dartmoor hounds is humiliating. But everybody knows that humility is a very good thing, and it is not less so in fox-hunting than in any other walk, or gallop, in life. To run one of these great grey foxes from the large coverts at Stowford Cleave, on the Erme, near Ivy-bridge, across the moor to the still larger coverts at Benjay Tor, on the Dart, near Holne Chase, ten miles off, is the perfection of hunting to a really hunting-man who is not a common rider to hounds. The vice of the present day and of the present system is that large, unmanageable fields have reduced hunting-men to mere riders, and woodcraft is like to become a lost art. There has been a revival of hunting in this "so-called" nineteenth century, as there have been other revivals; and hunting has its formalists as well as other more solemn institutions. The vestments are gay and lively; the tall hat, the neat tie, the scarlet coat, the white leather breeches, the top-boots, and the spurs, with every buckle and button in the right place, make a cheerful sight on Dartmoor with a pack of hounds, and set off the scenery with great effect. But the ceremonial or etiquette of the modern field is a damper to hunting. Not to know the names of the hounds, not to know their tongues, not to know their different merits in drawing or in chase, with the hunts-man as a high-priest of the mysteries, is a misery which civilization has happily as yet spared Dartmoor. Sir Francis Grant once said to Count d'Orsay, "That was a fine run." "Run!" said D'Orsay, "it was an epic poem." Such is a run from Stowford Cleave to

Benjay Tor. The first stave is sung by Susan. She has already signalled to the huntsman by a feather of her stern that the fox is there, and the fox's delicate ear has caught a warning sound. He has moved at once from his kennel, and soon Susan proclaims him on foot, doubling her tongue in a high-pitched key, like the utterance of a wild cry of delight. He has heard Susan's tongue before, and Sontag's, her dam's, too, for that matter, a season or two ago, and although you may call it music, he thinks it Billingsgate, and puts her down as a common scold: no company for him. He will get out of hearing as quickly as possible, and being of a rather decided character, as all good foxes are, will not wait to be tally-ho'd and screamed at by the vulgar, but goes away at once.

The meets at Ivybridge on great occasions sometimes number three hundred. But there are laggards amongst them, and if the fox breaks quickly, they are not all up. The moorman, on his small lean thorough-bred looking mare, with power in the right place, leads the way down what he is pleased to call a path, perpendicular, embossed with boulders, through a dense copse, into a ravine, at the bottom of which is a foaming river. He knows the crossing-place, and you must condescend to follow; not only that, you must descend at the same pace he does, which is no condescension at all. In any other country this would look like a break-neck piece of business, but on Dartmoor it is only a common-place everyday transaction, and nobody ever breaks his neck. This is a Dartmoor cleave, coombe, or valley, cleft by the waters, and it is very beautiful. The stream is too large to be called a brook, but the trees nevertheless

meet over it, and the dense mass of copse defies the fisherman. The moorman must be followed on the other side, for he knows the way out, and you must get to the moor as quickly as possible. He will tell you that there is not a moment to spare, and not to be in a hurry, which is very good advice, though it sounds ambiguous. He means that you must be as quick as you can be, but you must not hurry your horse; for if you impart your hurry to him and set his heart beating, he will not "show you the run." As for the moorman, he goes on at a perpetual easy, deliberate gallop. The hounds are ahead he knows well, but he cannot afford to bustle his mare, and once on the moor he will get to their sterns somehow. He cares not who passes him, he has only one object in view, and that is to see the run, which, if a good moor-run, will demand all his skill and horsemanship, added to the staying blood of his mare. It is hopeless to attempt crossing the few enclosures between the covert and the moor. The moorman scuttles up an unpromising unsportsmanlike-looking lane, and you had better put your pride in your pocket and do the same. Suddenly you emerge on the moor, and you have before you what looks like a vast expanse of fine turf, short furze, and heather, backed, it is true, by dark-looking hills, with tors on their tops, and a suspicion of granite rocks scattered about; but where you are is ground fit for a racecourse. You are on high land; and, if you are so foolish as to look behind you, Plymouth Sound, with the ships at anchor, the Channel, and a lovely country, rich with meadows, woods, rivers, and pleasant-looking mansions, lies several hundred feet below. Thanks to the moorman, you find yourself

on pretty good terms with the hounds, the high enclosures having hindered them a little; but now they are racing as hounds on Dartmoor only do race, with straight-running fox before them, and under them the old primæval turf which has never known the plough, and a soil on which the gentle dews of heaven never cease to drop. This seems an exceedingly pleasant hunting country, and nothing can be easier than riding to hounds. It is still rising ground, but it does not look very steep, and now would be the time to ride at the tail of the pack; but you have been warned to keep your eye on the moorman, and you see him going on the same easy gallop as before, with his mare's ears pricked forward hearkening to the hounds. It is exactly the pace she can keep up for ever. The moorman kindly throws away his advice on young Ambition, who gallops past him on a hack. "Gently, young fellow," he says in his own broadest Devonshire, "you'll beat your horse." "Oh! I'll take my guinea out of him," says Ambition, who has that sum to pay for his hack. "You've a-took nineteen and sixpence out of him already," says the moorman, which proves only too true, for in another furlong or two the poor hack hopelessly stops for good, and young Ambition has to get back to his mess at Plymouth, where he tells his brother officers what a beastly country Dartmoor is. You are not long in getting over this fine ground and reaching the black-looking tors. The ground has been gradually rising, and most of the three hundred who had somehow got to the moor have tailed off. The scenery is very wild, and the enclosures are out of sight, except in the distance where the sun is smiling upon them. There is sound

footing round the tors, but the high table-land is hopeless bog, from which trickle the streams that scoop out the deep coombes, and joining their forces form into rivers. Where the ground is sound it is studded with granite boulders, and between tor and tor there is a steep bit of rocky riding with a brook in a bed of rocks at the bottom. The hounds are going at their best pace, and you must ride down over these rocks at your best pace, for down this hill, or precipice if you like, is the chance you have to get on better terms with the pack. The moorman knows the best crossing-place, to which he has ridden rather faster than before, but still with none of that fatal hurry, down over rocks which would make a stranger's hair stand on end. But facing the hill opposite is a far more serious thing, and to ride up a hill properly so that your horse, who must be a stout one, can gallop when at the top is *the* art in riding over Dartmoor to hounds. Many a horse will do the first hill gallantly, and perhaps the second; but the third is the stopper, and when you have got to the top of that and find that your horse can gallop, you may put him down as a Dartmoor hunter, and you may be sure he comes of a long line of sires of the best staying families in England. You may be very proud of your horse, but the moorman will ask you "Can a continny?" which being interpreted means, Can he continue to gallop for ever? If he cannot, his mane and his tail, and all his other beauties are held in scorn. Having successfully followed the moorman up this first hill at exactly the right pace, no faster, and no slower, you find yourself by no means too near the hounds, who are running over the bogs on your left faster than you ever saw

hounds run before, and you have now to encounter the greatest difficulties that Dartmoor presents. Well may the Quorn man say, "This is no country for me." Nevertheless, it demands the finest horsemanship at your disposal, and the word fine here means "refined," for care of your horse and nursing his powers are indispensable requisites. No stranger can go here; you must know every inch of the country, or you must follow some one who does. There are three sorts of bog—the impassable, the just passable, and the sound, though deep—indistinguishable except by personal experience. This the moorman has; it has been the business of his life, and he has been in all of them. His mare is going her usual pace, which you now seem to think rather fast, with her ears pricked forward as before hearkening to the hounds. He takes a very decided line, and soon gets on the jobber's path on which drovers have driven their cattle for centuries, as sound ground in the midst of the bogs. He keeps the hounds well in sight and hearing by virtue of this path, but suddenly leaving it he rides down a boggy precipice with the inevitable granite, improving his pace a little, to the River Awne. It is the Awne in Dartmoor, but the Avon "in along." It is a bad river to cross, but he knows the best place, and half cheats the opposite hill by riding up a little coombe with a stream in it. The hounds have crossed about a quarter of a mile above, the worst of Dartmoor has been passed, and you are on the best galloping ground on its borders. The hounds are still going a terrific pace, and you must ride all you know. Your horse has just done his second hill, and the third is to come. You are on high land, and away on your right you

can see the valleys and thick woodlands leading down to the Dart; beyond, the rich land, with Teignmouth and the Teign in the extreme distance. Before you, some way off the moor, lie Holne Chase and Buckland-on-the-Moor, two of the most lovely places in Devon, opposite one another, with the great Dart rolling and roaring between:

> "Oh! river Dart! Oh! river Dart!
> Every year thou claim'st a heart."

You are not on a racecourse after all; there are small, deep coombes to cross, and as the hounds are going straight for Holne Moor the moorman thinks Benjay Tor is his point (never, as a rule, ride to points), and he rides for the crossing place over the brook which runs through that most lovely of all lovely fox coverts, Skaye, the deepest gorge of granite and the densest thicket of copse and gorse to be found anywhere, impenetrable even to the moorman. But the fox has heard Susan's tongue there, and he likes Benjay Tor better. Now comes the third hill down and up, steep, rocky, and trying, and the moorman is on Holne Moor, with the heather up to his mare's knees and the blackcock flying about. This heather holds scent well, and the pace of the hounds is as good as ever, better it could not be; but it is high land, and there is a slope down to Benjay Tor with sound ground under the heather. If there is anything left in your horse, you can improve your pace, in the faith that no fox is such a fool as to scorn Benjay Tor. There you find yourself well up with the hounds, though you have never ridden a severer run in your life, but not the three hundred. A select few straggle up, and look very

pretty with their red coats, off their horses, standing on the top of the tor. It is a rule with the moorman to get off his horse whenever there is nothing doing, to ease her spine, as he calls it. There speaks the good horseman. The fox has gone in, too deep in the granite for any terrier to fret him. It is a fox's "holt," and he gets air through the cracks in the rock. In his present state he could not breathe in an "earth," hence the distinction. It would take a population of miners to get him out; and the huntsman, who is up, grumbles, for he thirsts for his blood. You secretly rejoice that he has saved that beautiful brush of his, with the long white tag at the end, and that his intelligent mask, with his bright eyes dimmed, is not dangling at the whip's saddle. You stand on the top of Benjay Tor, which is the granite crown of a high cliff hanging over the Dart, with a corresponding cliff, Sharpy Tor, on the opposite side. It is all dense copse and granite stretching down the steep banks of the Dart as it flows to Holne Cot, Holne Chase, and Buckland-on-the-Moor, "brawling," as the poet says, as it goes. Looking up stream it is the same: but further up you see Dart Meet, where the two Darts, East and West, separate or join (as you like it): and in the background Dartmoor again appears—shall we say frowns?—looking back at you, with fine rugged tors, Belliver Tor, the chief, on his forehead. It is the finest spot in Devonshire, and, according to the moorman, the finest spot in the world. His mare looks as if another five miles or so of galloping would be a pleasure to her; but he says a cheery "Good-bye!" and goes off into the heart of the moor at a slow hound-trot, which often takes him twenty-five miles to

covert with ease. He "knows by" a path with a good sandy bottom through the bogs to his snug home in a deep valley on the western side of the moor.

You have seen Dartmoor, and you have had a lesson in riding. The last stave of the epic was sung by the moorman when he cried his "Whoo-hoop!" at Benjay Tor, in a scream that awakened all the echoes of all the hills.

OTTER-HUNTING ON DARTMOOR.

The otter is said to be the wildest animal hunted in this country. Most of the *feræ naturæ* are more or less familiar with the appearance of man on earth. To their sorrow they are apt to meet him at every turn, for he with his domestic animals monopolizes the land and drives them from their ancient inheritance. If Mr. Henry George's doctrines were extended to animals in general, and not in so narrow a spirit limited to man, they would be most acceptable to a large majority of our fellow-creatures.

The habits of the otter afford him but very few opportunities of seeing the human form divine, and when he does see it, which must be in most cases at an otter-hunt, clothed in the costume affected by otter-hunters, it cannot seem to him at first sight "a thing of beauty," and is very far indeed from being "a joy for ever." There are many more otters in the world than mankind in general are at all aware of. As they do not see much of man, still less does man see of them. They frequent the coasts in large numbers, especially where rivers enter the sea, and where there are rocks. Being fishers by profession, they make excursions up the rivers to hunt the

salmon and trout, not to mention the frog, which is a very delicate dish. They like a warm dry bed after their wet work, which they make in the banks of the river above water level, amongst rocks or the roots of large old trees, the only entrance often being under water. Here they put down their young, funny little things, mainly consisting of very thick skin and dense fur, in all seasons of the year (young otters have been found in every month of the year), and go out fishing until the otter-hunter comes to spoil their sport. Man is very wrath at the idea of an otter catching and eating *his* salmon; but, as everybody knows, a spirit of fair play prevails among sportsmen, and as in the case of the fox, the only legitimate way of killing him is by an elaborate trial by jury, as it were, of fox-hounds, with a scarlet huntsman, and blowing of horns, like trial by jury at the assizes—so there is only one legitimate way of killing an otter, all guns, traps, and other engines being held in scorn and indignantly stigmatized as unfair. The peculiar fairness of the legitimate method would not, however, be very striking to any one who did not know what chances it gave the otter to escape. The fact is, it takes a skilful huntsman and a good pack of hounds with terriers to find an otter in the first place, and kill him in the second. In the West of England the fox-hound is chiefly used to hunt the otter, and that fine picturesque otter-hound, whose portrait Landseer loved to paint, and painted so well with his long head, small eyes set close together, shaggy coat, and rushy stern, his deep bass tongue too freely given, fine nose, and patient style of hunting, is not much in vogue there. The dashing fox-hound is the fashion. He is

handsome, a fine hunter, and the field know him, admire him, and like him. Well might the otters pray that the fashion may continue, for this dash of his saves many a life.

Otter-hunting can be seen in very good style on Dartmoor, on the river Dart. The hounds are taken in the middle of the summer to the "Saracen's Head," at Two Bridges, on the West Dart, in the heart of Dartmoor. The old original "Saracen's Head" was brought by the Bullers from the Crusades, and this is only a copy of it—a fastidious artist might say a rough copy—swinging in an iron frame over the door of an inn, and creaking all night when the rains and the winds come to help on the rivers, a duty which they as a rule assiduously perform. For otter-hunting a time should be chosen when this duty has been somewhat neglected, and the rivers run light. The meet of the hounds should be early on a fine morning at Dart Meet, where the East and West Dart join, and the hounds should draw up the West Dart. The West Dart is much the finer river of the two; and, with its tributaries—the Cowsick, the Black-a-brook, the Cherry Brook, and the Swincombe—is the perfection of a Dartmoor river, flowing bright and rapid over a bed of granite boulders richly covered with moss and lichen, its banks bedecked with the ferns and wild flowers of the moor, and fringed with the bog-myrtle and withy. Water holds scent well, as not only otter-hunters, but stag-hunters know; and the whiff so fragrant to the nose of the hound rises to the surface and floats down stream, calling forth his musical chant of praise. For this reason otter-hunters draw up stream, and before the lair of the otter is

reached the welkin rings with the music of the pack. The otter has left his trail on the banks and on the stones where he has landed when fishing, his spur can be seen freshly printed on a sandy nook, and he is very likely to be found in a well-known and remarkably safe holt, as they call it in the West, about half a mile above Dart Meet, which he shares at times with foxes, though his access to it is under water, and theirs, of course, above. If he were but wise enough to stay here, he might defy his legitimate enemies to do their worst. But he knows not man and his little ways, and he has heard the unwonted strain of the hounds as they have been crying over his footsteps hard by. They mark him in his retreat, and the whole pack proclaim that he is in the otter's parlour, the strongest place on the river. It is in a large rock hanging over a deep, dark pool in a corner made by a turn in the river, with an old battered oak-tree growing somehow from the midst, and backed by a confused jumble of granite blocks. The artist and the fisherman both admire this spot, though for totally different reasons, but the hunter likes it not, for he knows too well that if he runs the fox or the otter here his sport is over. A fox or an otter if run here is likely to stay; he has experienced the dangers and wickedness of the world at large; but if found here in his quiet and repose he takes alarm at the unusual turmoil and incontinently bolts. The otter is known to have a way in under water, where no terrier can go, and he is so far safer than the fox. The most arduous otter-hunters, therefore, when the hounds mark, plunge up to their necks in the water to frighten him out with their otter-poles. He has long known the

Dart as a quiet, peaceable, happy hunting-ground; and he makes the fatal mistake of bolting, little recking what a harrying awaits him for the next four hours. There immediately arises a yell of "Hoo-gaze!" the view halloo of the otter-hunter—probably a much older English hunting holla than tally ho!—and the din of the hounds and terriers, the human scream, and the horn, like Bedlam broken loose, which he hears behind him, makes him hurry up stream as best he may. The master of the hounds, if he knows his business, will now call for silence, and, taking out his watch, will give the otter what he calls a quarter of an hour's law. It is wonderful how fond sportsmen are of law; perhaps there is an affinity between prosecuting a case and pursuing a chase. He wants the otter to go well away from his parlour, and his object for the rest of the day will be to keep him out of it. If he is a real good sporting otter-hunter, he will tell his field that he wants his hounds to kill the otter without assistance from them; for in the West of England the vice of mobbing the otter is too common, with half the field in the water, hooting, yelling, poking with otter-poles, mixing the wrong scent (their own) with the right, making the water muddy, and turning the river into a brawling brook with a vengeance. The true otter-hunter only wants his huntsman and whip, and perhaps a very knowing and trustworthy friend, besides himself, to help him in hunting the otter *with his hounds*, and not with men. The master gives the chase a good quarter of an hour by the clock, and leaving the unearthly, or perhaps too earthly, sounds behind him, the otter makes up stream as fast as he can go. It is sur-

prising how far an otter can get in the time, but fear lends speed to his feet. Then begins the prettiest part of the sport. The hounds are laid on; they dash into the river, and instantly open in full cry. The water teems with the scent of the otter; but the deep pools, rapid stickles, and rocky boulders over which the river foams hinder the pace. There is ample time to admire the spirit-stirring and beautiful scene. The whole pack swimming a black-looking pool under a beetling tor in full chorus; now and then an encouraging note on the horn: the echoes of the deep valley; the foaming and roaring Dart flowing down from above; the rich colour from the fern, the gorse, the heather, the moss, and the wild flowers; a few scattered weather-beaten oaks and fir-trees, and the stately tors aloft, striking on the eye and ear, make one feel that otter-hunting on Dartmoor is indeed a sport.

The Dart is a large river, for a Dartmoor stream, and presents many obstacles to the hounds; but they pursue the chase for some distance, and at length stop and mark, as they did before. The otter has got out of hearing, and has rested in a lair known to him under the river-bank. The terriers and an otter-pole dislodge him, and the sport becomes fast and furious. He is seen in all directions, sometimes apparently in two places at once, which makes the novice think there are two or three otters afoot; but it is only his quickness, and he dodges about amongst the boulders and under the banks in a manner that baffles all his foes, hound or man. "Hoo-gaze!" is now often heard as one or another catch sight of him, and the field become very noisy and excited. It is still the

object to run him up stream, whilst he now finds it easier to swim down. "Look out below" is, therefore, heard in the fine voice of the master. There is a trusty person—he should be a very trusty person—some way down stream patiently watching a shallow stickle where the otter must be seen if he passes. If he should get below this he must be turned up again, if possible. Suddenly the whole clamour ceases, and silence prevails. The otter has mysteriously disappeared, no man or hound knows where, after the manner of otters, and he has to be fresh found. The master, a good sportsman, and knowing in wooderaft, is in no hurry. There is too much scent in the water of various sorts, and he will be glad to pause until it has floated away. He takes his hounds down stream, and some of the field having unduly excited themselves vote it slow; but he is nothing if he is not an otter-hunter, and his business is to kill the otter in a legitimate manner. Down stream, therefore, he goes, with his hounds at his heels. The trusty man says the otter has not passed; but this makes no difference. Some way further down, with a wave of his hand, he sends all the hounds into the river again with a dash, and one or two challenge, upon which the novice pronounces the trusty man a fool; but they only speak on the surface-scent, which the current has washed into the bank, as the master knows well enough. They draw up stream again, pass the trusty man, still at his post, and reach the spot where the otter vanished. The river is beautifully clear again, and an old hound marks. A good hour perhaps has been lost, or rather spent, since the otter disappeared, and here he has been in one of his under-water dry

beds. He is routed out by otter-poles, and liveliness again prevails, especially when he takes to the land to get down stream by cutting off a sharp curve in the river—a way he has learnt in his frogging expeditions—and the hounds run him then like a fox. He is only too glad to plunge headlong into the river again, and he has reached it below the trusty man, who, however, goes down to the next shallow, and takes with him some others to turn the otter up from his safe parlour. They are hunting him now in a long deep pool, where he shifts from bank to bank, moving under water whilst the hounds swim above. He has a large supply of air in his lungs, which he vents as he uses it, and which floats to the surface in a series of bubbles. Otter-hunters call it his chain, and it follows him wherever he goes, betraying his track in the muddiest water. He craftily puts his nose, his nose only, up to get a fresh supply of air now and then, under a bush or behind a rock, and then owners of sharp eyes call "Hoo-gaze!" He finds himself in desperate straits, and he makes up his mind to go for his parlour at all hazards; but the hounds catch sight of him in the shallow of the trusty man, and the chase comes to an end. Otters are never speared in the West.

Some short time afterwards, one of the field, who has behaved himself, pleased the master, and given the huntsman half-a-sovereign, will be seen in a waistcoat made of the otter's beautiful thick skin and soft fur.

Thus may otter-hunting be followed on the West Dart on Dartmoor as a summer sport, amidst fine wild scenery and in jovial company.

DEER-STALKING.

It may seem a strong thing to say, but perhaps there is no sport in the world about which more nonsense is talked than deer-stalking. Because certain unsportsmanlike millionaires who monopolize vast stretches of moor and mountain make big bags, if we may speak of "bags" in connexion with deer, it is very generally affirmed that deer-stalking may be made easy. There can be no greater delusion; and when there is promiscuous butchery by "pot shots," it is when deer have been driven past ambushes in the passes. Any man who can raise a rifle to the shoulder can fire point-blank into a hustling mob of animals, and then most of the ill-directed bullets will probably find their billets. Some of the animals shot dead by accident "drop in their tracks," while others will go away crippled or wounded. It is men like these, shooting as at the Court battues in Germany, who bring the sport into discredit. We do not mean to say, nevertheless, that there are not gradations in stalking, and that a novice dry-nursed by skilful professional stalkers may not gain far greater credit than he deserves. In favourable circumstances and on easy ground, he may be brought so near the unsuspecting

quarry that success should be almost certain if his nerves be tolerably steady. But the genuine stalker, while using the services and local knowledge of the native hillman, never descends to the abuse of them, and there can be no wilder diversion than his, short of shooting the *mouflon* and its sure-footed congeners, among break-neck mountains and precipices. It is true that nowadays in a well-protected forest there can never be any scarcity of game—sometimes, indeed, it is only too plentiful—and so deer-stalking has decidedly improved, since deer, except for the table, were valueless to the landlords. In the earlier part of the century almost the whole of the Highlands may be said to have been more or less deer-forest. The deer roamed everywhere, with nothing to fear but the occasional discharge of a shot-gun or musket. But then the hills were ranged by herds of black cattle or pastured by sheep; and, what with the cattlemen, the shepherds, and their dogs, the deer were being kept perpetually on the move. They were difficult to be found, for their haunts depended for the time on local circumstances, and were difficult to approach, except in their favourite fastnesses in the higher mountains; while, with his imperfect weapons, the stalker could do no certain execution unless he came very near to them indeed. Then there were long odds in favour of the deer; now it must be admitted that ordinary chances befriend the skilful stalker. The ground in the forest has been swept clear of cattle and sheep; the very vermin are fostered to keep down the grouse which might give the alarm at the critical moment of the stalk; so the deer are lulled into false security, although that manner of protecting the ground can

hardly be called artificial, since the balance of nature is merely left to correct itself. And we may observe, parenthetically, that the preserver does his best for the ornithologist by encouraging the eagles, the falcons, and the ravens. But even with those ordinary chances arranged in his favour the stalker, at the best, has "his work cut out for him." He must be something more than sound in wind and limb if he is to get anything like adequate value for his money, in the way either of excitement or heads. And, when a robust and active man has wealth as well as health, we can well understand that he should lavish large sums on his stalking.

In the first place, in an advanced state of civilization, it is something to enjoy the keen pleasures of savage life, agreeably tempered by every available luxury. One day you are in London, lounging along the hot pavements of Pall Mall, worn out by politics or professional business, or by a surfeit of gaieties through the season. The very next afternoon you may be in the heart of the Highlands, monarch of all you survey in the meantime, so long as the rent is punctually paid. In the deer-forest there are no shepherds, as on the grouse-moor, owing allegiance to another tenant of the proprietor, and possibly at feud with your keepers and gillies. The forest is one vast picturesque solitude, with only here and there a lonely shieling occupied by a watcher. From the windows on every side of the shooting-lodge you look out upon a wild panorama of mountain and hill, with glens winding up into almost inaccessible recesses, and ravines where the rocky sides slope down to the brawling burns. Beautiful as these Highland hills are in the sunshine,

nothing can be more savagely stern than their effects when storms are gathering round their rugged summits. Then the heavy clouds, gradually drawing lower and lower, cast their black shadows on each bright sheet of water; waves of fleecy vapour begin to steam and boil in each nook and corner of the lower valleys, till the bursting clouds send down the rain in torrents, and the landscapes grow dimmer, till they disappear behind a leaden-coloured pall. Or half the winds of heaven may seem to be let loose together, and then the shrieking, and the howling, and the sobbing are terrific. In contrast with the roar of the elements without, nothing can be snugger than the accommodation of even a modestly-furnished shooting-lodge; and at least, unless one's patience is fairly worn out, there is pleasure in watching the rain from under shelter. But such is the weather the stalker must be prepared to face, for there is no trusting the weather-glass among the Highland hills. One may make a start after breakfast under bright blue skies; and, though the keeper may have shaken his head over the doubtful prospects of the afternoon, no one of course would dream of giving up the expedition. When the sportsmen are leagues away from home, they are aware of an ominous stillness; there is something like an earthy freshness in the air, which seems to portend an abundance of rain, and the portents are confirmed by the lowering bank of clouds slowly extending itself over a semicircle of the horizon. Later in the afternoon, and perhaps as you are drawing steadily upon the deer, the storm bursts. It is five to one that the stalk is spoiled; and in any case, and in an incredibly short space of time, the hill walking is

made pretty nearly impracticable. Each hill-burn has swelled into a brawling torrent, and the streams that were passed in the morning dryshod on the natural stepping-stones, must now be forded breast-high at the risk of losing your footing. The man who is ready and willing to go in for all this can hardly be called a drawing-room sportsman; and he introduces an infinity of other elements of excitement into the day's sport should he have personal experience of stalking and be reasonably self-reliant.

We do not say that good local guides are not nearly indispensable. The hill-keeper not only knows the favourite haunts of the deer in certain directions of the wind, and spares his employer much time and wasted anxiety, but he is familiar, so far as man can be, with the prevailing currents of the air as they are caught and twisted in the corries. The professional stalker is admirable for bringing you within sight of the deer, for guiding you along the surest lines of approach under cover; but as to when or whence he ought to take his shot the experienced sportsman will use his own discretion. Strange to say, the keeper or gillie is often flurried, or at least foolishly eager and ready to recommend precipitate action, when there is not only no reason to be in a hurry, but when much may depend on deliberation. It may still be possible to get nearer, should that seem advisable, or the stag you have marked for your victim may present himself in such a position that it may be advisable to wait on the chance of his changing it. The man who surrenders his own judgment, and slavishly takes his orders from the gillie in charge, is not worthy the name of a sportsman. Everybody must of course serve

a noviciate, and there are keen enough hands who to the day of their deaths will never master the principles, or rather the instincts, of hill venerie. But the real pleasure of the pursuit lies in devising your own strategy, though you must consult your followers as to carrying it out. A day's stalking, from the beginning to the end, is full of incident and excitement; the highest hopes may be dashed by sudden disappointment, and there are perpetual slips between the cup and the lip. It is so much the better when toils have been crowned by success, and the stag round which your manœuvres have been concentrating themselves, at last, in his magnificent proportions, is lying dead at your feet. First comes the finding of the deer. Time after time your trusty staff may have been driven into the hillside, and the telescope steadied against it. Time after time the wild landscape may have been swept in vain. After the closest examination of each rock and patch of heather, there has not been a glimpse of hide or of horns. Then all at once, and perhaps where you least expected it, you have seen the little herd of deer feeding, unsuspicious of danger. There is a heavy stag, we may suppose, with a respectable head, and on him you have set your affections. But he is surrounded by a small seraglio of hinds, one or two of them having been told off upon sentinel duty. Sinking down upon the heather, crawling back behind the nearest cover, you hold quick but anxious consultation as to the circumventing him. A great circuit has to be made before you can creep down upon him against the wind. Taking the bearings of the herd by certain landmarks on the sky-line, you start away upon the long *détour*. You

have already done considerable walking in the course of your peregrinations; but it is now that strength and breath are tasked, or, rather, they would be tasked were it not for the excitement. The sinewy keeper steps out in most deceptive style, getting over the ground twice as fast as you might fancy. You may have to breast sundry stiff hills in succession ere reaching the last point of vantage, where you begin the critical operations. There, where you hope again to sight the deer, is a moment of intense expectation. They may have shifted their ground by chance, or may have taken alarm and left it altogether. To your satisfaction you see that they are much as they were; but the satisfaction is by no means unmingled. The stag is recumbent, and ruminating so quietly that it appears you might almost step up and stroke him; but one of the hinds on duty is constitutionally restless, and it is her ceaseless vigilance you have to elude. The approach is a sharp descent down the hills, and that makes the task all the more difficult. Then it is that the Red Indian instincts of the keeper are called into play. He pioneers the path, if path it can be called, where you are either crawling like a snake or grovelling like a rated spaniel. Now you are grinding off your buttons against the angularities of impracticable stones. Now you are making a rush between hillock and hillock, bent nearly double, while the head of the sentinel hind happens to be turned in the opposite direction. You know, nevertheless, that she may sight you at any moment, or that some treacherous air current may give her your wind, in which case all your labours have been thrown away. Or perhaps your lines of painful approach may

have fallen in the broken bed of a mountain burn, and then all the crawling and the crouching have to be done with the cold water running in at the neck of your shirt and filtering out at the knees of your knickerbockers. Surmounting these trials and vicissitudes successfully, you may congratulate yourself when you find yourself safely ensconced within sixty or eighty yards of the deer. It is then that the keeper may be thrusting the rifle into your hand, urging you to shoot; it is then you will do well to assert your independence. In the first place, you have been overheated, over-strained, and then soaked; so it is next to impossible that the pulses can be beating quietly, or that even by the aid of some convenient slab of stone you can make sure of steadying the rifle. In the next place, as we have imagined the deer lying down, it is possible he may offer but a doubtful mark. Yet undue delay will be dangerous, as well as irritating to the nerves. Each fleeting minute is pregnant with hope or possible incident. Luck may befriend you; the stag may stretch himself and get up; or a low whistle may at last be necessary, which will land him at once on his legs, when he will stand stationary and listening for a moment. Then, as the bullet goes home with a thud behind the shoulder, you know that all your labours are repaid; should you shoot wildly and miss, or merely maim him, your first idea is instantaneous suicide.

This being, as we think, a fair sketch in faint outlines of a day's stalking, it will be seen how many chances are necessarily against the stalker, even in a well-preserved forest, under circumstances the most favourable. Absolute quiet with security from

intrusion are the essential conditions of success; the crow of a startled grouse-cock, even the note of alarm of some small moor-bird will send the deer "scuttling," while the sight of a human being on a distant ridge will be sufficient to clear a whole district for the day. It may be imagined, then, what will be the effect of such a Bill as Mr. Bryce proposes on the value of Highland deer-forests. We are not concerned now to discuss its propriety on the ground of public rights against the privileges of private property. We do not even go into the question whether it may not be more genuine sport to shoot deer with the additional hazard in the form of being warned or kept restless by chance passengers. We confine ourselves to noting that no Southern sportsman will give anything approaching the existing rents if his projected day's sport may be spoiled at any time by the apparition of some tourist, artist, or ornithologist whose arrangements happen to clash with his own. A great proportion of the income of certain Highland proprietors will be sacrificed, for the confiscation will fall very unequally. Those gentlemen whose lands are remote from the tourist beats will come off comparatively cheaply; while others, whose forests lie "convenient" to hotels and picturesque passes, or chance to be consecrated by specially romantic associations, will assuredly be immensely out of pocket, though they may gratify their patriotism and the political economists by growing mutton and wool in place of venison.

COVERT-SHOOTING, PAST AND PRESENT.

THERE is no more confirmed *laudator temporis acti* than what is generally known as a sportsman of the old school. Every modern innovation is looked upon by him with suspicion and distrust; and if by chance any invention or practice of more recent times should meet with his modified approval, it will generally be qualified by the assertion that the idea is merely a development of something which was perfectly well known and understood in his younger days, but which there were good reasons for not adopting at the time. The so-called sportsmen of the present day are a degenerate lot compared with what they used to be in his own time; there is no such thing as real sport nowadays; and so on *ad infinitum*.

It is to shooting more than to other field sports that such old-world criticisms are usually applied. Hunting, as long as it exists, will always remain much the same in principle. The pace may be faster and the hours later than in the good old days when our long-coated forefathers took the field at early dawn, and returned home in the middle of the day to spend a long winter's afternoon and evening over their port and

their punch-bowl; but in other respects hunting will always remain a sport that can be indulged in according to the individual tastes of the sportsman. There can be no doubt, however, that a great change has taken place both in the theory and practice of shooting during the last forty or fifty years, and more particularly in that branch of the sport known as covert-shooting. The manner in which this pastime was carried on about the beginning of the present century has been made familiar to every one through the medium of the old sporting prints. We all know the long-gaitered, drab-coated gentleman, with a ruddy, smooth-shaven face and a tall hat, the tightness of whose many-buttoned garments must have made active exercise somewhat distressing, pausing, in a struggle through a sort of Indian jungle of underwood, to take a steady aim, with one eye carefully closed, at a woodcock which, according to the perspective, should be some hundred and fifty yards away, while a brace of open-mouthed spaniels spring excitedly forward, and in the middle distance another smiling gentleman, in a green coat this time, by way of variety, stands with his gun at the "port" to await the course of events. Or he is depicted in the act of almost treading on a species of bird of paradise, supposed by courtesy to represent a cock pheasant, crouching in the aforesaid jungle, of the immediate proximity of which the spaniels appear altogether unconscious, but which we feel will create a most startling effect when ultimately roused from its lair and well on the wing. But, in any case, the long-gaitered person hunted his game in a painstaking, business-like manner, much after the fashion of a Red Indian, and, whether alone or in

the company of another tight-coated sportsman, his bag depended very much on his own exertions. To him an organized and disciplined body of beaters, such as may be seen at any average shooting party of the present day, was a thing unknown. As a rule, indeed, the presence of even a gamekeeper or other attendant seems to have been dispensed with, and one is tempted to speculate how our friend would have disposed of any game that he might be so fortunate as to secure. Occasionally, it is true, he carries a game-bag, but this is the exception rather than the rule. He may, to be sure, have used "hare-pockets." But the weight of a hare on each side, to say nothing of anything else, must have been a serious impediment to locomotion, and, besides giving the sportsman the appearance of a clown in a pantomime who has stolen a couple of geese and a string or two of sausages, must have rendered anything like quick shooting almost an impossibility.

It is rather a remarkable fact that there should be so few artistic records of the manner in which shooting is carried on at the present day. At the period of which we are speaking, every phase of the sport was elaborately represented by artists of more or less capability; and, to say nothing of London print-shops, it is almost impossible to enter an old country house, or even a country inn, without coming across one or more works of art of this description. But one may walk the whole length of Piccadilly and Bond Street without finding a pictorial representation of a modern "shoot." The few that do exist are well known, but do not appear to be sufficiently sought after to have made it worth the while of publishers and print-sellers

to reproduce them in a popular form. This is all the more remarkable, inasmuch as there never was a time when other branches of sport were more profusely illustrated than at present. Not only does every description of hunting and racing print abound everywhere, but the shop windows are full of original sketches, of more or less artistic merit, which at any rate are improvements on the stiff, wooden productions of former years. It is true that the surroundings of modern shooting do not lend themselves to artistic effect in the same degree as of old. There is nothing very suggestive of the picturesque in a long line of guns and beaters manœuvring in a turnip field; and the spectacle of a smartly-dressed gentleman, standing at the end of a plantation with his loader behind him, does not afford any great scope for the painter's imagination. Yet, even in these degenerate days of sport, there are occasional incidents that might well be turned to account by a clever artist. To a real sportsman, the pleasures of covert-shooting depend not so much on the number of shots he gets in a day as on their variety, and this will depend in a great measure on the nature of the ground. Where, as is often the case, the woods are low and the ground perfectly level, so that the pheasants fly out almost at the muzzles of the guns, or at any rate, but a few feet over the heads of the shooters, there is really very little satisfaction in killing them, and the sport becomes simple butchery. And as coverts of this description are generally well adapted for the rearing of game, it is in such places that the enormous bags are made which have brought the practice of battue-shooting into such disrepute. But in a rough and broken country, where the coverts

lie on hillsides or steep banks, it is a very different affair. There is usually some hard and rough walking to be done, instead of the lazy saunter along smooth rides or gravel walks; and not only are a sure foot and a quick eye indispensable to success, but a very considerable amount of skill and practice are also needed. To bring down a "tall rocketer," sweeping down the wind from the top of a high bank, is by no means an easy performance, especially if the sportsman, as will very likely be the case, be at that moment balancing himself on the narrow footpath or floundering among slippery rocks at the bottom of a gully. A shot obtained in this way would, in many cases, afford a subject for a pretty sketch, and would certainly give as much scope to the artist as the old-fashioned "pot shot" with which we are so familiar. But, somehow or other, the subject does not seem to have commended itself to our sporting artists; and the sportsman of the twentieth century—if by that time such a thing as sport should still exist—will have little to guide him in the way of pictorial records as to how his more immediate ancestors were in the habit of killing their game.

But however unfavourable may be the comparisons which the old-fashioned sportsman may draw between the present system of covert-shooting and that in vogue in his youth, it is a question whether the former does not, on the whole, afford more enjoyment than the latter, especially if regarded from a social point of view. To go out, as in old days, with a dog and a gun, and fight through briars and thorns all day in the hope of bringing home as much game as you can conveniently carry about you, may possibly be a more

praiseworthy form of recreation than to form one of a party of gunners who have little more to do than to shoot the game that is driven up to them. But after all, the primary object of shooting, like that of any other field sport, is to provide healthy amusement; and if this can be secured as well in one way as the other, it is difficult to see any just grounds for invidious comparison. The physical aspects of covert-shooting, moreover, have changed very much during the last fifty years. Not only have the old-fashioned game-coverts almost ceased to exist, but the habits of their denizens seem to have undergone a change, and they cannot be sought for in the same manner as of old. High farming has in most districts done away with the old double hedgerows, forming the best possible covert for game of all kinds; copses have been grubbed up; and everywhere, in fact, there is less natural shelter for game than there used to be. The result is that both pheasants and partridges have taken to "running" in a manner which would have been scorned by their ancestors, and that they have to be circumvented accordingly. Here and there, in remote woodlands, it is still possible to enjoy a day's sport in the old style, with spaniels or beagles: but as a rule, it is now found easier to rear game in smaller woods where hunting with dogs is altogether out of the question. By the time, indeed, that a sportsman of the old school would have got halfway through such a covert with his dog and his gun, almost every pheasant in it—every cock pheasant, at any rate—would have quietly run out at the other end, and he would very likely not get a single shot in a wood that he knew to have been full of game. In such cases the

only way to get any sport is to make use of beaters, assisted by "stops" at certain points to prevent the game from running out. This, broadly speaking, constitutes the groundwork of the much-vituperated system of battue-shooting. But it is obvious that a system which is equally applicable to a "chasse" of either the smallest or the largest dimensions can scarcely with justice be condemned, because in the latter case it has occasionally been abused, and what ought to be a sportsman-like and healthy recreation has degenerated into a mere slaughter. This, however, opens a wide subject, which it would not be convenient to discuss at present. But it may fairly be claimed for the modern as against the ancient style of covert-shooting, that it affords greater scope for social enjoyment, and has, in fact, become the *raison d'être* of one of the pleasantest aspects of English country-house life. In the old days, when an ordinary country squire went out shooting with his friend, his ideas did not as a rule go beyond his actual sport, or at any rate the dinner which was to follow it; and it would not have occurred to him to make it an occasion for filling his house with a mixed party of both sexes, some of whom, at least, would look upon the shooting as a mere accessory. All this has doubtless in many cases been overdone, in the same way as the shooting itself. The introduction of ladies, for instance, into an actual shooting party, is a questionable experiment at all times, and even the charm of their presence at luncheon-time will scarcely be appreciated by a keen sportsman; while "walking with the guns" which a few years ago had become the practice, has now been generally admitted to be not only a serious drawback

to the sport, but to be productive of but little satisfaction to any one concerned. But there are few things more enjoyable in their way than a well-assorted party at a well-appointed country-house, where there is good shooting for the men and pleasant society for the ladies; and there can be no doubt that if, through any combination of circumstances, covert-shooting as carried on at present, should be interfered with to any appreciable extent, a serious blow would be struck at country society in general, and one of the few compensating advantages of an English winter would be done away with. The operation of the Ground Game Act has had a marked effect upon the lately-ended shooting season; the hare, in many parts of the country, will soon become as extinct as the bustard; and game-preservers will have to trust more than ever to the artificial rearing of pheasants to secure even the most moderate amount of sport for themselves and their friends. It is impossible to say what form the next agitation against game may assume; but as long as there are woods left in the country, and until the relations between landlord and tenant have been altogether broken down by mischievous legislation, it is to be hoped that the good old sport of covert-shooting will not come to an end.

BADGERS.

THE ruling instinct in the badger character is a dislike of publicity. He objects to being looked at under any circumstances, but most of all in broad daylight, and invariably makes haste to efface himself from view if he possibly can. There is a touch of anachronism about his hoary person at first sight, a certain out-of-date Rip-van-Winkle-like air; and his demeanour when disturbed has a diffident and sulky awkwardness which irresistibly suggests that he is conscious of his oddity. When the privacy of his home is invaded by an enterprising fox-terrier, his behaviour is very like what one would expect from a shy and rather surly "celebrity," confronted with the more shameless sort of interviewer, his first instinct being to run away and bury himself—an operation which he can conduct with astonishing despatch. It is only when the enemy's attentions become too close and persistent to allow of this, that he will betake himself to his formidable weapons; but then, woe to the intruder if he has not had considerable experience in interviewing badgers before. The marks of punishment which he carries away with him, ugly as they may be, are merely a protest from an outraged recluse who has

been goaded to discourtesy by wanton aggression. That a badger's temper is of the shortest, no one who has ever meddled with one will be likely to dispute; but he never provokes hostilities in the first instance; and, on the rare occasions when he finds himself hopelessly committed to warfare in the open, he generally betrays a most undignified anxiety to avoid the conflict; his flurried, shuffling gait and absurd air of compromised propriety making an odd contrast to the gay, festive, reckless demeanour of a fox under similar circumstances. He cuts but a very indifferent figure until fairly brought to bay: the situation seems to bewilder him, and he behaves with feeble indecision.

With all this, there is a good deal of irony in the fate which assigned him so prominent a position in urban "sporting circles" of a generation ago, before he came under the friendly protection of a statute. To be brought out with a pair of tongs into the detestable daylight, and be expected to do battle, not merely with the light-hearted and comparatively corrigible terrier, but with an endless succession of cross-bred monsters of every weight and size: to be thrust stern foremost into a slippery tub, and "drawn" again and again throughout a long Saturday afternoon amid the plaudits of backers, the groaning of layers, and much effusion of blood—all this must have been, to say the least of it, trying to a creature of sullen temperament with a natural taste for seclusion. Still, no animal of his weight is more formidable than a badger when he is once "cornered" and compelled to stand; and he seems to have afforded his patrons a passably stimulating form of recreation, if contemporary accounts are to be trusted. They may, of course, be a little overcoloured

by the natural enthusiasm of the time; but, even if we compress the residuum of fact to the smallest proportions, there is enough left to justify the inference that a badger's lot in those days was not one of unmixed happiness. The glory was something. To die game in the presence of hundreds of spectators was much. But if badgers have any sense of the fitness of things—and from their behaviour it is to be inferred that they have—the glory of these encounters must have been far outweighed by a painful feeling of incongruity.

But now that tournaments of the good old sort are no longer held, except strictly under the rose, and now that the badger's career as a recognized entertainer of the British public is finally closed to him, he has sunk into complete obscurity, an obscurity as welcome to him, no doubt, as it is well earned. He has so far dropped out of notice, indeed, that it is difficult to persuade some city-bred persons that such a creature exists any longer in these islands. It is true that this incredulity has been met with side by side in the same brain with a fixed belief that flocks (or coveys?) of bustards still afford good sport on Salisbury Plain; so it hardly merits serious attention, though it might be well, perhaps, in the interests of the race, to give it encouragement.

Be this as it may, the race of brocks is by no means extinct, and is unlikely to be so for many generations to come, in spite of much that has been said to the contrary. They are very easy victims to any one who takes the trouble to watch for them at night, and are shot and trapped without much difficulty, owing to the methodical way in which they take their walks;

but a very few casualties of this kind will drive them to fresh quarters; in fact the slightest symptom of an intended raid will often clear out a large colony in a single night. It must not be forgotten either that, so far as we can tell, they have no natural enemies to prey upon them, for they certainly are more powerful than any other animal that they are likely to meet in their subterranean walk of life. Besides this, the tendency of the times is more in their favour than might at first sight be supposed. Railways, growing towns, and improved agriculture may have driven them from many of their old haunts; but the really out-of-the-way spots in the country are becoming more lonely and more thinly populated as time goes on. The farm labourers are fewer, and those that are left are not such keen sportsmen as their forefathers, nor are they blessed with so much spare time and energy, and the successful pursuit of badgers requires a good deal of both. Moreover, since the suppression of baiting, a badger is no longer the valuable prize that he once was, so that the principal stimulus to his capture has been removed.

But even in these improved times the animal is not entirely free from unwelcome attentions; for in every county where he exists there will be found a select few for whom he has a fascination above all other beasts of the field. These are not sportsmen quite of the newest fashion, for it must be owned that "taking out a badger" is a very queer and old-world form of the chase, and one that is not very likely to commend itself to the many. It depends almost entirely for success upon the excellence of the dogs; it means a good deal of labour of a slow and fatiguing kind.

a good deal of patient waiting and watching, and at best a certain proportion of blank days—which things, more especially the last, will not be generally considered inviting conditions by sportsmen of to-day. The thing has its charm, however, and is worth a word of description, if only as a contrast to other more stirring and pretentious pastimes. There is something quaintly mysterious in the aspect of a party engaged about a badger earth, especially if you chance to come upon the scene without knowing beforehand what is going on. There is a smack of melodrama about the situation, a certain suggestion of conspiracy and deeds of blood. The place will probably be a steep bank, darkly wooded, and sloping down to stream and meadow below. You will first catch sight of three or four figures, holding earnest colloquy over a grave-like trench at their feet. They are covered with red soil from head to heel, and talk in hushed tones, stooping to listen between whiles, as if for sounds from the bowels of the earth. The nature of the proceedings will presently dawn upon you, when you become aware of a dozen or more terriers of all sorts and sizes tied up to bushes and railings round the spot, all whining querulously and receiving admonitory kicks at intervals from their several masters. Among the human members of the party the keeper is prominent —of course somewhat negatively. He countenances the proceedings, and lends his dog; but he will not specialize beyond the point of dignity. You will observe that there is no soil on his velveteens. He acts the part of chorus, encouraging the principal actors, and dealing out counsel at appropriate moments. There is a recognized *doyen* of the sport in Nestor, the old

squire, whose supremacy in the art of "tailing" is unquestioned, and who is venerated by every rustic in the country as an infallible oracle in all badger and other lore. He directs the party and determines the plan of action; he is the brain and they the hands; nor does he neglect the minor points which help to make matters go pleasantly, for his are the demijohn of whisky and the ample pasty in the background, near which the keeper keeps his position.

Let it be premised that there is a good dog "to ground"; the keeper's "Turk," for choice (by the squire's "Jim," out of that well-known bitch "Merry Legs"). He has not been seen since he was slipped an hour ago, but certain muffled noises which have been heard at intervals meanwhile—gruntings and tusslings, short smothered barks, and scurryings to and fro—have set all doubts at rest about a badger being at home.

Then a long silence ensues, during which the acutest anxiety reigns above ground. Many things may be happening at this moment. Most probably the intrepid "Turk" and his foe are planted opposite to one another, catching their breath, and each waiting for the other to stir. But, on the other hand, the badger may have eluded "Turk" from his superior knowledge of the intricate passages of his dwelling, in which case he will by this time be hundreds of yards away under the field behind. Or, again, he may be employing these precious moments in burying himself—a fatal manœuvre.

Every one listens at every conceivable outlet, and the situation is canvassed in discreet whispers. The keeper has infinite confidence in his dog; he enjoins

patience, and narrates a few of "Turk's" exploits. Nestor says nothing; he rarely does say anything on these occasions; he merely glances at the line of fence which skirts the top of the bank, and fills his pipe. Presently the keeper's confidence is justified by an exclamation from some one under the fence saying that the dog is there, barking "solid." A general rush is made to the place, and Nestor follows leisurely, trailing a light iron bar, the like of which may be seen in the repertory of any well-appointed burglar, and which he uses as a probe or a stethoscope as the case may demand. The sounds are pronounced to be near the surface, the dog barking at intervals, and showing no disposition to stir from the spot; so spade and mattock are passed forward, and two sturdy labourers set to work, digging as they never dig for wages. The supposition is that the badger is penned in a *cul de sac*, with the dog in front of him; and, if he is now cut off by digging between him and the main "earth," his fate is sealed, his only chance of escape being to slip out into the open through Nestor's fingers, and to call that a chance were rank heresy in these parts. After a quarter of an hour's work, a trench—not the first excavation of the kind that has been made to-day—is cut across the line of passage as near as can be guessed to where the dog is; and Nestor inserts himself sideways into the space, thrusting one arm as far up the gallery as he can reach. His legs only are visible from above, and the cluster of spectators eye the convulsive movements of his heels with anxious interest, inferring much therefrom. What is happening underground is something in this wise. "Turk," inspirited by feeling a well-known arm and

hand thrust into the hole beside him, and quite aware from previous experience that the supreme moment has arrived, comes to close quarters with his foe. The badger, true to his instinct, makes for the nearest outlet, pushing the dog before him and punishing him at every step. Hideous sounds of mauling and worrying come to the upper air as they roll and tussle nearer and nearer to the opening. Presently Nestor's hand steals over the two struggling bodies; he passes it with wily caution from one limb to another until the all-important tail comes into a favourable position, when he grasps it like lightning and drags himself out of the hole with a long grey body held out at arm's length in front of him. "Boar of thirty pounds," says the keeper with decision, and turns to examine "Turk's" wounds. The dog looks a little woebegone; he has added a deep gash or two about the lower jaw to an already sufficient number of honourable scars, but when he has quenched his thirst and had his face washed at the stream, he looks as gay and irrepressible as ever.

After this, whisky is passed round, horses are put to, and the rest of the dogs are let loose to scamper over the fields in the waning light. The badger finds a place in a stout sack, under the seat of some one's dog-cart. Into his further history perhaps it were discreeter not to inquire too curiously.

ROWING AND SCULLING.

THE long lead which this country took about the middle of the present century in almost all branches of athletic sport has in these later years, as we all know, been woefully diminished, if not altogether taken from us. And in no case has the change been more remarkable than in the department of aquatics. About twenty-one years ago the best sculler that the colonies could produce came over to England to row a match with the then champion, Bob Chambers, and was beaten with ridiculous ease, having exhibited an extraordinary turn of speed for a short distance, but no staying power at all. The United States made their first attempt three years later, when another English champion, Harry Kelly, defeated Hammill of Pittsburgh with equal ease in a match on the Tyne. Australia had been the first to challenge our supremacy on the river, and it was Australia which first succeeded in a like attempt just ten years later. But in the meantime no other colony or country attempted to interfere with our honours either in professional rowing or professional sculling. An international regatta, held on the Seine in 1867, and actively favoured by Napoleon III., only served to demonstrate

the superiority of the English oarsmen, both amateur and professional; and the sole occasion of any importance before 1876, when this superiority was again called in question, was when Havard University challenged Oxford, which won the University race of the year, to row them a four-oared race on the Thames. The invitation was accepted, not indeed by the University itself, but by a club within the University, which was able to turn out a crew probably quite as good; and the race, about which there had been many opinions even amongst the connoisseurs at Putney, ended in a very easy victory for the Oxford four. At length, in 1876, when Joe Sadler, never one of our strongest champions, was manifestly in declining health, the match was made which resulted in first taking away the palm from the Thames and the Tyne. Trickett, of Sydney, then carried off the title of Champion Sculler of the World, which was next rowed for on the Paramatta river; and the subsequent matches in England could decide no more than what began to be called the Championship of England. For this inferior honour Boyd, Higgens, and Elliott contended, with varying success, for two years, until Canada put in an appearance, and at once rushed to the front with a brilliant victory. In June, 1879, Elliott, who had now beaten his two English rivals, was defeated in an ignominious manner by Edward Hanlan, of Toronto. The new comer astounded every one, not only by rowing the course in shorter time than had yet been known, but by the extraordinary vigour of his style and the extreme ease with which he disposed of a man then supposed to be well worth backing against any one in the world. This victory

of Hanlan was the forerunner of a series of others equally decisive. Trickett, who had retained his title against all comers in Australia, came over to meet the new prodigy on the Thames. He succumbed without giving the Canadian any trouble at all; and, in a match rowed shortly afterwards over the same course, Laycock, the second string of the Australians, fared rather worse than his fellow-colonist. The winter of 1880–81, which produced these two last races, also afforded the most humiliating proof possible of the decline of English professional sculling. A grand water tournament, historically known as the "Hop Bitters" Regatta, brought on to the course between Putney and Mortlake eight Englishmen, two Canadians (Hanlan not condescending to start), two Australians, and two men from the United States. In every one of the four heats into which the fourteen scullers were divided the Englishmen took the hindmost places. Not one of them beat a single one of their opponents; and the final heat showed Laycock of Sydney first, a Canadian second, an American third, and another Canadian fourth. Since then almost the only attempt made to retrieve our lost laurels has been the match between Bubear and Wallace Ross, which resulted in so disastrous a defeat for this country. That race disposes of our chance for many a day to come, and again condemns English professional sculling to a place in the international list far below Canada, Australia, and the United States. Those who attempt to console themselves for the loss of the championship by saying that it has gone to colonists of our own nationality forget that in the last general trial of merit all our best scullers were beat either by the American Hosmer

himself, or by men whom the same Hosmer beat in a subsequent race.

For this extraordinary change in the relative position of English and foreign scullers many reasons have been assigned. It is, in the first place, hardly possible to deny that in point of mere physique we have lost ground as compared with the rest of the world. Evidences are not wanting to prove the superior bodily strength of the labouring class in the colonies, which is both better bred and better fed than our own people, and also lives in a purer atmosphere, further removed than they are from the material and moral dinginess of the town. These reasons perhaps account sufficiently for the excellence of the colonists in any sport which they seriously take up. But it is also supposed, not altogether without good grounds, that English watermen are becoming not only relatively, but actually, worse than they were. The habit of spirit-drinking, now so long established amongst the working classes, has undoubtedly begun to have a serious effect upon their health and constitutions; and their custom of idling away nearly the half of every week is productive of a laziness prejudicial to all manly vigour. But the greatest evil of all from which English rowing has suffered is the lack of public encouragement. For several years past the watermen of the Thames have been dependent upon the chance munificence of public-spirited men for anything in the shape of a national regatta. The grand display of 1880, which has been already mentioned, was the result of an offer of no less than a thousand pounds presented by the Hop Bitters Company to be rowed for. Since that some well-known sportsmen have had

the generosity to give handsome prizes to be rowed for by second and third-class professionals; but there has been nothing in the shape of a subscription regatta, as in the amateur world, and there have been no prizes at all worth mentioning for rowing as distinguished from sculling. Such a dearth of patronage might well be expected to cause a decline of interest amongst the class affected, and to hinder the most likely men from taking up the amusement of rowing as a business. It is not very flattering to our national good sense and good taste to find that, when many thousands of pounds are annually offered for horse-racing, which so little promotes the strength or health of the people, it should have been found impossible to raise the very few hundreds necessary to give a first-rate regatta, such as was formerly held upon the Thames every year. The failure to keep up such regattas is often accounted for by saying that the men would not row fair; but this objection, even if it were well founded, is not one that has been, or need be, fatal to other sports. There is, moreover, little reason to believe that the chief prizes in the old Thames regattas were at all commonly taken by other than the best crews entered. Probably the one thing which has most discredited professional rowing is the fact that betting men—book-makers, in fact—became mixed up with the races, and manipulated the matches so as to suit their own personal ends, to the detriment of the public on the one hand and of the performers on the other. Minor causes also helped, such as the new practice of using steam-launches for the purpose of carrying umpires at Henley and elsewhere, instead of depending upon the services of paid crews; and, lastly, the

wholesale decline of the waterman's trade, properly so called, by reason of the multiplication of bridges and steamers, which have made it no longer necessary to "hail a boat," according to the old-fashioned practice, whenever a person wishes to cross the river or to travel from one place on its banks to another. It must, however, be remembered that in its best days professional rowing had one great disadvantage as compared with amateur rowing. There were practically only two centres which had any *esprit de corps* of their own—London and Newcastle. The amateur clubs in a dozen different parts of the country had each an exclusive pride and ambition of their own; but there was no such healthy rivalry amongst the watermen of separate districts; no "clubs" worth speaking of; no local prizes from which outsiders were barred; nothing, in short, but the old-standing rivalry between North and South, which was not enough to keep up a lively competition and lead to renewed struggles for supremacy year after year between a number of good crews.

Very possibly it is this last-mentioned difference between amateur and professional rowing which has enabled the former to retain in this country so far a better position than the latter. It is true, no doubt, that when we speak of the high position of our amateur oarsmen as compared with those of other countries, we are talking rather without book. The definition of an amateur is more strict here than in other countries; and, although some latitude has hitherto been given to strangers, yet, on the other hand, crews which were allowed the name of amateurs in America have already been excluded from our

regattas, and are likely to be still more often excluded in future. Still there are plenty of signs, later than that afforded by the four-oared race already mentioned, to show that our amateurs have not suffered the same loss of prestige as the watermen. There is the negative evidence supplied by the fact that foreigners so seldom enter for the big events at Henley; but we have also seen them fairly defeated, as in the sculling race at Henley last year, when a Frenchman and a German both entered, and the former was defeated still more easily than in former years, while the latter, although he won his trial heat, and also beat the Frenchman, stood no sort of chance against Mr. Lowndes, the winner. Races which have been rowed in other countries have not had so gratifying a result, but they cannot certainly be said to have proved any inferiority on the part of England. The analogy of cricket and other sports, moreover, besides professional rowing, seems to show that if there had been crews anywhere good enough to win the Grand Challenge Cup or the Diamond Sculls, they would have appeared at Henley to dispute those coveted trophies. However this may have been, undoubtedly an immense influence in keeping up the public interest in boat-racing has been exercised by the remarkable equality which has long existed between a number of rival clubs. Oxford has never got so far ahead of Cambridge as to make their meeting at Putney an uninteresting affair. The Grand Challenge Cup has never fallen so often to one or two or even three clubs as to discourage others from sending their representatives. The London Rowing Club, Leander, Thames, Kingston, all these are known every year to

be pretty sure to send a formidable crew, and it is worth their while to train men hard for the event. The leading College boats at Oxford and Cambridge are almost equally sure to appear, and are encouraged by knowing that College crews have several times taken this chief prize of the year. In the multitude of competitors there is an assurance of excellence and a guarantee for hard practice and hard training; for oftentimes, as last year, the eight oar which was thought least of by the connoisseurs has been known, with a little of the luck that is so powerful an agent at Henley, to make an example of far better-looking crews.

In these headquarters, the clubs and Colleges, rowing has accordingly been kept up with unabated zeal. Many changes have been introduced since the first University race was rowed in 1829, and since the amateur sculling championship was founded in the following year. The old tub boats have developed into very different-looking craft. Outriggers, sliding seats, self-acting rowlocks, and steering sails, have all been successively added, with divers other refinements of the boat-builder's art; but the science of rowing remains after all essentially the same: and the same bodily shape and muscular conformation are still usually to be observed in the most successful oarsmen. If we could confine our attention solely to these great clubs and the two Universities, there would be little cause for finding fault with amateur rowing or sculling. Unfortunately the prospect is by no means so limited or so gratifying. The increasing taste for "boating," as it is very advisedly termed—that is to say, of going in a boat—has led to the formation of a

host of third, fourth, and fifth-rate clubs, as well as to an enormous amount of rowing in hired boats by people who think they would like to learn the art all by themselves. Now rowing is, of all things, that which a man finds it most impossible to learn by himself. There is nothing, perhaps, in which unaided practice is so certain to make a man develop a bad style. If any person doubts this, let him look at the river Thames on a Saturday afternoon. From Teddington to Wandsworth it is covered with boats, which are being rowed and sculled by persons exhibiting every possible fault that an oarsman can commit. The round back, the bent arms, the hanging head, the wriggling body—these are only a few of the hideous distortions observable on every side. How are they to be accounted for? Simply by this —that the wretched creatures who indulge in them are too proud to take a lesson. Go and suggest to one of the tradesmen's clubs which is out for practice on a Saturday evening that one or two of its members would be all the better for a little coaching, and ten to one both those individuals themselves and the bulk of the club, if not even its captain, will feel insulted at any such suggestion. This sort of feeling is one which fortunately still exists only in the lower ranks of the aquatic world. But it is constantly liable to spread and infect the upper spheres, even as it infected the highest class of professional scullers, inspiring them with a bumptiousness which despised good advice, and prevented them from perfecting their style in proportion as new improvements were introduced into the boats they used. Such presumptuous vanity is particularly misplaced at a time

when technical skill and education are requisite for excellence in sporting as well as other matters. It is to a very large extent responsible for the defeats we have suffered at the hands of the colonists, who are more modest, to begin with, have more perseverance in learning what they want to do, and, finally, enjoy a far better prospect of earning fame and public honour when they do credit to their native city or place.

FOOTBALL IN THE FIELD.

It might be a nice question for the curious to decide whether the position that the game of football has within recent times taken among our national sports is due to an increase in the manliness or in the frivolity of our age. Popular in one shape or other the game has been in these islands from almost immemorial time; indeed, it has a history to which the history of cricket is but of yesterday. The Greeks played it, and so did the Romans; the latter in Rugbeian fashion, using their hands as well as their feet. It is supposed to have come into Britain with Cæsar, but the first mention of it in our chronicles is in the latter part of the twelfth century, when William Fitzstephen, in his description of London, writes of the young men of the city going on certain festivals into the fields to play the game after dinner. For some reason, shrouded in the mists of antiquity, Shrove Tuesday seems to have been held peculiarly sacred to the sport, and many who have still a fair share of their span of years to run can remember how on that day, in certain odd nooks and corners of England, a ball was kicked fortuitously about village streets, to the great detriment of windows and the dismay of the more timorous

inhabitants. In its early days the game was followed in very primitive fashion, and in a desperately rough one, without any of the intricacy and manœuvring of modern play; so that probably it was not only James's known aversion to hard blows that made him forbid his luckless son from joining in a sport which he has styled in his *Basilikon Doron* as "meeter for laming than making able users thereof." Gradually these Shrove Tuesday diversions died out, and the game became relegated mainly to the playing grounds of our schools and village greens, came to be regarded by universal, if unwritten, consent as the peculiar joy and privilege of youth—a game to be put aside, with other childish things, by those whose cheeks, as the late Mr. Calverley has sung, had become "partially obscured by whisker."

According to a writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, it was the Volunteer movement of 1860, and the impetus thereby given to open-air exercise and amusement, that have caused the revival of football. But, whatever the cause may have been, of the revival itself there is no question. Thirty years or so ago, for example, the game was hardly known at the Universities, was at best pursued by some exuberant Freshmen, Etonians mostly, who had not yet outgrown their salad days. Now our "young barbarians" of Oxford and Cambridge kick away at each other's shins as keenly as they hit each other's bowling about at Lord's, or tug away at each other year by year from Putney to Mortlake. The county Elevens who compete for the challenge cup of the Football Association are chosen with almost as much care as for cricket; nay, it is whispered that professional players

for the former are almost as much in demand as for the latter game, and get pretty nearly as well paid—which rumour, we may observe, if it be true, is a direct infraction of that rule of the Association which enacts that "Any member of a Club receiving remuneration or consideration of any sort, above his actual expenses and any wages actually lost by any such player taking part in either Cup, Inter-Association, or International contests, and any Club employing such player, shall be excluded from this Association." Nor is age now considered any bar to the active enjoyment of the game. Among the ranks of the "Old Etonians," and of other Clubs similarly constituted, may be seen players who get over the ground with an agility, and charge their opponents with a hardihood, perfectly astounding for their years. To watch some of these veterans limping out of a furious "maul," or rolling on the muddy turf, would give a stranger, no doubt, a high opinion of the vivacity and pluck of our countrymen; but to one of philosophical bent—such a one, for example, as Mr. Max O'Rell (who has indeed branded the game as "fit only for savages")—the spectacle might also have a ludicrous side. He might feel inclined to exclaim with the poet,

"Ah! tell them they are men!"

A man does, we venture to think, seem a little out of place in a football field.

The Encyclopædic writer, to whose learned dissertation on the game we have already owned our debt, does indeed make one statement to which we must venture to demur. Winchester and Harrow, he says, are "the chief exponents of the game wherein kicking

alone is allowed as a means of propulsion." Eton "plays a hybrid game in two different ways, 'at the Wall' and 'in the Field,' the latter being a sort of mixture of both kinds of play.' Mother Eton has been a good deal harried and mocked in these latter times, poor thing! But surely so baseless an imputation as this has never yet been cast upon her. We had always thought the game as played "in the Field" at Eton was the purest form of football known, the most essentially *foot*ball of any. On no excuse whatever may the hands be employed, except to touch the ball, when it passes behind the goal lines, to save or get "a rouge." Even the rules of the Association game, which may be described as a sort of compromise between all rules, are more lenient: for by them the goal-keeper may in defence of his post make use of his hands in any way save in carrying the ball; he may stop it with them, or hit it away, or throw it away. But in the Eton field even that last resource is denied; even in the sorest straits, by the feet, and by the feet alone, must the goal be saved. In their broad principles the Eton and Association games have no very material difference. But whereas in the latter the game is begun by a free "kick-off," and the ball, when it passes out of play, except behind the goal lines, is thrown in at will by a player of the side opposing him who kicked it out, in the former the game begins by a "bully," formed in the middle of the ground, and, when the ball is kicked out, is continued by a bully formed opposite the point where it passed out of play. It was the contemplation of this bully, we may suppose, that led the writer in the *Encyclopædia* to discover an analogy between the

wall and the field games. On either side are a "post" and two "sides," with others to back them up. These form down opposite each other, alternately under and over as at "the wall," and the ball is placed between their feet. This bully is mostly but a momentary affair, and the ball, if not carried through by superior weight, is turned out almost at once to one of the two "corners." Behind the bully stand the "flying-man," the "long-behind," and the "goals," and there is also a "short-behind," next behind the "flying-man." The game is a terribly fast one, as, except by the "behinds," no "cool kicking" is allowed; no player "up," that is to say, may kick the ball hard; he must "run it down," or "dribble it," as the phrase goes elsewhere than at Eton, keeping it as much between his feet as possible. To see a skilled player do this at top speed, winding in and out among his opponents, with the ball never more than a foot or two away from him, is a pretty sight, and it is prettier still to watch him "running it down the line" with all the players crowding round him on the watch for a "rouge"; as an enthusiastic Etonian has been heard to observe, "it is the poetry of football!" A rouge is won when the ball passes behind the goal lines, but not through the posts, and is touched first by one of the side which has forced it over. But the player who forces it over must at the moment be in immediate contact with one of his opponents; otherwise the ball is "cool," and is quietly kicked off into the middle of the ground by one of the side over whose lines it has passed, and the same thing happens when one of that side is the first to touch it behind the line. When a rouge has been claimed and allowed,

an adjournment is made to the goal of that side against whom it has been given. A yard—the longest yard that youthful legs can stride—from the goal the stoutest player of that side takes his stand with the ball between his feet, the rest backing him up in various positions so as to form a solid wedge-shaped front to the foe. Ranged in similar fashion the foe charges down on the ball, and then commences a struggle "grim and great," till the ball is either forced through the goal posts by one side, or carried by the other away from that dangerous vicinity back into the enemy's country. This is the roughest part of the Eton game, and is sometimes, no doubt, where the match is a keen one, as for the House Cup, very rough. While the game is confined to boys, however, no very great harm is likely to ensue, and, as a rule, the Eton game may, we think, be said to be less prolific of serious accidents than any other; certainly far less so than the Rugbeian indiscriminate pulling and hauling and kicking, which have, indeed, been of late considerably modified by the rules of the Rugby Union. According to present rules four rouges are equal to one goal.

In any game of football shins, of course, will suffer, and here and there a collar-bone perchance will snap. But the very spirit of the Eton game lends itself less to hard kicking than do others. Skill more than brute force is required to run a ball down neatly from one end of the field to the other; the enemy has rather to be dexterously avoided (not "funked") than encountered and overthrown. Still it would be idle to pretend that football is a delicate game, or one to be enjoyed without a fair share of hard blows, given

and received. Given and received they were, in that consulship of Plancus which every man loves to talk of, with great equanimity and no complaint. It seems now, however, that this too, with so many other things, has been changed at Eton. Walking through the town the other day an old Etonian, who had known Plancus, observed in a shop window certain leg-guards ("shin-pads," is, we believe, the technical term), not unlike those worn by cricketers, but lighter and less hampering to the limbs. As was the case with Nell Cook on a certain memorable occasion, "fury filled his eye," and he walked into the shop to ask if it were possible that Eton boys wore such things. "Well, sir," was the answer, "I think they don't like it known, but as a matter of fact they do!" Shins, no doubt, grow tenderer with advancing years, and in the Association matches pads now are common things; which is one reason, perhaps, among many, why with advancing years the game should be put aside. But that our boys should descend to such a depth of effeminacy is terrible indeed! One feels inclined to say with Cowley,

> "In all the bonds we ever bore,
> We griev'd, we sigh'd, we wept; we never blush'd before."

THE WALL GAME.

St. Andrew, apostle and martyr, is famous, of course, for many reasons; but among Etonians he is, perhaps, most famous (if it may be said without irreverence) for the fact that on the day devoted in the Calendar to his memory, the 30th day of November, is played the great match of football "at the Wall" between the Collegers and Oppidans. Whence this particular form of the venerable game of football took its origin, and through what changes and chances it has reached its present condition, history, so far as we can discover, is imperturbably silent. Mr. Maxwell-Lyte tells us nothing of it in his *History of Eton College*; the author of *Etoniana* tells us nothing. In a little book, *Reminiscences of an Etonian*, apparently referring to the first decade of the century, there is no mention of it; indeed, football itself is only alluded to once, and then to be contemptuously dismissed as not being at all a "gentlemanly" game. The records of this match go back to the year 1845; but it is believed to have been first played in the previous year. The rules were not methodically considered and drawn up till 1849, and they have been twice revised since—in 1862, and again in 1871;

yet the game as played yesterday was, to all intents and purposes, the same game that was played on the same ground nine-and-thirty years ago. Since that day victory has declared for the Oppidans thirteen times, for the Collegers eleven; of the other fourteen matches, thirteen were drawn, and one, in 1857, ended in a tie, each side being credited with a single "shy"! As a matter of fact, the number of victories also are even. In 1858 a "goal" was thrown by the Collegers, but disallowed by the umpire, owing to a slight divergence from the perfect truth on the part of one of the Oppidan players, due, no doubt, to excitement. Afterwards, in his calmer moments, he confessed the error, but the word of the umpire had gone forth and could not be disturbed. As it is, the result is extraordinarily creditable to the Collegers, when one considers the vast numerical disparity of the material from which their eleven can be recruited. The number of those who wear the cumbrous black stuff gown of the "King's Scholars" is never more than seventy, the Oppidans, over eight hundred strong, forming the rest of the school. Against this, however, must be set the fact that this particular branch of the game being, as it were, the special property of the Collegers, they become from their earliest days initiated into its mysteries, which are many and intricate, and inured to its delights, which, if considerable, are also, it must be said, violent. The Oppidans, on the other hand, rarely participate in the sport till they have reached a certain position in the school, or at least have won for themselves that distinction in "the Field," as the other and more familiar branch of the game is spoken of at Eton,

which may make their prowess "at the Wall" a matter of reasonable conjecture. About twenty years ago, as probably is the case now, the game was among the younger Collegers to a certain extent compulsory. We are not aware that it has ever been so among the Oppidans. Eton is a large school. Her *alumni* pursue the various business of life in most parts of the habitable globe:

> "By many names men call us,
> In many lands we dwell."

They will need no help to keep green their memory of the great battle of St. Andrew's Day. But, as football has within recent years so largely extended its sway, as its charms are now confessed and enjoyed by so many who have long ceased to be numbered among the "little victims" of a school—though as larger victims, as the newspapers occasionally remind us, they might still be known—a sketch of this peculiar branch of the game, native, so far as we have ever heard, to Etonians alone, may possibly interest those who have themselves never played at it, nor seen it played.

Football "at the Wall" takes its name from being played against the brick wall which divides the Slough Road from the Lower Playing Fields, or Shooting Fields, to give them their ancient title, the particular football-ground of the Collegers, and till recent years their particular cricketing-ground as well, though certain parts of it used in the summer months to be shared by the lower-boy club known as "Sixpenny," and by the "Aquatics," the name given by cricketers to those "wet-bobs" who occasionally

condescend to amuse themselves with bat and ball. At a certain distance from this wall—about five or six yards, if our memory serves us—a furrow is cut in the ground, and between these limits, the wall and the furrow, the game is played. In earlier days—that is, before 1845—these limits were much wider, including the two "goals." At either end of the wall a broad white line, drawn from top to bottom, marks the "calx," that at the end nearest the College being known as "good calx," to distinguish it from "bad calx," the one at the other end, where "shies," from the inequalities of the ground, and also from the absence of any side-wall, are more difficult to get. In "good calx" the goal is a door in a wall running at right-angles to the "wall" proper, and fencing off the garden of one of the boarding-houses from the playing-fields; in "bad calx" a goal of the same proportions is marked out on the trunk of one of those stately elms which fringe the banks of "Fellows' Pond," and form that noble avenue to which the memory of Gray has given the name of "Poet's Walk." The players on either side are eleven in number, according to the strict rules, though in ordinary games, and sometimes even in matches—though never in the great match of the year—more or less take part, according to agreement or circumstance. The game is commenced by a "bully" formed at a spot in the wall equi-distant from either calx, and formed in the following manner. Three of the players on either side, known as "walls," form a line against the rough bricks (which are very rough), each side taking it in turn to form over the other; next to them, and ranged one behind the other in the same manner, are the two "seconds," and from

them to the boundary-line the ground is held by three players known respectively as "third," "fourth," and "line." Behind them come the "backs"—or "behinds," to use the Eton term—three in number, and distinguished as "flying-man," "long-behind," and "goal." Of these the first stands pretty close to the bully, and the other two at longer intervals apart, the post of goal-keeper being an especially trying one to a boy of nervous temperament. It is indeed a ticklish moment to see the ball come hopping and twisting along over the uneven piece of ground, backed up by three or four pair of lusty legs, and accompanied by the frantic yells of several hundred pair of exultant lungs, and to know that, unlike the lotus-tree in the Mahometan's paradise, beyond you there may be passing. When the ball is placed between the feet of the "walls," which in important matches is always done by one of the two umpires, the struggle commences. If the "walls" on one side be much the heaviest, they probably carry the ball through almost immediately, and then, if that side be confident in their own skill, and a little doubtful of the skill of their opponents' backs, they will probably try and run it "down" into calx, keeping it always in the narrow space between the wall and the boundary line. As a rule, however, it is, we believe, considered the best policy to kick the ball outside as far as possible in the direction of your opponents' calx the moment a chance offers. When the ball is outside but not in calx, the bully is formed again opposite the spot where it first touched the ground, or was stopped by one of the players or unwittingly by a bystander; but

should it rebound from the latter within the line again without touching the ground, it is still held to be "in play," and may be immediately kicked by the first who gets to it. When the point at which the bully is to be formed lies within either calx the game assumes a new aspect, the business being now on the one side to get, on the other to stop, the "shies." The two players best skilled in those particular and delicate arts are sent up to the wall, while the rest, excepting the backs, of whom one, however, is generally moved up to the bully, are formed in two straight lines across the play. The ball is gently rolled up to the wall by one of the umpires, and the moment it touches the bricks a tremendous struggle of opposing boots and legs commences. A "shy" is got by raising the ball with the foot, or any part of the leg below the knee, but with no other part of the body, against the wall. The player so raising it, or one of his side, must then, touching the ball with his hand, announce his success by the cry of "Got it!" upon which his adversaries are bound immediately to cease their obstructions while the umpire decides on the fairness of the claim. If it be allowed, the player who has the ball advances to the edge of the line and throws it to one of his side, who passes it to another, and so on, the object being to hit the goal before the ball shall have touched the ground or one of the opposite side. This, however, does not often happen; in the great match it has happened only once, on the memorable occasion in 1858; still more rare is it for a goal to be "clean kicked"—for the ball, that is to say, to be kicked direct from the play against

either goal, the wall, or the tree. In "good calx" a shy can also be claimed if the ball be kicked against the garden-wall and caught before it touches the ground. Those whose business it is to stop the shies do so in "good calx" by kicking the ball as far out as they can, or in "bad calx" generally by passing it over the line at the end of the play corresponding to the garden-wall, after which it is kicked off from a spot outside the boundary line, the bully being formed, as before, opposite the place where it first touches the ground or is touched by one of the players. If, however, the ball, on passing behind, be first touched by one of the other side, a shy is counted for that side. In the matter of shies only is the hand allowed to be used; in all other respects the game is pre-eminently *foot* ball, as it is "in the Field"—an observance of the letter peculiar, we believe, to Eton. The game lasts for an hour, the elevens changing their ground, which is decided in the first instance by the usual process of "a toss," after the first half-hour's play, so as to equalize the disadvantages of "bad calx." A goal outweighs any number of shies; but, where the goals are equal, victory rests with those who can claim most shies.

It must be nearly as difficult to bring those who have never played at this game to a right understanding of it by words alone as that "valiant and excellent fencer," Mr. Hales, found it, according to Izaak Walton, to teach the "art of defence" by the same means. Nevertheless, even without practical experience of it, our readers will probably be inclined to agree with us that its pleasures are, to say the least,

of a violent order; nay, it is, indeed, a sad fact that boys, and these, too, well skilled in the other branch of the game, have been known to bring their Eton days to a close without having been able to discover its pleasures at all. The "walls" in a measure protect themselves by wearing over their shirts large jerseys strengthened on the back and shoulders with sackcloth, and on their heads caps with long flaps to save their ears. But, even with these helps, that "abrasion of the cuticle" which seems recently to have strained the etymological powers of certain young students is painfully common among the players. Within so confined a space, moreover, it is impossible to love your neighbour's shins quite as your own; the ball has to be urged on its career more by brute force than by diplomacy and manœuvring. In the old, though not so very old, days when Collegers and Oppidans were, so to speak, hereditary and tribal enemies, there was wont to be some very rough play at these matches, wont even to be moments when the ball was obviously not the only or perhaps the most important object to be kicked. However, football is necessarily a pretty rough game all the world over; English schoolboys are not as negroes are, and a kick on the shins was generally forgotten as readily as it was given. Still, football "at the Wall" is, no doubt, a much rougher game than football "in the Field." A stranger watching it for the first time might well be inclined to say of the players as Waller said of "a sort of lusty shepherds":—

> "care of victory
> Makes them salute so rudely, breast to breast,
> That their encounter seems too rough for jest."

What the fastidious author of *Reminiscences of an Etonian* would have said to it we shudder to think! But those who have won fame at it in their day are wont to talk of it with peculiar fondness; sometimes, indeed, to regard it much as pigstickers do their favourite sport, as one before which all others are tame and ineffectual. There are few more characteristic sights to be seen than those Lower shooting-fields on St. Andrew's Day. The old red brick wall standing up grim and square; the ground beneath freshly strewn with sawdust; the dense line of spectators nigh a thousand strong, from the smallest boy, all hat and shirt-collar, to the Headmaster himself, or, sight still more awful, the Provost. A rope keeps the crowd at a respectable distance from the play, and within this rope as the clock draws on to half-past twelve, the players gather, all clad for the occasion in freshly-washed raiment, soon, alas! to be sadly smirched and bedraggled. They are accompanied by the two umpires, the referee, the two "twelfth men," to supply the place of any disabled combatants, and the man whose particular business it is to look after the balls used in this game, which are of a heavier and stouter make than those employed "in the Field." Punctually as the half-hour strikes the first bully is formed; the ball is placed in the midst of all those expectant feet; there is a minute or two of breathless silence while the little knot of combatants sways backward and forwards, and then, as one side or the other begins to give ground, and the rapid bickering of some dozen pair of sturdy boots shows that the ball is loose, the shouts of the eager onlookers begin to rise, to fall

no more till the game be lost and won. Perhaps no one really knows of what continuous exertion the human throat is capable till he has stood beside an enthusiastic Lower boy during the match on St. Andrew's Day.

MODERN FALCONRY.

THERE is a vague idea, even amongst people who know little of field sports, that falconry has not altogether died out in England. A hooded hawk is not an absolutely unknown sight in London, and from time to time there are accounts in the papers of certain feats performed by trained falcons. But beyond this very ill-defined impression that a few head of game and perhaps a few other birds and beasts are annually caught by means of the old sport, not one man in a thousand has any more knowledge of it than of alchemy or necromancy or any other obsolete mystery. Those who still addict themselves to it are regarded as eccentric enthusiasts, if not actual monomaniacs, engaged in a wild attempt to revive what is in reality a hopeless anachronism. Such unflattering criticisms have no doubt a spice of truth about them. For to suppose that the sport could ever be made popular again would be as quixotic as to imagine that modern armies would abandon firearms in favour of the pike and the bow; while as for the select few who do practise the art, they certainly need all the determination of zealots to face such obstacles as now beset them. A modern falconer is a sort of Ishmaelite, and feels

that every man's hand is against him. He is accused of every crime, possible and impossible, with which a hawk can be taxed, from killing stray carrier-pigeons to frightening away the partridges off a whole estate, or perhaps even a whole parish. He finds it almost impossible to rent a country for hawking; and even when he has done so, he usually finds himself in hot water with the occupants of the surrounding properties. Should a hawk be lost, he meets with little assistance in recovering it or learning where it has been seen, and often does so only when it has been shot by a keeper or knocked on the head by some ignorant or malevolent rustic. He has a difficulty in procuring hawks, for almost every eyrie in the country is now either destroyed by the preservers of game or plundered by prowling naturalists or idle collectors of eggs. And when he has got and trained his hawks, there is a comparatively limited choice of quarry at which to fly them. Cranes and kites, formerly the most noble objects of pursuit, are practically extinct. Herons are not to be found in any country where a good flight could be had. Wild duck will not lie, as they once did, close enough to make it worth while to attempt them; and the same thing may be said of snipe, quail, landrail, and various other birds which once afforded good sport. Add to all this the increasing difficulty of finding a professed falconer, or even any servant capable of attending to the trained birds, and the impossibility of learning the art in any practical school, such as was formerly to be found in every baronial castle or hall throughout the land.

With all these obstacles staring them in the face, it is, perhaps, more to be wondered at that falconers

should still exist than that they should be as few as they are. Possibly that small fraternity which does still cope with the dangers and troubles besetting the art is still more staunch in its devotion thereto than the old-fashioned falconers for whom things were made so smooth. Even in those days King James I., discussing the relative merits of hunting and hawking, declared the latter to be attended with so many vexations and disappointments that only a few men, blessed with exceptional good temper, could find much real pleasure in it. If such was the case in days when it was felony to kill a trained hawk, and a high misdemeanour to take a falcon's eyrie, how angelic should the temperament be of the modern sportsman who sees his best falcon shot before his face, and knows that the slayer of it can snap his fingers over the exploit! To train and fly a hawk of one kind or other was, in the middle ages, a necessary accomplishment for every man of gentle birth; and now that the task is increased tenfold in difficulty, it is natural enough that those who accomplish it should take the more credit to themselves. At any rate, it seems that of Englishmen now living who have been successful at the same time in hawking and other sports, the far greater number have stuck to the former in preference to any other. It would be unreasonable to suppose that the older sport is worse than it ever was, since its decline can be fully accounted for by the prevalence of shooting, which is as easy a means of filling the bag as the other is difficult. The surviving branches of the falconer's art are of course comparatively few; and so in like manner are the birds of prey employed. Lanners and Barbary falcons—once imported at a large cost, and flown with

great success at game—are now only picked up by chance, and trained rather as a curiosity. The majestic Jerfalcon, whether of the Norway, Iceland, or Greenland variety, has been more often used, but not with the same effect as in the days gone by. Hobbies, which were once highly esteemed, and which for symmetry and powers of flight appear to surpass all other hawks, are only to be had by great good luck; and their management is also less well understood than it was. The four kinds now used at all generally are peregrines, merlins, goshawks, and sparrow-hawks; and of the former there are more trained every year than of all the rest put together. The capabilities of each of these species will sufficiently appear in considering the various flights now practicable.

Rook-hawking may be called the most popular, and probably the best also, of modern flights. It was by no means despised in ancient days, for the French and English kings, besides their first-rate falcons, used for more ambitious purposes, always kept a goodly array of peregrines for flying *à la corneille*. It is the peregrine which is still used for this purpose, and especially the "passage falcon," by which is meant a female bird caught during her first migratory passage, when she is about five or six months old. It is the fashion nowadays to prefer birds of this age, in the "red" or nesting plumage, to the older, or "blue" falcons; but this is probably a mistaken preference. The red falcon has, however, this advantage, that she is not in moult when taken, whereas the blue one is; and, therefore, suffers some slight injury by the interruption of the process. Accordingly, the Dutch falconers send over each year from Valkenswaard a supply of these

splendid hawks. The winter months are employed in reclaiming and getting these birds fit for a campaign on the open downs; and by the first days of spring they ought to be able to take the field. The rooks are then in fine fettle, strong on the wing, and give very much such a flight as we read of in ancient descriptions of heron-hawking. They "take the air" and go up in "rings" or circles, attempting to keep above the hawk; and, if worsted at this game, dash away down wind towards the nearest cover, eluding with great skill the stoops of the pursuing enemy. In order that they may not be overmatched, it is usual to fly only one hawk at a time; whereas in heron-hawking two were almost always flown together. It is in this flight that the wild-caught peregrine shows himself superior to the "eyess," which, having been taken young from the nest, has never had to find her own living for herself. Nevertheless, there are eyesses —and not only eyess "falcons," or females, but the males, "tiercels" also—which are good enough for rooks; and occasionally a peregrine which has been found of little or no use for game in the autumn will fly in grand form at rooks in the winter and spring. An old cock rook found quite in the open will sometimes take the hawk away two or three miles "as the crow flies" before he is taken or driven to cover; and now and then both birds will climb so high into the sky as to be lost to sight overhead. This kind of flight accordingly requires that the field should be well mounted; and the distance covered in a heavy day's work will often exceed forty miles.

The flight with peregrines at game is about as different from rook-hawking as anything could be.

In the latter the hawk is suddenly unhooded, and thrown off at a passing rook which is already on the wing; in the latter she is quietly started, and allowed to mount slowly aloft before the game is sprung. In rook-hawking the falcon is always thrown off at a quarry which is to windward of her; in the other case the falconer's object is to arrange that the first stoop may be made down wind. Then, too, the qualification for a game hawk is not that stubborn perseverance which makes her follow a rook up into the clouds and keep on stooping at him "till all is blue," so much as the knack of mounting to a great height above man and dog, and thence coming down with the speed of a thunderbolt upon the low-flying partridge or grouse. A really good game-hawk will mount to a "pitch" of fully one thousand feet, and there remain for many minutes circling easily round. It is a pretty sight for any lover of animal life to see the hawk so "waiting on" above while the dog stands firm at the point below, each waiting obediently till the human actors in the scene run in and, by flushing the game, give the signal for the peregrine to flash down like a meteor from her post. Game-hawking does not require so open a country as the sport before described; but there is need of first-rate dogs and of some considerable skill in arranging so that the hawk shall be in the right spot when the birds rise. For this purpose "eyesses" are good enough and more convenient than the passage-hawks. For the young peregrines, getting on the wing early in June and becoming strong flyers early in July, may well be prepared for the field by the middle or end of August; whereas the wild-caught hawks are at this

time naturally undergoing the ordeal of the moult. Still the gentlemen who for two years past have achieved a brilliant success in grouse-hawking, besides using eyesses of the year, made a free use of several passage-falcons which had been flown at rooks in the spring. For grouse the larger and stronger "falcon" is more highly esteemed; but tiercels are as good, if not better, for partridges, and the best of them are quite able to deal with a young grouse.

The third and last of the now fashionable flights, for which peregrine tiercels are used, is at the wily magpie. In this the large party of which the field should consist has as much to do as the hawk. Their business is with sticks and stones, shouts, cries, and every sort of noise, to oust the long-tailed quarry from the cover to which he has made his way. The hawk, which seems animated by as much excitement as the men, waits in the air overhead, and, after repeated shots, eluded by the most amusing dodges, at length secures his victim in the open. Besides these flights there are occasional slips at wild duck, stone-curlew, and other things. Gulls of various kinds have been flown at and taken; wood-pigeons are often knocked down by a passage-hawk returning from an unsuccessful flight at game or rooks; and, finally, it is quite possible to train strong female peregrines to kill hares.

The goshawk is an extremely rare bird, whether as eyess or wild-caught; but, when once secured, seems to be as good a servant as any one could desire. There is one now in the possession of a well-known English falconer, which has killed several hares, both white and brown, as well as rabbits almost innumerable. Another was caught in Holland last year

and sent over here to be trained; and within the last few years there have been several which made great scores either at one or other kind of ground game. The goshawk can also be trained to take partridges or pheasants—in fact, it will fly at anything which gets up; but, in order to have a fair chance, it must be taken very close up to the quarry before being thrown off. There is in the flight of this short-winged hawk none of the high mounting and brilliant stooping of the true falcon. It hunts its quarry down in a more deliberate and dogged manner, and, being quite prepared to follow it into cover, often does execution where the nobler bird would be obliged to come back discomfited.

Somewhat similar in its appearance and habits is the smaller sparrow-hawk, which is so difficult to reclaim that few modern falconers care to undertake the task. Female sparrow-hawks may be trained to take partridges; but in modern as in ancient times they are more commonly used for flying at hedgerow birds. The pursuit of a blackbird, redwing, or missel-thrush with one of these birds is an exact likeness of magpie-hawking, except that the little hawk, instead of waiting on in the air above, takes perch on the glove or hat of the falconer, or on the top of the hedge. Considering how easily this sort of sport might still be had even in a rather enclosed country, it is certainly strange that there is not more of it amongst the countryfolk who were once so devoted to it.

The smallest and most docile of our English hawks is the merlin. This tiny creature is flown either singly or in pairs at moulting larks; and between

the middle of August, by which time the eyesses are trained, and the beginning of October, they will fly this quarry with great success. The sport resembles heron-hawking even more than the flight at rooks; for the lark almost always goes up in spiral circles, and frequently gets so high into the clouds that both pursuer and pursued are lost to sight. But soon after the end of September, the larks having finished their moult, become too good to be caught by any trained merlins; and the latter are then either turned adrift, or kept to fly at blackbirds and other small birds, which they will do very much in the same way as sparrow-hawks. These are the diversions which amuse the score or so of amateur falconers who still keep alive the ancient art. They have been enjoyed more thoroughly of late than perhaps for thirty or forty years before—since the time, that is, when the Loo Club flew herons on the royal domains in Holland. How long they will survive it would be hopeless to conjecture. But in an age when sport of a legitimate kind, untainted by venality and blackguardism, is becoming more and more rare, there must be many men who, if they knew how to set about it, and what they might reasonably expect to do, would readily turn their hands to an amusement which has so much to recommend it besides mere sentiment and the verdict of mediæval sportsmen.

"THE OTHER TENNIS."

We were pondering how we might christen this essay, in days when lawn-tennis has so usurped for itself the title and honours of the fine old parent game, when it came to our knowledge that the votaries of Wimbledon are in the habit of speaking of that diversion by the irreverent name of "the other tennis." Philosophical parents accept filial irreverence; and the royal game certainly is the other tennis, as other as a salmon to a sprat, with a net in common. It is with the loftier dignity of a parent who mourns over his children's decadence, and therefore with no suspicion of irreverence, that a professor of the old palm-game has been known to allude to the new ground lawn-lords of England as "grasshoppers." He looks at them with a certain sense of pity and resentment; he hears them with a compassionate feeling say, fifteen—thirty—forty—deuce, instead of one, two, three, and three all, without the vaguest conception of their own why they say so; and, while admitting the pleasures of the game and its fresh air, and especially its inestimable value as an exercise for women, he experiences some irritation when he sees the youth of Oxford and Cambridge deserting the

stronger sports for it. He grumbles internally about the consulate of Planeus and the effeminacy of the age, talks of glorified battledore and shuttle-cock, shrugs his shoulders over the prowess of the Renshaws and Lawfords, and is quite convinced that, if Mr. Heathcote or Mr. Lyttelton would take up that gentle parable in earnest for about a week, they would be as the salmon-fisher of Norway to the sprat-catcher of the pool. The masters of the old tennis-mystery do, as a fact, seem to have nothing serious to do with the tournaments and allurements of the younger game, the head and front of whose offending certainly is that it ever called itself tennis in any sense at all. It is a presumption at best; for we know of no man who has really played at the old "king of games and game of kings," intelligible as it is only to the initiated, who disputes its singular supremacy, even though he may himself attain but to the fourth or fifth rank in it.

The position is not to be defended till the game has been learned; then it defends itself: "nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum." If its professors are few, their devotion is complete. "Post equitem sedet atra cura," said the poet, who, if foxhunters are to be believed, knew very little about it. Possibly, like many worthy men, he was one of those who seldom cross a horse without realizing that feeling deeply. "I don't know where the meet come off," says Mr. Toole, in one of his characters; "but I come off at the first fence." Tennis defies care, at all events; for it requires all a man's brain, as well as all his muscle. Unlike all other physical games, a player may improve in this athletic chess till forty, and hold his own till fifty, and play well long afterwards. The late

amateur champion, Mr. Heathcote, as distinguished in his pre-eminence as Mr. Grace was in his, had beaten all comers since the institution of the championship twenty years ago, with the interruption of one defeat in 1882 at the hands of a brilliant player of only half his age, a defeat subsequently retrieved and since yet again repeated. For, as the muscles relax or stiffen, you learn to "play with your head." His favourite game pursues the tennis-player in all things; and if in his room, or in the street, a man is suddenly seen to bend down and give a sweep with his arm as if he were going to mow, and then with a smile recover himself as one who has solved a problem, set him down, not as a lunatic, but as a tennis-player. Life to him in all its phases is as a calculation of bisques. We know of one devotee, a prominent member of Parliament, who during one of the most absorbing periods of political strife retained his tennis-court once a week. "There," he said, walking out of it when one of his games was over, "now I've nothing to live for till this day week." We have heard of another who, after his first long sea-trip, was asked how he liked it; and said that the screw bothered him all night with saying nothing but "Better than two; better than two." We have heard of a third who christened his very house Hazard Side (the name of the half-court beyond the net from the server), to the scandal of the lay community, who thought it was a gaming-house; and of a fourth who speaks of his eight children as half fifteen and a bisque.

Now the reigns of the principal tennis-players, and all that they did, are they not written in the book of the annals of Julian Marshall, published in 1878, and

reviewed in the *Saturday Review* shortly afterwards? All the quaint and recondite learning of the game is there; and as our little paper is of a lighter purpose, we do not propose to draw upon it much. Mr. Marshall has failed in all his efforts to discover the historic origin of the game which was so much the favourite of Henri IV. of France that he got up at daybreak, the morning after St. Bartholomew, to finish a match (possibly in the court called that of the "eleven thousand devils"); whose champion in 1427 was a woman; whose first record was a book written by an Italian in 1550; the game which was rhymed by Rabelais, and played by Benvenuto Cellini, and began to perish in France under the royal disfavour of the great Louis XIV., who hated all exercise except billiards. Nor has Mr. Marshall been able to find the origin of the English name "tennis"—"jeu de paume" is clear enough, as the ball was first struck by the hand—and where he has failed in his antiquarianism we cannot hope to succeed. But we are surprised that he has taken no note of the tradition which almost proves its own truth, that the tennis-court, like the Eton fives-court, was the result of an accident of ground, and is, in fact, the copy of a monastery courtyard turned by the monks to the purpose of an improvised game. The two sides of the cloisters, the sloping roof, the "tambour" (a jutting piece of wall), the "grille," with its very name, as the window where friends were to be seen, all forcibly bear the tradition out; and tradition, say what we will, is very strong evidence. Be this as it may, the game was first a French one; and it may interest many of the players of lawn-tennis to learn how from that language their

mysterious system of marking has been derived. In all tennis-courts certain lines (called chases) are traced upon the floor; but on the service-side they are in England only numbered up to six, and in France to fourteen inclusive. It is (speaking broadly) part of the marker's business to watch by what line the ball falls at the second bound, and call it out as the number of the "chase." If in the French court it falls by number fourteen, he calls "quatorze." His next business is to call out also the strokes won by each player, four making a game. But he cannot call "un" for the first stroke, because from "un" to "quatorze" inclusive means a chase. His stroke-marking, therefore, begins at fifteen, *quinze*, as meaning one; and a stroke is even called "un quinze" in France. "Two" then becomes naturally "trente"; three, "quarante-cinq"; and the fourth stroke makes the game, unless the players stand at three strokes (or forty-five) each, when the score becomes *deuce*—that is, *à deux*, both equal—and to win the game either player must make two or three strokes running; or deuce-advantage—deuce-advantage—("advantage" explains itself) may last for ever. The number of lines or chases in England is the same; but we presume that the Briton thought it saved trouble to number only the alternate lines up to six, and christen the rest by the mysterious style of one-and-two, five-and-six, and so forth. But in doing so he still retained what thereby becomes the utterly obscure "fifteen" system of scoring, and made it worse by changing forty-five into forty to save a syllable, and robbing his marking thereby even of the mildest arithmetical significance. We confess that this argues something of the Arnoldian "want of

lucidity"; but if not always lucid, the Briton is resolute, and he never showed his resolution more than by introducing this marvellous system of numeration out of the game of tennis, in which, if we have made ourselves at all clear, it will be seen to be remotely reasonable, into that of lawn-tennis, with regard to which, as the game has no chases and no lines, it has absolutely not the remotest shred of connexion or the vaguest trace of meaning whatsoever. But, indeed, the mysteries of marking have baffled many an aspiring tennis-player, though, like everything else, it is easy enough when you know it. For an ignorant man to hear it asked how the match stands, and the marker answer, to the thorough satisfaction of initiated spectators, that it is "two setts all advantage-game thirty fifteen even game bisque gone Mr. Smith wins chase better than half a yard and hazard side the line," whereupon the two players at once change sides of the court, is a simple coming in for one man. We remember the late popular actor, Charles Mathews, being introduced for the first time into the "dedans" (spectators' gallery) of a tennis-court, at some such crisis as this, and retiring at once to learn by preference, as he expressed it, "the longest part he could find."

Be this the reason or one of many, the glorious old game of the other tennis certainly does not regain the widespread popularity of the days of Henri IV. in France, or Elizabeth in England, though we shall be glad if our article should induce anybody to make himself personally acquainted with its more than masonic fascinations. Everything else apart, it is, one hardly knows why, except that one loves it so, a test of temper without parallel, and *cæteris paribus*,

or even *imparibus*, the finest temper wins in a canter. Lord Pembroke, according to Pepys and Mr. Marshall, heard even an eminent Quaker swear tremendously to himself when he lost. A fine temper has had much to do with the long success of Mr. Heathcote, as it had to do with that of the famous Frenchman, Barre, the greatest tennis-player, as the writer of this paper firmly believes, of living memory. Between him and the present all-round champion, the English professional, Lambert, exist as links the brothers Tomkins, of Oxford and Brighton, whose play is delightful to watch, from the old Barre-like grace of form and stroke which they still preserve, in the face of what we can only look upon as the decadence of general play, traceable to the personal influence of Lambert's game, which depends upon sheer strength and force of wrist (coupled, of course, with high qualifications) more than on the old steady pendulous stroke. It is very well for him; but in inferior hands it has generated a kind of ferocious skittles, in the place of the old quiet and "cut" return, which is very trying to the old school. It fails with years instead of improving, and so punishes itself. Meanwhile, unluckily, it is not only in the fields of tennis, but in broader and graver ones also, that "playing to win," regardless of the ways and the means, is beginning to be counted for everything.

Barre and Lambert never coincided enough in age to be able to meet and test the respective merits of their schools. The story of the old Frenchman is pathetic, and is pathetically told in Mr. Marshall's book, to whose contents the present writer can add upon this subject a touching anecdote of his own. After losing

health and means through severe sufferings during the siege of Paris, Barre—always a pet over here—came to London once more. He was one of the spectators at a match at Lord's, where the rising sun of Lambert was shining very strongly, and there was a full and excited attendance. At a particularly fine cross-court stroke of Lambert's, shot rather than cut down into the corner with a crushing power which perhaps no other player has shown, some one, forgetting Barre, cried out, "Bravo, bravo! Barre could never have beaten him in his best days!" The writer happened to be sitting close to the old man, who had been generously admiring as much as anybody, but now sadly shook his head, and said in a voice no further audible, "Il a raison; je ne puis rien prouver maintenant." It fairly brought the tears to our eyes, and has haunted us ever since as a piece of homely tragedy.

Barre's spirit still lingers in the Paris courts, where, though the players of the day are inferior to the English, much of the old game is still to be seen. We say this with all respect to the *Times*, which, in a wonderful historical article some time ago about the famous "Oath of the Tennis Court," stated as a fact that the game is now forgotten and unknown in France, except in the lawn-tennis form introduced from England, and that not a court remains in the land, though traces of the gallery from which the marker used to come down may yet be seen at Versailles. On the other hand, the temple-like little court which stands in the N.W. angle of the Tuileries gardens has long been known to the passers-by, and a second has quite lately been built on to it. Courts

have been opened at Cannes and Deauville, and restored at Bordeaux and elsewhere; and markers do not come down from their galleries because they have none to go up into. The game is, in fact, making something like a revival in France.

GIUOCO DEL PALLONE.

Many games are more scientific than pallone, but there are few which appear so striking to an uninstructed spectator. A stranger who enters a tennis-court for the first time is quite unable to appreciate the skill of the players. Their finest strokes are made with apparent ease and for purposes he finds it difficult to understand. The chases and galleries, and so forth, are so many riddles which his unaided intellect is unable to solve, and he is not unlikely to mistake the worse for the better side. However fine the play may be, he soon wearies of it, unless there be some one near to explain the motive of every stroke. Pallone, though a far simpler game, is, to the layman, a prettier sight. The lithe players, in their white linen clothes, their red or blue scarfs, and their huge knobbed gauntlets, spring with tiger-like agility to meet the hard heavy ball, and send it flying to the other end of the court with a force which every spectator can appreciate. The boldest hits are generally the best, and when one of unusual vigour is given, or an unexpected but successful bound is made, the lookers-on applaud with an enthusiasm such as Northern crowds rarely display. At moments

the excitement becomes intense, and no attempt is made either to suppress or to conceal it. Even foreigners are carried away by it now and then, and those who have been present at a great match are not unlikely to return to the court as often as they have an opportunity.

An Englishman would suppose that the Italian onlookers, who take so lively an interest in the game, were themselves players; in all probability there are hardly a dozen present who ever put on a gauntlet. In these days, when a mild form of athleticism is becoming fashionable in Italy, a few of the younger members of the clubs may occasionally spend a leisure morning in play, but they never exhibit their skill in public; it is for the professionals that the courts are built and kept up. Thus, for most of its devotees, pallone is rather a show than a game; it is popular in Italy, not as cricket, but as horse-racing is popular in England. When players of celebrity meet, the betting is high, and large sums are promised them by their backers in case of victory. Under these conditions, it is not strange that ugly rumours should at times be current. It is said that the two sides will occasionally meet in private, compare the promises that have been made them, arrange the issue of the match accordingly, and then divide the profits; but no outsider can know whether there is any truth in such reports.

The pallone-court is from ninety to a hundred metres in length, and from twenty-five to thirty in breadth, and is open to the sky. The whole of this space, which must of course be kept perfectly smooth and even, is enclosed by a wall one metre high, at the right corners of which masts are placed. Besides this,

there are two other walls, one to the left of the player, five or six metres high, and one to his right which may be of any height; the higher it is the easier the game becomes, as the fewer balls will pass over it. The so-called *cordino in terra*—a straight line of tiles raised three centimetres above the ground—divides the inclosure into two equal parts, and along the whole left side of the court runs a covered drain, which keeps the ground dry, and also forms an important feature in the game. In earlier times it was probably an open ditch, and, as far as the rules are concerned, it still remains one, as the balls that strike the covering of the drain, as well as those which fall short of, or upon the *cordino*, or pass outside the corner masts, are *falli*—that is, they count against the player. At one end of the court stands the *trampolino*—a structure of elastic wood, very similar to a diving or spring board, which is about four metres long, and rises gradually to a height of sixty centimetres, the slope being towards the centre of the court.

The balls used are made of leather stuffed with chopped hay; but, before the game commences, water is forced into them, so that they become as hard, and almost as heavy, as stones. Some are about the size of a tennis, others considerably larger than a cricket ball; and which are to be used is often the most difficult point to settle in arranging a match. It is a great advantage to powerful men when the heavier balls are chosen, while those who depend on their agility and sharpness of sight rather than their muscular strength prefer the smaller ones. In striking, an instrument is used which, for want of a better name, we may call a gauntlet. It is a piece of solid

wood, hollowed out so as to admit the hand; a stout rod is left in the centre, which is firmly grasped, while two thin diagonal slips separate the first from the second, and the third from the fourth finger. To Englishmen this may appear a very inconvenient arrangement, but it must be remembered the Italians even in fencing are accustomed to hold the rapier by the crossbar of the hilt, which they tie to the wrist. The outside of the gauntlet is fashioned into a rough semblance of the human hand, and studded over with blunt knobs of harder wood, which are fastened into the original piece. The wrist and arm are also protected by thick wooden casings, which are strapped or buckled on. It is only one hand which is "sheathed" in this anything but "glittering mail," the other is left free. In general it is of course the right that bears the burden and the honour; but, strangely enough, several of the most distinguished pallone-players have been left-handed.

The regular game is played by six, there being three on each side, who are led by the *battitore*. Each party has also a *mandarino*, who gives the first ball, but takes no further part in the game. When play commences the two sides take their places at the opposite ends of the court, the battitore of the party which has the first innings mounts the trampolino, his mandarino throws, or rather feeds, the ball towards him, and he rushes down the trampolino and strikes it in the direction of his opponents with as much force and skill as he can command. If it passes the centre of the court and is not returned, so that it remains lying on the other side of the cordino, he scores fifteen; the second time this happens, thirty;

the third, forty; the fourth ball finishes the game. Two games make a trampolino, and after each the parties exchange places. A match generally consists of five trampolini and one game for each side—that is, of twenty-two games in all.

Pallone is sometimes played by four persons, two on each side, and on such occasions a net, seventy centimetres in height, is usually erected above the cordino; every ball caught by it is of course lost. In other respects it is played in the way that has been already described, though it has even more local variations than the regular game. In both cases the umpire is placed in a tolerably secure position at the end of the cordino or the net, on the left side of the court, and he is provided with an attendant, who shouts out his decisions in tones such as only Italian lungs can produce and Italian ears endure.

The three members of a team, with their mandarino, always play and travel together. As a rule, they are ready to meet all comers; but their excitement and that of the spectators reaches its height only when town plays against town or province against province. Thus, if three noted players from Bologna are invited to Siena, every available space in the building will be thronged for days together, as they play team after team, and every event will be as eagerly expected in the city as the first news of the Derby is in London.

Pallone when thus played is, as we have already seen, essentially a game for professionals; indeed the amateur who ventured to oppose them would be placing his life in considerable danger. Even the greatest skill cannot always prevent accidents. Not long since a battitore of some note made a slight slip,

and the consequence was that the ball, instead of being met directly by the gauntlet, glanced upward from it, and broke his jaw. In many parts of Italy, however, a simpler and less hazardous form of the game is popular among the boys and young men, who bandage their arms with cloths, and play with soft balls in the open fields. The more skilful of these players soon become known in the district, and they play only with or against each other. If there is a court near, the club to which it belongs will almost always allow them to use it at odd hours, when they have attained to the necessary years and experience, and they then begin to practice with the hard balls and wooden gauntlets. It is from such players that the professional class is recruited. A battitore whose team is imperfect, and who sees a youth of promise, will ask him to take the vacant place at times, and will often spend hours in training him. At first neither play nor instruction is allowed to interfere with the young man's regular trade. As he is not yet capable of taking a part in great encounters, he is not expected to travel far from home. If he plays in a successful match, however, he from the first receives a modest share of the winnings. Such gains are sweet, and the respect with which he is regarded by his old companions sweeter still; and so the probability is that a youth of skill and dexterity who has once begun to play with a regular team, will end by himself becoming a professional player.

CURLING.

Mild winters are hateful to most Scotchmen. Farmers look for the frosts to pulverize the soil; sportsmen expect the flights of woodcocks; and the community in general counts upon a certain amount of cold to brace the enervated body and make life brisk and agreeable. As for snow, that is another matter altogether. Snow blocks the roads and chokes the railway-cuttings; snow smothers the sheep by scores in the drifts in the upland glens, and makes the toils of the shepherds almost intolerable; and, as it melts, it sets the boys snowballing everywhere, to the danger and disgust of respectable citizens. Yet it seldom lies sufficiently long, or smooth, or firm to encourage the pleasures that make the charm of the severe Canadian winters. Tobogganing is a thing unheard of to the north of the Tweed; and it is rarely that one hears upon the roads the merry jangle of the sleigh-bells. Frost, on the other hand, is welcome to almost everybody, for fox-hunters beyond the Border are few and far between. Moreover, even frozen-out fox-hunters have their compensation, besides the chance of giving overridden horses a breathing time. It is more than probable that the man who follows hounds is a curler, since curling is the game of every one who can com-

mand a little leisure with the capital to invest in a pair of serviceable "stones." It has flourished, to the south of the Tay at least, from time immemorial, and it has been rapidly spreading to the northward in the course of the last half-century. So much so, that for many years the North has met the South in an annual match, played at Blackford in Perthshire, on the picturesque ponds of the great Caledonian Club, which embraces almost all the minor associations. The "roaring game," as it is most expressively called, is become the most popular of playful national institutions, knitting all classes together for the time in close and kindly fellowship. The peer plays against the peasant; the laird meets his tenants on something more than a footing of equality, for the best man comes to the front; and the farmer pits strength and science against the labourer who has taken a holiday for the nonce, if it has not been generously given him. Nor is the sport by any means confined to folks in the country. Professional men in the towns give pressing business the go-by; and shopkeepers leave the congenial atmosphere of the counter to face the sharp change into a bitter temperature, and run the risk of colds and contingent consumptions. Not that there is really much danger in that respect. Intense excitement, even more than active exercise, sends the stagnating blood into rapid circulation; age forgets its infirmities; youth shakes off its sedentary habits; provosts and portly baillies ignore their dignity, and go hopping about like peas on a shovel; while even straitlaced divines stretch the principles of toleration to joining in merriment which is decorous though vociferous.

Perhaps, if one of these rural divines were to draw moral lessons from the game for his flock, he would say there was no better discipline than a doubtful season. In those "open" winters which have been only too common of late, lively hopes are scarcely excited, and acquiescence in circumstances is comparatively easy. But when the frost is fugitive, and seldom does more than "grip the ground," hope is fostered only to be chilled, and sad disappointment succeeds disappointment. When matches are made, to be broken off at the last moment; when the ice is so "drug" that the stones drag instead of gliding; or when it cracks, and actually breaks, under the iron-clamped boots of the players, the sweetest-souled of saints can scarcely keep his temper, and comparative calm must be a question of temperament. The sharp falls in the thermometer are followed by a muttered discord of smothered execrations which grumbles from the Caledonian Canal to the Solway, and echoes in the far-away hills of Caithness. But in one of our good old-fashioned winters all Scotch humanity is in the most amiable of humours. The flying white frosts have given place to black frosts, and nature is fast bound in fetters of iron. There is exhilaration in the stillness of the buoyant though biting air, and the stillness, moreover, is an inestimable boon to the curler. For the ice has formed in plate-glass sheets, and it is easy to sweep the surface, even if there have been occasional snow showers. Humanly speaking, there can be no question now as to the coming off of the match to be knocked up on short notice. We shall suppose that one parish has challenged another, that the champions have been attended to the scene

by a crowd of fervent sympathizers, who may amuse their leisure with quiet games of their own should they weary of looking on at the match. The players on either side may be either four or five; as a rule, four is the favourite number. As we said, they are selected with an eye to their skill, not to their station; for local honour is at stake, and it is no time to stand on social formalities. On this occasion, however, the "skip," or leader of the players, from one parish happens to be the great landed proprietor of the district. He has made his proofs repeatedly, as the French say, and his name as a curler is famous through the country. The chief opposed to him is the parish blacksmith, stalwart of limb and ungainly of figure, but who has nevertheless a wonderful adroitness of wrist, with an extraordinary genius for giving directions under difficulties. His face, all fiery from the forge, lights up with a fresh gleam of pleasure as the laird exchanges a hearty hand-grip with him. It is not so much that the other is his social superior, as that he has met a foeman worthy of his stones. Then there are two or three lusty farmers; the schoolmaster from the laird's parish; a wiry little weaver who ekes out by skill what he conspicuously lacks in physique; and a shepherd from the neighbouring hills, who is a bigger man even than the blacksmith. Each of the players of course comes provided with his own pair of curling-stones. These stones are shaped like flattened Wiltshire cheeses; they may weigh, as a rule, about forty pounds; and they are swung from a pair of wooden handles let into their upper side. Metal, with the mercury many degrees below freezing-point, would be too cold for the fingers. In the

primitive and cheaper stones, such as those of the hill-shepherd, the rude handles are simply riveted. But in the more artistic productions, which are sometimes beautifully polished, the handles are attached to iron pins passed through the stones, and may be indifferently screwed on at either side. Then the one surface has been ground smoother than the other, so that either can be used at pleasure, according to the state of the ice. Now, having furnished the players with their stones, briefly to describe the game. A strip of ice from thirty to forty yards in length, about eight feet in breadth, has been pitched upon and measured out. This is the rink. At either end are several concentric circles, narrowing in circumference towards the tee in the centre. A certain number, say thirty-one, is fixed for game, and the stones lying nearest to the tee count towards it. In fact, the principle is the same as at bowls. Thus if two stones from one side are nearer than any of those played by the other, the winning side scores two. At a certain distance from each tee, a line called the "hog-score" is traced across the ice. Any stone stopping short of that line goes for nothing, and is removed; but as a rule, when the ice is keen, the difficulty is to "hold the stones back." The players who open the game begin by playing short of the tee; those who follow either knock them off, "promote" or guard them, according as they are friends or enemies. Sometimes the stone nearest to the tee appears to be so effectually blocked or guarded, that it is hopeless either to remove or beat it. But the stranger who judges so rashly is ignorant of the resources of the curler's craft. It is then that the skip shows his gifts of leadership by

deciding what is best to be done. It is then that the player in obeying instructions must skilfully rise to a great opportunity. He directs his stone either to the inside or the outside of some other one, either cannoning off himself, or cutting another stone in towards the tee, which is defined in curling speech by making an "inwick" or an "outwick." Moreover, curling has another point of affinity with billiards, inasmuch as the player may give side to his stone. He lays it down gently; at first it shoots straight forward, but he has delivered it with a dexterous twist of the wrist. Gradually the handle is seen to "wobble," the stone deflects itself gently from the direct line, and possibly may wind inwards, threading channels through the labyrinth till it actually rests upon the tee, which had seemed to be absolutely "guarded." That is curling, properly so called; the *finesse* that has given the name to the game. And in the event of so triumphant a shot, strangers may be startled by the wild clamour of approbation that rises from the ice. The proud but bashful performer is patted on the back with blows that ought apparently to shiver his shoulder blades; and

"Even the ranks of Tuscany cannot forbear to cheer,"

for his opponents are nearly as loud in their approbation as his friends.

But, in fact, from the delivery of the first stone to the dusk that drops a curtain on the lively scene, curling is emphatically the roaring game. The air may be so still that the softest whisper might easily be heard a hundred yards away. Yet each man thinks it needful to bellow with the full volume of his lungs;

and each pair of lungs is as powerful in blast as the bellows of the blacksmith's forge. So noise breeds noise, and gives assurance of the curlers' enjoyment to their wives, daughters, and sweethearts in glens many miles away. Besides, there is generally brisk business going forward. Each player is equipped with a besom, cut from the broom — on which, by the way, he sets his foot, to prevent slipping, when he is playing his heavy stone. But the main use of the besom is to sweep the ice, should the stones seem to "want a little more powder"; and the skips have often infinite trouble in repressing their followers' superabundant energy. It is a sight in the cities to see elderly gentlemen, built very much on the lines of Mr. Pickwick, toddling after the stones, with besoms flourished in the air, as Mr. Pickwick ran at the slide on the pond at the Manor Farm; and sometimes, like that light-hearted veteran, coming to signal grief in their excitement. Then, usually, when the games of the day are over, the second stage of the fun is only beginning. The supper is to come off the curlers' feast. There can be no doubt beforehand as to the bill of fare. Beef and greens go as naturally to the bill of fare as oysters used to go to a night in the theatre gallery before the prices of the bivalves became prohibitory. And as beef and greens furnish the invariable fare, so whisky toddy is the invariable beverage. Nor, in moderation, can the toddy do strong men the slightest harm who have been working hard to "discount" its effects, and who are probably besides in prime condition. What moderation may be in each individual case must be a matter between themselves and their consciences. But as a rule, we must say,

they seldom transgress beyond the bounds of decent propriety. The minister himself may ask a blessing on the meat, and be by no means averse to mixing the steaming tumbler afterwards. The parish schoolmaster, who is probably in orders, is pretty sure to be there on the watch for an occasion of airing his eloquence; and, though the local and more secular dignitaries may insensibly relax towards the small hours, they are unlikely to countenance disorderly mirth.

SKITTLES.

SKITTLES! One generally hears the word used as a term of reproach and contempt. "This is mere skittles" a bowler mutters when the field neglects the opportunities provided by his craftiest "head-balls," when cover-point drops a catch sent into his hands, and wicket-keeper is not "on the stump." Certainly, let it be admitted, skittles is not now a genteel recreation, nor one favoured by persons of quality. The very name recalls a vision of an old riverside pothouse by Water-Eaton. The tub-four is moored at the steps; and, in a ramshackle old alley, only dry in the finest weather, the neophyte is introduced to skittles. At the end of a muddy clay floor is a strip of dirty boarding, leading up to a recess, in which some fat, amorphous, bulbous objects are standing with an air of beery equilibrium. These are the "pins." Shape they have none, but they are rather oval than otherwise, rather rounded than squared. They are of the same muddy complexion as the floor, the strip of boarding, the ale, and everything else in the establishment. The game appears to be played with a kind of wooden cheese, very rough, very dank, very much clay-coloured.

This object you roll down the strip of boarding, and perhaps it knocks down some of the intoxicated "pins," perhaps it only sets them reeling about in a helpless inebriated fashion. When this diversion palls, you pay for your liquor and row away again, reflecting with thankfulness that "Life is not all beer and skittles."

British skittles is now a game allied in character to bowls. To us it appears, however, the very grubbiest of sports—a clown among games. In the last century skittles was more fashionable. We have before us a plate of 1786, representing a skittle-alley of that period. It is fringed with poplars, like the kingdom of Persephone, and has at one end a flowery, umbrageous summer-house. Here three gentlemen in cocked-hats read the news and share a bowl of punch. Another bowl and a bottle are being carried by an elegant waiter. Exquisites in cocked-hats look on, while a friend rolls his ball along the boarding at the pins. The moral is :—

> "In Reason's Eye the world's a Skittle Ground,
> In which Mankind will tott'ring pins be found."

No wonder the pins were "tott'ring" after all that punch! The book which is adorned with these reflections is a complete guide to "Old and New Methods of forming General Goes and Tips," and includes an *excursus* on the Chinese and Persian modes of playing skittles. Unfortunately lack of space prevents us from printing the "Rules and Instructions for playing at Skittles by a Society of Gentlemen." But let the beginner keep this maxim before his eyes:—"Care should be taken in Tipping not to jump into the Frame immediately after, as

in this case he is not allowed any of the Pins he Tips."

Skittles is recommended by the most learned authors as invaluable for the education of Youth, "bringing them up to a sprightly and lively imagination" (as when they jump into the Frame), and at the same time teaching them to "nurse no extravagant hopes," as when "the Tipper" is prevented from receiving the benefit he might have enjoyed from a live or rolling pin. Nevertheless, the tutor of the young must observe that the "modern game of Skittles has no comparison with its original," from which it has sadly degenerated. Nay, "the old method of playing is, in a manner, intirely forgot, I suppose from its being too laborious to this genteel and polished age." In the old ancient game, in the skittles of our fathers, nine pins were used, but of different value, mark you, and proportion in the game. Their value depended on their height and their place in the frame. The pin in the middle, the likeness of a crowned King had on, or at least, "had a head upon it in the form of a hat crown." This noble pin was called "the Pin Royal," and counted five. The corner-pins came next in importance, being about three inches lower than His Majesty; they were styled Lords or Nobles. If the ball rolled them over, they counted for two each; if they were involved in the fall of the King, they reckoned three apiece. The others were Commons, and counted one each, unless knocked over when tipped by the King, when they reckoned two each. The feeblest mind will now perceive that the skill was to hit over the King, and make him "tip" as

many pins as possible over with him, as thus the greatest number of points was scored. The modern frame is but a rudimentary survival of the old article, says our author, who is an evolutionist without being aware of it. The use of the frame is manifest; the ball cannoned off its walls, so as to produce various species of tips, as the state of the game might require. The ball has no bias; all the different tips are acquired by the out-frame. In this game "the greatest go" or score that could be made with one ball was forty. The game was sixty-one.

The antiquity of skittles is considerable, for a skittle-frame in a hall near Ribchester bore date 1486. This frame had fallen from its illustrious nature, and was used as a window-frame, but still preserved the following rules carved on the interior:—

"Bowl strong, hit the frame without, and miss the frame within;
The King, two Lords, with their attendants, the game shall bring."

The old indentations of the balls on this venerable relic proved that in 1486, as in all scientific ages of skittles, the best players always attempted their goes in diagonals of the frame, or from corner to corner, but rather with an oblique motion, so that the force of resistance given by the King returned the ball upon the right-hand Lord, in consequence of which the whole frame was cleared in the most democratic way.

Skittles in old times were thus a most scientific affair. The frame, the distances between the pins, their height, weight, and the rest were all calculated on mathematical principles, with arcs and curves, and plenty of goodly learning. Concerning Chinese skittles, let it suffice to say that this estimable nation

uses twenty-five pins, and the game is 457. The names of the pins are Tong-hu, Tsi-shu, Nang-mu, and so forth, and refer to the resemblance between the standing pins and a wood or forest. The Persians set up the pins in concentric circles, not in a square, and use seventeen pins. The ball has a bias, like our bowls. Such are the rude outlines of British and foreign skittles; but mastery of the game can be acquired only by innate genius and serious application.

WRESTLING.

THE few authors who have attempted to write any account of wrestling mostly take great pains to assure us that this is the earliest art in which men engaged for hostile purposes. In that theory they are probably quite right, for boxing—the only other sort of combat for which no weapons are required—is comparatively speaking a very artificial affair. Boys attacking one another in primitive fashion by the light of nature soon get together, and decide the fortune of the day not by knock-down blows so often as by falls, in which the weaker combatant is laid on his back. It requires an amount of skill which no novice can possess to prevent an adversary from "closing" if he has a mind to do so; and, accordingly, the man who is getting the worst of it at out-fighting will, if no law forbids him, or no straight-shoulder hit drives him back, soon rush in and convert the encounter from a boxing into a wrestling match. Moreover, in a fight for life and death, such as we may suppose most primitive combats to have been, a single fair back fall would do more to put the fallen man at the mercy of his opponent than a dozen severe blows with the fist. Besides this most men think that they can do themselves fair justice in

a struggle body to body whereas it requires obviously more art to stop a coming blow, as well as more pluck to face an ugly knock on the nose or eyes. Accordingly it is nowise surprising that in the earliest records we find less mention of fighting with bare fists than of the simpler art of wrestling.

It is, perhaps, a curious coincidence that in the Old World as well as the New wrestling should have developed itself into three different styles. In the Greek arena of the classic ages, common wrestling, in which the competitors took what hold they could, seems to have occupied a sort of middle place between out-wrestling in which only the hands and wrists came into contact—and in-wrestling, which commenced with a close hold something like the Cornish "hug," and ended in a struggle on the ground. In the Homeric contest, long before these distinctions had grown up, the two kings who condescended to enter the lists faced one another rather after the manner of our North-country performers. The hands of each were stretched behind the back of the other; the feet were far apart, and the bodies arched forward. Although belts were worn, and indeed were put on specially for the encounter, it does not appear that any hold was taken of them. Nor is it quite clear whether the two hands of each man clasped one another, or caught at the skin of the other man, though the last seems the more likely view, as the poet so pointedly describes the discoloured wheals which rose on the flesh of the wrestlers. But in later times, when the wearing of even a simple belt was prohibited by law in Sparta, and abandoned in all parts of Greece, the best hold would probably be that of the clasped

hands; for the body of each man was abundantly covered with oil, and any attempt at catching hold of it would probably have ended in failure and defeat.

Wrestling in the Middle Ages was a pastime of the lower sort of people, and was seldom or never engaged in by the knights and barons, whose heavy armour would have sadly interfered with any attempt to make it useful to them in the field after a fall from their horses. In Lodge's *Rosalynde*, the original upon which *As You Like It* is founded, King Torismund of France appoints a day of tournament and wrestling, the former for men of gentle birth, and the latter for peasants and yeomen. And when Rosader—the Orlando of the Shakspearian drama—strips to engage in the latter sport, "the company grieved that so goodly a young man should venture in so base an action." This account, whatever its authority, gives a very remarkable and no doubt pretty faithful picture of the old manner of wrestling. The champion, who by command of the king stood up to face all comers, was a Norman of great stature and corpulence; and it is clear that the dread he inspired amongst the challengers was due chiefly to his habit of falling upon the vanquished opponent. He had, as the "novel" says, killed many by falling upon them; and on the day of the grand display he disposed of his first antagonist in this way. The elder son of the valiant Franklin, who had brought his children to contend, was crushed to death by the huge weight of the champion. The second, who appears to have been thrown over the big man's shoulder by the device known to Cornish wrestlers as the "flying horse," fell on his head and dislocated his neck. It was then that Rosader, pro-

mising to avenge the Franklin, stepped into the lists in spite of all efforts to dissuade him. The first bout resulted in a dog-fall, by the violence of which both were so much exhausted as to be forced to breathe a while. In the second the challenger threw the Norman, by what method we are not told, "falling upon his chest with so willing a weight that he yielded nature her due." There is an eloquence in this expression of "willingness" which will remind the profane reader of *Bell's Life* in bygone days of many a round in the prize ring, the description of which ended with the words "falling heavily upon him." But perhaps the most notable thing in the whole of the story in *Rosalynde* is the statement that Rosader before entering the lists pulled off his boots, showing that nothing at all in the shape of Devonshire wrestling was permitted.

Other centuries afford us some glimpses of wrestling practised as a popular amusement on the usual holidays. On St. James's Day and Lammas Day there used to be a match between London and Westminster, at St. Giles-in-the-Fields. At the Feast of St. Bartholomew there was wrestling before the lord mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs, who were dressed for the occasion in their official costume. The most ancient prizes in England seem to have been either a cock or a ram; but it seems that in prosperous times white bulls, horses with saddle and bridle, gold rings, gloves, and even casks of wine, were offered for competition. But the sport was not well kept up, except in the West and North, for long after the Reformation. It was relegated to professional exhibitors at bear-gardens and fairs, and only saved from complete

disuse amongst what we may call amateurs by the efforts of the few who continued to admire it as a beneficial exercise. Thus in 1720 we read of Oxford students being fined for not going to the wrestling matches held on summer evenings. At about the same time it was the custom for the squire in many parishes to give a beaver hat once every year to be wrestled for by the villagers. A little later Sir Thomas Parkyns, who seems to have counted among his pupils some persons of high distinction in the State, made a valiant attempt to revive the sport, which he recommended not only as a pastime, but as a convenient substitute for the mischievous practice of duelling. But even the exhortations of those well-meaning persons who pleaded for the revival of wrestling were thwarted to some extent by an absurd theory, spread abroad by the doctors of the period, to the effect that it was a common cause of rheumatism and ague. Another writer declares that the sport did not for more than a century and a half recover from the blow dealt it by the restrictions put upon the amusements of the people during the rebellion. But about sixty years ago there was a grand revival, and from 1826 forwards, wrestling has again commanded in this country some of the admiration and support it deserves.

The times at which our several distinct schools of wrestling became separated, and acquired for themselves a local habitation and a name, cannot be distinctly traced. But from the earliest the West-country wrestlers must have had a style of their own, and the North-countrymen one of a very different kind, while several others would be recognized in other parts of

the country. In one of the most ancient drawings we have, dating back beyond the reign of Edward III., the two combatants have loose scarves passed round their necks, at which they clutch, holding one another at arm's length. In Henry VII.'s reign, at a festival at Greenwich, several champions stood forth to contend with all comers at wrestling "in all manner of ways." There is, however, much reason to suppose that neither then, nor for a long time after, did any of those "manners" include the Devonshire style; for about two hundred and fifty years ago, the West-country wrestlers, then accounted undeniably the best in England, entered the ring in their doublets and hose, and clearly wore no boots or shoes. The practice of kicking appears to have grown up gradually after this time, in Devonshire, out of the perfectly lawful habit of "striking" with the leg at the leg. Boys and men in Devonshire often settled a private quarrel by a bout at wrestling, and the impromptu umpires who supervised such contests would not be able to distinguish between a fair "strike" and a veritable kick. The spectators often rather liked the innovation, which made the struggle more sensational, and thus the use of the shoe had come to be recognized to some extent before the middle of the last century—as we know from a book, which recommends that kicks should be met by standing low and parrying or stopping with the knee. In the meantime also the West-countrymen had more strictly defined several laws on disputed points. The rule as to a fall in this district was, that one shoulder and the heel on the side opposite must touch the ground before the man could be called fairly thrown; if he was "endangered" only—that is,

if he was thrown, but not in proper style—a "foil" was scored against him. In articles drawn up for a set match, more than a century ago, it is stipulated that "whichever man shall throw the other the first three falls, or give him nine foils, three foils to be accounted one fall, or give him falls and foils enough to amount together to three falls, shall have the two sums of £20 each" staked by the two parties. In some rules, dated about the same time for West-country wrestling, it is enacted that "he who first comes with two joints to the ground, as joints are counted in wrestling, shall be reputed to be thrown a fall." The prize at this time was a beaver hat, worth twenty-two shillings; and any man who sold the hat after winning it was to be disqualified from competing the next year. In these contests, held apparently by the Devonshire and Cornwall men living in London, shoes might be worn, but no nails were allowed in the soles. Until the end of the last century, although kicking seems to have been uncommon, there was much roughness in the play. One of the authors recommends his pupils, if they have long hair, to soap it well, so that the adversary, if he clutches it, may not get a good hold. From another allusion made by the same writer, it appears that it was not an uncommon manœuvre for a man to get "his hands at your hair and his thumbs in your eyes." Possibly a more irregular style of wrestling was then allowed in the prize ring than in mere wrestling contests, for Sir T. Parkyns gives some special directions under the head of "boxing" which seem to be more barbarous than the rest. Here is one of them:—"The best holds are the Pinnion, with your arms at his shoulders and

your head in his face · or get your right arm under his chin and your left behind his neck, and let your arms close his neck strait by holding each elbow with the contrary hand, and crush his neck, your fingers in his eyes, and your fingers of your right hand under his chin, and your left hand under the hinder part of his head." This elaborate, but no doubt singularly effective system of attack, clearly needs some practical illustration to be correctly understood; but the next prescription is much simpler—"or twist his head round by putting your hand to the side of his face and the other behind his head."

These directions are contained in a book upon Cornish wrestling which claimed to be the first ever published. It explains in detail, and sometimes more distinctly than in the above quotations, the various holds and throws—the in-clamp and back-clamp, the hanging trip, the in-lock and back-lock, once well known to Ulysses, the son of Laertes—the flying horse, and others too numerous to mention. The men wore stout waistcoats and shirts, and caught hold by these or by the band of the breeches. They wrestled in a large ring, thirty yards in diameter, and one "sidesman" on each side was allowed in the ring. Kicking was at this time an established practice with the Devonshire men, though tabooed in Cornwall; and it was upon their expertness with the shoe that the former chiefly relied in their contests with the men of the neighbouring county. The most celebrated of these encounters took place in 1826, at Devonport, before twenty thousand spectators, between Cann, a Devonian, and Polkinhorne, the Cornish champion, weighing nearly sixteen stone. Cann wore one shoe,

with which he "occasionally dealt severe kicks at his opponent to weaken his legs." Polkinhorne, who wore no shoes, submitted to this punishment with what patience he could, and after some disputed falls was adjudged to take the prize. His victory was succeeded about two years after by another striking success in London, where, out of twenty-six competitors, half Cornish and half Devon, the Cornish men won first and second prize.

Cumberland and Westmoreland wrestling—now much more commonly seen in London than the other kind, is altogether different from it both in rules and in style. Before the actual struggle begins, both men must have fair hold by clasping their hands behind one another's back. To loose this hold, once taken, is to lose the bout; and the same result follows if a man touches the ground with a knee or any other part except the feet. This kind of wrestling was introduced, rather than revived, in London in 1829, when there was a grand contest, at which nearly two hundred entered, and ever since that, with but very few intermissions, the Northerners have continued their annual Easter meeting. The only other system which needs particular mention is the Lancashire, or "catch-as-catch-can" wrestling, which differs in little but in the mode of taking hold from the other North-country variety. There are thus, if the Devon and Cornwall styles are reckoned as one, three distinct kinds of wrestling in England, each having its merits and defects. The rules as to falling are, no doubt, simpler and better in the North-country codes; for the distinction between fair back-falls and other falls is difficult to draw, and productive of disputes. Still

more unpopular in this country is the French system, by which the use of the leg, either in striking or hanching, is prohibited altogether, and the men, after falling, continue the struggle on the ground, till one is fairly on his back. On the other hand, the obligation to retain a hold as first caught is artificial, and deprives the art of much of its practical value; for in an actual scuffle no man could wait to begin until his adversary had a fair hold. The Devonshire style is of course condemned by every one except Devonshire men, for nothing can be more barbarous or more destructive of fairness than to degrade the encounter into a kicking match, in which each man's shins are gradually disabled by cuts and bruises. The golden mean would perhaps be arrived at by a rule allowing the men to take what hold they can, and throw their opponent as they like. Any wrestler who was good at out-play would then have a chance to finish the combat without coming to close quarters, while one who preferred in-play would endeavour to rush in, and, as the Cornishmen say, "go to the grips." Full scope would be then allowed for the out-wrestler's "chips," such as outside and inside striking, haming, hankering, and twining over, as well as for cross-buttocking, hanching, hipeing, and the devices in which in-players excel.

SAVATE, BOXE, AND CANNE.

We hear a good deal from superficial visitors to Paris of the inability of Frenchmen to use their fists, but little or nothing of the extraordinary capacity they have developed for turning their feet to account in a street row. We confess that we often fall into rapt contemplation before a Frenchman's foot, considering the strange potentialities for complicated assault and battery that lie dormant within it. It would be curious, but would lead us too far from the object we have in view, to speculate on the possibility of the varied powers of the French foot having been brought forth owing to the eminently unfavourable conditions, as far as luxury is concerned, which surround it. The deadly struggle in which it is at all times engaged with that terrible instrument of torture, the French boot, may have fostered in it an almost superhuman strength and fertility of resource. This much we may add, by way of analogy, that the art of painting has flourished most when its exponents have been most persecuted and cut off from worldly enjoyments; and this may hold good with regard to the "art de la savate" and the French foot. The average foreigner visiting Paris for a short time has not much oppor-

tunity for studying this art unless he goes to the "salles" where it is practised; for one rarely sees it employed in the common street rows in the better known quarters of the town, where disputes seldom go beyond the exchange of strange oaths and fierce sayings, or, if a blow be struck, the recipient of it is apt to be so overcome at the idea of a personal indignity being offered him that he surrenders himself to the consideration of his wounded pride and weeps. But it is far otherwise in the worse parts of Paris, where "Bec-salé" and "Couteau de chasse" are ready to unfold all the mysteries of the art to an admiring ring on the hint of a quarrel. The "savatier" has four natural weapons at his disposition, the feet and the fists, which, however, play a relatively subordinate part in an assault. In falling on guard, the position of the legs is more like the attitude adopted in fencing than that which is taken by the English boxer, with this difference, that the left foot is advanced instead of the right. The arms are advanced straight in front of the body, with the fists clenched and the nails turned downward. This would appear to an English boxer thinking only of the fists, head, and body, an exceptionally good position to attack, and he would, in all probability, attempt to step in to one side and deliver a blow at the head. This is one of the "savatier's" best opportunities; he ducks with the head and shoulders, and delivers a smart "coup sec" with the foot on the boxer's shins, with the almost inevitable result, if the contest be in earnest, of breaking the leg. The parry for this blow—or, we should say kick—if, instead of a "savatier" and a boxer, we have two "savatiers" in front of each other,

is made by smartly raising the knee of the menaced leg perpendicularly and riposting with a quick downward movement somewhat in front of the body. But the most interesting and effective "coups" are without doubt those delivered at long distance, for "in-fighting," which fills a conspicuous place in the study of boxing, becomes a very "one-horse" affair in "savate" practice, and indeed is exceedingly apt to degenerate into a mere scramble. While we are still on the subject of "in-fighting," it may be as well to describe the manner in which the fists are used by the "savatier." "Le coup de poing droit" is given as in "la boxe," of which we shall have to speak later on, by drawing the elbow back as far as it will go behind the body, from which position the arm is shot out straight with a sharp jerk; the position of the fist is the same as that which is adopted in delivering a cross-counter in English boxing. The "coup de poing de revers" is simply a violent backhander. The parries used are much the same as those practised in England; but it should be remembered that they are more often required to guard a kick than a hit, and that, moreover, as far as an attack with the fists is concerned, the "savatier" can counter with the foot with crushing effect. It is no pleasant thing to be "timed" as you hit out by a sharp kick on the arms or wrist.

To turn to "out-fighting," we here find the "savatier" at his best, with everything in his favour, and with great resources at his command. Under these conditions he has an enormous advantage over the boxer pure and simple; he has a longer reach and a greater number of points at his command. The

simplest of his methods of attack—a straight kick up in front, hitting the opponent under the chin—will need no explanation to those who have seen Mr. Fred Vokes dance; the remaining attacks are somewhat more complicated. The first of these "coups" is made in the following way. We will suppose that the blow is to be given with the left leg. This being the case, the body is swung well to the right, the "savatier" standing on the toes of the right foot, the knee of the right leg is slightly bent, the arms are swung downwards to facilitate the movement, and the left foot is aimed sideways at the head or pelvis of the opponent, as opportunity may offer. This is probably the most effective blow that can be delivered. The most unexpected and startling attack at the "savatier's" disposition bears some analogy to the "botte du Napolitain" in the old Italian school of fence, of the execution of which Théophile Gautier has given such a brilliant description in *Le Capitaine Fracasse*. The "savatier" suddenly throws himself on his hands, kicking up from behind with inconceivable rapidity; it seems to his antagonist as if he had suddenly gone down a trapdoor, from which a "coup de pied" is shot out at the same moment. It may appear simple to catch his ankle in the hand before he has time to send the blow home; it is, as a matter of fact, no easy matter, and should one succeed in doing it, the "savatier" kicks smartly over the extended leg, delivering a telling blow on his opponent's wrist. All these attacks admit of various modifications, and some very nasty hits may be delivered as the "savatier" jumps off the ground. An assault between two good men is a very lively affair. The men turn cautiously

round each other, trying to find an opening; after the first attack is made there appears to be no end to the variety of the movements they execute. The blows follow each other with the rapidity of cartridges fired from a repeating rifle; it becomes well-nigh impossible to tell when the men are standing on their heels or on their hands; one becomes perfectly bewildered between "coups de pied en avant" and "coups de pied en arrière"; should one of the combatants approach his head too near to his adversary, the "coup de poing de masse," a straight downward blow, is delivered with a peculiarly "squelching" effect. The skill and cunning displayed are fully equal to what may be witnessed in a good sparring match; and we have said enough to show that the practice of "la savate" affords ample scope for violent exercise. Considered, in comparison with boxing, as a method of attack, there can be no greater mistake made than for a boxer to suppose that the "savatier" is an easy person to deal with—we know of more than one first-rate boxer who has come to Paris thinking to make short work of the "savatiers," and who has returned to London a well-drubbed and a sadder man. In the open, a boxer has practically no chance of approaching a skilful "savatier"; in a small enclosed space, however, the tables are turned, provided the boxer is clever enough to pin his man in a corner at the first rush.

Besides "la savate," we have "la boxe anglaise," apparently so called only because the feet are not used. An assault "à la boxe anglaise" is a sorry sight to any one who cares for English boxing. It is strange that the French, who have made all the movements in fencing so exquisitely simple and direct,

should, in almost all other sports, attach so much importance to needless flourishes and showy movements. In "la boxe" they are terribly given to warlike attitudes and wild gesticulations. The men seem to fall naturally into the attitudes of David's Roman warriors, which may be striking but are certainly out of place. The hits are more often delivered round than straight from the shoulder, and end with a snatching action which prevents them from telling, and which rapidly tires the arm. Body blows can hardly be said to exist, and, in fact, hard knocks form the only argument which will convince the average Frenchman that a blow in the body may possibly hurt. The arts of guarding and countering are imperfectly understood, and the right hand is habitually used for attacking with instead of the left. In short, as far as we have seen, "la boxe anglaise" is in a very elementary condition in Paris. Turning to "la canne," which is the French equivalent to the English singlestick, we find that the same general tendencies are apparent—useless flourishes and exaggerated movements being the rule. To begin with, the execution of "moulinets," which is so dear to the heart of most Frenchmen, has a morbid fascination for the French swordsman, from which he appears to be wholly unable to escape. The "moulinet" is, for example, often used in beginning an attack, with consequent loss of time and exposure of the body. It is needless to add that it is at all times useless and dangerous. The old-fashioned English position is taken in falling on guard—the "high seconde" being, as far as we have been able to see, quite unknown. The blow delivered on the top of the head, which is

familiar to all singlestick players, and which makes such an admirable counter for a cut at the leg, appears to be only used as a simple attack, and very rarely. Another marked disadvantage of the French method, as compared with the English, consists in the fact that in avoiding cuts at the leg, the French swordsman throws out the leg some distance behind the foot on which he stands. In the Manual adopted by the Minister of the Navy we find this movement described as follows: "Les coups portés sur la jambe ou la cuisse ne sont pas parés avec le sabre, mais bien en échappant, c'est à dire en portant vivement la jambe droite tendue en arrière, le pied à environ 0^{m} 33, le talon en l'air"; the author of this work adds that blows aimed directly at the head may be parried in the same manner, "en arrêtant l'avant-bras, pour plus de sûreté, par un enlevé à droite." It may be well to add that an "enlevé" means a circle described by the stick with the wrist as centre—the arm being held straight out before one. In fact, the whole practice of "la canne" appears to be based on the traditions of quarterstaff play, which to this day forms an important part of the French soldier's exercise. To return to the French methods of attack, we find that one of their favourite cuts is "le coup de banderole," which is delivered diagonally at the shoulder—the parry for this cut is nearly the same as the parry of prime in fencing when it is used against an attack in a low line, and followed by a cut over. In conclusion, we may add that any one acquainted with the late Mr. Waite's admirable method of single-stick should be able to make short work of the French *sabreurs*.

BOXING AND SPARRING.

It would be vain to pretend that the art of self-defence —to use its old-fashioned name—has suffered no injury by the suppression of prize-fights. A battle with the bare fists, between men carefully trained and prepared for the business, is no less necessary to determine their relative merits as boxers than a race is to test the pretensions of two race-horses, or a course after a hare to settle which is the better of two greyhounds. If in either of these latter cases it should become impossible or illegal to apply the natural and obvious test, no doubt various expedients might be devised for arriving at a decision. Speed, strength, and activity may all be exhibited in different ways besides by racing and coursing; and an experienced judge may often be able to pick out the better of two animals without actually pitting them against one another. But in all such trials there is lacking the chief element which lends excitement to competitions, and which makes victory most pleasurable and decisive. The palm is awarded, not by actual manifest superiority in a contest fought out to the end, but by the verdict of man, who by his nature is of fallible judgment. The same thing may be said of modern boxing, which is the mere shadow and semblance of

what it was formerly. Fifty years ago sparring with the gloves was regarded chiefly as a means to an end. The teacher of it instructed his pupil, not with a view of enabling him to use the glove prettily, but how to use his fist with most effect. The critic looking on at an encounter in Bendigo's rooms estimated the value of each blow, not at all by the effect it had when delivered with the gloved fist, but by the effect it would have produced if the glove had not been there. Sparring was then the mere science underlying the more practical art of pugilism. It has now usurped both titles, and is considered more often as the end than as the means. Now and then, it is true, we find a man going to learn boxing because he thinks "it may be useful to him in a street row"; but the far greater part of those who now take lessons do so purely with the desire of excelling in competitions with the gloves. Half the men who win most honours and prizes in these competitions have never struck a blow with the bare fist since they were at school, and are little likely to do so till the day of their death. Accordingly, the spectators at an assault of arms, which is now the favourite occasion for a display of pugilistic science, no longer try to imagine what each blow would be like if the glove was off when it was delivered. They count the hits, not for what they represent, but for what they are; and thus often a loud-sounding slap with the half-open glove is applauded as a most telling stroke, while the neat "upper cut," which would tell ten times more heavily in a real battle, passes comparatively unnoticed and possibly unseen except by a few. Thus there are now two wholly different aspects in which the art may be regarded; but whichever of

these is chosen, it will appear that boxing, whether as a science or an art, has been severely injured by the extinction of professional fighting. For, in the first place, it is no longer worth a man's while, whatever his station may be, to devote the whole of his time to attaining proficiency in it. In the days of Tom Cribb and Mendoza, or even of Heenan and Tom Sayers, men gifted with the requisite physique and pluck might safely abandon the handicraft for which they had been designed in order to perfect themselves in the knowledge of "upper-cuts" and "cross-counters," and such-like mysteries, in the assurance that while young they would be trained and made much of at other people's expense, and when old would earn, at least, a fair livelihood by teaching the same tactics to their juniors. In these times there is no reasonable prospect that one man in a hundred, however muscular and courageous, will be able to earn a tolerable livelihood either by distinguishing himself as a scientific performer with the gloves or by becoming a "professor" of the art. Hence, where a dozen men became accomplished pugilists a century ago, not one will now find it worth his while to acquire the powers of nerve, the quickness of eye, and activity of limb which go to make up a complete master of the science. Without those mentors who have themselves done battle in "the ring," and who, in earlier days, taught all aspirants to amateur and professional honours, it is impossible that the art itself should not deteriorate. To this day the most successful teachers are those who have once been prize-fighters; and, as the numbers of such men rapidly diminish, so does the chance of learning in a good school become more and more rare. It would, of

course, be absurd in this enlightened age, to express anything like regret that this should be so. If any barbarians still exist who imagine that pugilism had anything to commend it, they keep their opinions to themselves when they are wise. But it will be admitted that for those who merely desire to learn the still lawful art of "sparring," there is some vexation in the thought that they can only be taught by counterfeit boxers, trained in a new and inferior school. It would be annoying to a soldier to find that his course of instruction was sketched out by the winners in military tournaments, for lack of men who had any experience on the field of battle.

Another thing which operates to the discouragement of this amusement, even regarded in that one of its forms to which the humanitarians least object, is the fact that no one knows exactly what sort of pugilism is or is not illegal. To illustrate the difficulty it is necessary to define rather precisely what forms of pugilism exist; and this would be much easier if the three or four words describing them were used each in one particular meaning, instead of being applied indiscriminately, as some of them are, to several different things. Thus, if an engagement with the bare fists were always described simply as "fighting," and never called "boxing," as it sometimes is now, there would be no difficulty as to the name for that sort of pugilism which is most plainly illegal and criminal. Next in order to it comes the species best defined as a "glove-fight," which, in its most perfect development, resembles a prize-fight in all respects, save only that gloves are used, and wrestling and holding are disallowed. It continues, round after

round, with specified intervals, until one man or his second cries "Hold, enough"; and this is seldom done till the man has been "punished" almost as much as if he had been engaged on the old-fashioned terms. It is not difficult to see that this species of encounter is as deserving of suppression as the prize-fight properly so called. The objections urged against the one apply with nearly equal force to the other; and, accordingly, the magistrates before whom the participators in such contests have been brought, have not had much hesitation in pronouncing them illegal. A much more troublesome question arises when we arrive at the next variety of boxing-match, in which, ostensibly at least, the combatants do not go on till one can go on no longer, but a limit of time is fixed, during which they are to do the best they can, and, if neither is finished off before the specified moment arrives, it rests with the judges or umpire to declare which has acquitted himself the best. It is manifest that this sort of trial may be so arranged as to differ little more than in name from the glove-fight. If the time allowed for it is long, and the breathing time between each round limited to half a minute; if "in-fighting" is not discouraged, and the blows are estimated merely by the damage they seem to do, there would be some absurdity in pronouncing it lawful while men were being punished for engaging in glove-fights. On the other hand, the contest may be so managed as to resemble much more closely what is usually called "sparring." In this last, the men are not allowed to remain at close quarters, but separated whenever they get together and begin in-fighting. Half-arm blows delivered in a scrimmage are not usually allowed to

count, and the clumsy round-armed hit, even though it does more harm to the recipient, is not esteemed so highly as a straight hit made correctly from the shoulder. The attitude and action of each man are taken into account, and, in short, the whole affair is an exhibition of skill and science rather than of brute force.

We have thus four different species of encounter, of which the first two—fighting and glove-fighting—are cleverly prohibited; and the last—sparring properly so called—has not yet been tabooed by the most eager magisterial exponent of modern morality. Between the two extremes comes that which we have elected to call "boxing," which has at various times, and according to its various developments, been allowed or disallowed. Here it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to fix the exact limit between what is lawful and what is not. The question must be left to a large extent to the appreciation of those who have to expound the law; and a score of circumstances, which may seem unimportant, must assist them in determining whether the boxers are engaged in sparring or in a disguised fight. It is not possible to draw a hard and fast line between sparring and fighting in the same way as it is between fencing and small-sword play or between single-stick and the use of the broadsword and that chiefly for two reasons. First, the glove does not by any means completely deaden the force of the blow—not nearly so much so as does the substitution of a foil for a rapier, or a stick for a broadsword; and secondly, size, and more especially weight, count for far more in sparring than in fencing or single-stick. The result of this is that even in a match conducted

under the best rules, a man of weak physique is apt to be "knocked out of time" by a more robust though less skilful adversary. It is, and must always be, a rule that, in order to win his heat, a man must stand up for a certain time—generally ten minutes with some few intervals—in front of the other. It follows, therefore, that if by a severe blow he is rendered insensible, he cannot fulfil the conditions, and the other man carries off the verdict, not because he has in the opinion of the judges done best, but because his opponent has retired from the field through inability to conform to the rules. This is no doubt a serious objection to the matches in which it is wished to encourage science rather than heavy hitting; but it may be observed that, when a man has devoted any careful attention to his training, and also has that quickness of eye and judgment of distance, which is part of the qualifications of a scientific boxer, he is very unlikely to be thus put *hors de combat*. Accordingly, the case is not really much more common amongst the first flight of amateurs than would be the spraining of a foot in fencing or a wrist in broadsword play: certainly it is much more rare than the disabling of a man in foot-ball by some accident arising out of the inevitable roughness of the game.

It has been the object, not only of the magistrates who have to deal with alleged "breaches of the peace" but also of most respectable athletic clubs, to ascertain, as far as may be, the true boundary between sparring and more doubtful sorts of boxing, and to encourage the one while setting their faces against the other. The amateurs who manage our annual English competitions, and more especially those who preside

over the competitions for the Queensberry prizes, have always endeavoured strenuously to discourage anything like rough play. They do not absolutely disqualify a man who is obviously playing to "knock out" his opponent, but they warn him that their verdict will not be earned by mere hard hitting; and, if he persists in his violence, they rather stretch a point in favour of the man who resorts to no such tactics. Here, however, we are brought to that most difficult part of the whole subject—What is the true principle upon which to decide a sparring match? Now in half the contests which take place, the candidates are in doubt as to how far their performance is to be judged by the telling force of each blow delivered, and how far by the mere frequency with which they hit their opponent. It may perhaps be rash to answer offhand such a question as this, which is variously treated in different schools and at different displays. But we will nevertheless, at the risk of being found fault with by one set of judges or another, venture to lay down a few rules which we believe to be the true ones. At any rate, we are assured that they have the approval of many amateurs who have the greatest experience in judging these matches, both amongst their own class and amongst professionals. The test of a good man is, then, certainly not to be found in the number of hits he scores. Otherwise a man who kept flipping his adversary with the tips of his glove-fingers might be adjudged a better performer than one who planted every blow full and fair on the spot aimed at. A man who, with rounded arm and out-turned elbows, ran in upon his antagonist, and, though met with a direct hit in the face, managed

to *riposte* with two half-arm blows, would at that rate be hailed the winner. This is clearly wrong; for the quality of the blow ought to determine its value, and a straight "left-hander" from the shoulder, given without a return, may fairly count twice as much as one delivered in a bungling way in a hand-to-hand scrimmage. Again, a man who stands his ground, and easily stops or eludes each attack, is obviously entitled to more credit than one who is always running or jumping about, and is "all over the ring." The reason is obvious; one of the two would, if the contest continued, soon wear out his own strength, whereas the other, remaining fresh, would soon be able to "go in and finish off" the fidgety boxer. Another point that should be considered is "leading off." To stand always on the defensive, and only rely upon "countering" is not so much to a man's credit as to commence the attack; and if the hits are equal, the prize ought to be awarded to the man who is seen to have done the most work in attacking. But perhaps the point which a good judge most carefully observes, and a bad one most disregards, is that science which is known as "timing." A blow which meets a man as he comes forward has usually more effect than two which strike him as he is standing quite still, or four which overtake him as he is drawing back. Now the art of timing depends partly upon so delivering the blow that it meets an advancing foe, though it also has to do with the quickness of sight which perceives when an enemy is uncovered for a fraction of a second. It is obvious that these matters ought to be regarded by a judge in arriving at his decision.

Enough has been said to show how much more there is to be noted in judging these matches than the vulgar herd suppose. The same reasons which make the office of judge so arduous make it also necessary to the making of a good boxer that he should have had long and careful practice with a variety of opponents. It is for these reasons that boxing never has been, and never can be so nearly reduced to the condition of an exact science as fencing or single-stick. It must, however, be admitted that a great advance has been made of late years towards thus "precising" the methods of attack and defence; and it would be unfair to omit mention of the treatise in which this result has been successfully aimed at. "Professor" Donelly, who, if we mistake not, qualified himself in the most orthodox way to be a teacher of boxing, has spent much time and pains in elaborating the science as a science. He obtained photographs from life illustrating the exact attitudes in which men should find themselves at various stages in the act of hitting and guarding, and added them to the verbal directions given in his book. By this means "cross-counters," in all their various forms, are understood at a glance. The proper position of the head, foot, and body in executing each movement is described with almost as much exactitude as it is by a fencing-master; and the side-step—most puzzling of all tactics to a beginner—ceases to be a mystery as quickly as the "trois-temps" when explained by a dancing-master. It must, moreover, be confessed that there are several other "professors" still living who keep up the best unwritten traditions of their art. As for amateurs, there was perhaps never a greater

desire amongst them to learn sparring than there is now. The professional element has been discouraged, as aforesaid, firstly by the ruin of the "P.R.," and, secondly, by the absurd decisions which have been given as to legitimate and unlawful matches. But, if the boundary-line between the two classes of encounter were once made out, as it might be without real difficulty, there need be no reason why all classes of the community should not be allowed to engage in an amusement long peculiarly popular in this country. The only thing that is required to keep alive that amusement is, that the supporters of it should keep "sparring" entirely separate from boxing or fighting, and so prevent it from degenerating into what the moralists of the age have resolved to characterize as "brutality."

BACKSWORD AND SCHLAEGER.

Although the sabre is a weapon of much more general use than the small-sword, the art of using it has never been brought to anything like the same perfection. The small-sword can hardly be called a military weapon, whereas a single-edged cutting sword, generally, but not always, fashioned so as to admit of effective thrusting as well, has been the chief arm of European cavalry for more than two centuries. Yet the sabre has been left in comparative neglect. The soldier's official instruction in handling it is mostly confined to the execution of a certain number of conventional cuts and guards. Fencing-masters, with few exceptions, have dismissed it with short and slight notice; the treatment of it in French books, as far as we are aware, is not only scanty but weak. On the whole, it has perhaps fared best in England, where our love of hard and visible knocks, or some other reason, causes the practice of the singlestick to be preferred to that of the foil. But there are compensations in all things. And the sabre has taken out its compensation in England and in Germany in ways curious in themselves and curiously similar. In Germany there is a modified

combat with swords, in England an imitated one, under such rules and conditions as to make it quite unlike real warfare, and yet in each case with a distinct seriousness of its own. The conventional restrictions are so much alike that it is not easy to believe the two forms of play to be independent; but we do not know that any evidence exists of historical derivation or connexion. The exercises in question are that of backswording or singlestick as practised, until pretty lately, in the West of England, and that of the Schläger as still practised in the German Universities.

The game of backsword is shortly treated of under the name of singlestick in Walker's *Defensive Exercises*. But the classical authority for it is the second chapter of *Tom Brown*, which describes a contest for local championship among the humours of the "veast" held in the White Horse Vale. As the judicious author tells us, "the weapon is a good stout ash stick with a large basket handle, heavier and somewhat shorter than a common singlestick." Probably the players had forgotten by the beginning of this century what the stick originally represented. The name, however, leaves no doubt of this. "Backsword" was the English name of a sword with a thick back and only one edge, as distinguished from the long double-edged sword commonly worn as late as the seventeenth century; a distinction exactly corresponding to what French authorities state to be the correct usage of *sabre* as opposed to *épée*. We now use the term small-sword, as our ancestors of the last century did, for the three-cornered duelling blade (many people call this modern thrusting sword a rapier,

but wrongly; the Spanish and Italian rapier had a narrow double-edged blade, capable of cutting, though mainly used for thrusting). But the weapon we speak of as the broadsword or sabre was called by those same ancestors the backsword. This, with other more or less diverting matter, appears in a treatise upon the *Useful Science of Defence*, published by one Captain John Godfrey, which attained a second edition in 1747. The author complains of designs to pirate and undersell his book, and, whether or not he succeeded in preventing these at the time, it is certain that considerable traces of his work occur in later manuals. Probably it would be found by any one who would be at the pains of examining (we do not say it would be worth the pains) that writers on this class of subjects have for generations gone on copying from one another, as much and as unintelligently as dictionary-makers. However that may be, Captain Godfrey's reasons for studying the backsword, as well as his not over-lucid counsels about the play itself, show that in his time this weapon was nothing else than the military sabre. The backsword, he says, "is as necessary in the Army, as the other" (the small-sword) "is mischievous in Quarrels, and deadly in Duels. The Small-Sword is the Call of Honour, the Back-Sword the Call of Duty. . . . The Back-Sword must be allowed essentially necessary among the Horse; and I could wish it were more practised, than I find it is. Sure it ought to be a Part of a Trooper's Duty to learn the Back-Sword, as much as of the Foot to learn the common Exercise." Captain Godfrey's personal reason for making the backsword his favourite arm was, however, not a patriotic

one. "I have followed chiefly the Practice of the Back-Sword," he says, "because Conceit cannot so readily be cured with the File [a common spelling of *foil* in eighteenth-century books] in the Small, as with the Stick in that: For the *Argumentum bastinandi* is very strong and convincing; and though a Man may dispute the full Hit of a File, yet if he is knocked down with a Stick, he will hardly get up again and say, it *just brushed him*." He had closely followed, moreover, the play of the best-known masters of his time, and celebrates them in a style bearing a certain grotesque resemblance to some passages of the Book of Ecclesiasticus. A specimen or two must suffice:—

"Timothy Buck was a most solid Master, it was apparent in his Performances, even when grown decrepid [*sic*], and his old Age could not hide his uncommon Judgement. He was the Pillar of the Art, and all his Followers, who excelled, built upon him. . . .

"Fig was the Atlas of the Sword, and may he remain the gladiating Statue! In him, Strength, Resolution, and unparallel'd Judgement conspired to form a matchless Master. There was a Majesty shone in his Countenance, and blazed in all his Actions, beyond all I ever saw."

It is evident from Godfrey's account that the backsword or broadsword play of his time was aimed indifferently at the head, body, and leg. The cut at the leg seems indeed to have been rather favoured. But in the later "backswording" with sticks, as explained in *Tom Brown*, and seen as near London as Windsor by divers other good witnesses who are

not yet old men, the head is the sole object of effective attack. It is defended, first by the stick placed in a high hanging guard, and also by the left elbow and forearm, which are held as much before the face as a handkerchief passed round the left thigh and held in the left hand will admit. The elbow may be on a level with the crown of the head when the handkerchief is drawn tight. Victory is with the player who first makes an inch of blood appear anywhere on his adversary's head; and, accordingly, professional champions used to eat gunpowder before a match, under the belief, reasonable or not, that it made the flow of blood sluggish. Blows on the arm or body do not count, but may be used to gain an opening at the head. The men stand fast pretty close to one another, so that there is no lunging, and of course no scope for movements involving judgment of time and distance. A stout and supple wrist and quickness in the returns appear to have been the main conditions of success. This backsword or single-stick (thus limited by conventions of whose origin we know nothing) seems a monotonous kind of play compared with fencing or sabre practice. But it must have been no bad training for nerve and eye, and, inasmuch as the first hit that took effect was decisive, must have required close and steady play. Modern amateurs are perhaps too light-hearted in giving and receiving in the course of one assault a dozen or more hits that with real swords would be disabling, if not fatal.

In the German Schläger combat the position is the same as in backswording, save that the left arm is kept, as in sabre play, behind the body; commonly

the waistband of the trousers is grasped by the left hand. The weapon is a long, narrow blade, like a pointless rapier, but much more flexible. It is sharpened for a length of twenty centimètres (say eight inches) on the true edge, and five on the false edge. For practice and instruction blunt and rather stouter blades are used. The mask is like an English single-stick mask, but stronger and heavier. A padded leather vest, coming almost down to the knees, covers the body, and the right arm is encased in a sleeve attached to a gauntlet, which may be compared to an elongated Rugby football. In the actual duel there is an even more elaborate system of defence; the right wrist is guarded with a ring of mail, and the arm with folds of silk, which, like the turban of the East, are enough to stop any ordinary cut. Practically, though not according to strict rule, the body is altogether covered. The eyes are protected by iron spectacles, with strong wire net instead of glasses. A padded cap, defending the top of the head, is added to all this for students in their first year, who fight only under the direction of their seniors. The more advanced *Burschen* do not wear these caps, and are thus exposed to much more serious blows.

It is known to English readers by many descriptions that the duels are not, as a rule, the outcome of any real quarrel; they are arranged by the leaders of the fighting "Corps" of students, or by the senior members between themselves. At the same time challenges to serious duels with the Schläger are not unknown. Such a duel is called "glacé," because only town gloves (Glacé-Handschuhe) may be worn, and the ordinary equipment is discarded. It involves very serious

danger, and is outside the rules of the game, no man being held bound to accept a challenge in this form. There are, however, sundry degrees of severity in recognized duels. First-year men (*Füchse*) fight with caps, for twenty-four rounds (*Gänge*, equivalent to the French *phrase* in fencing) of seven blows each. The regular form of duel for seniors is a quarter of an hour's fighting without caps. This may be made sharper by dispensing with seconds; for the second in a Schläger duel has not merely judicial or diplomatic functions. He stands close beside his man, holding an unsharpened Schläger, with which he may parry as many blows as he thinks fit, and often he does parry a large proportion.

As to the manner of play, the cuts are aimed only at the head, and are delivered, not with the centre of percussion, but with the extreme forward part of the blade, which alone, as we have said, is sharpened. It is worth notice that the Schläger is derived from the long straight sword of the German Reiters, the force of whose blows made them famous in the sixteenth century at the battle of St. Quentin and elsewhere. They gave neither sweeping horizontal cuts like Orientals, nor drawing cuts like most European swordsmen, but struck in the line of their own motion with a continuing forward impetus, and did great execution. With the modern Schläger the blow comes entirely from the wrist, and (as in English backsworded) has no movement of the body or limbs to aid it. Nevertheless, it is of great power, and has to be parried with a sharp forward motion of the *fort* of the opposing sword, otherwise it beats in over the guard. The lines of attack and parry are limited by the scope

of the object to be attacked. From the position of the engaging guard, which, in the terms of fencing, may be called a very high prime, cuts may be made in the high outside line at the right side of the head (*Terz*), or with a turn of the wrist at the left side of the head (*Quart*), or the same in a lower line under the point (*Tiefquart*). Attacks in the outside line under the blade (corresponding to the fencer's seconde) are not generally allowed; but we have heard that they are recognized by the usage of some Universities. The *Terz* attacks are mostly taken on the padded right arm. Such are the elements, to which certain variations have to be added. Thus *Hinterkopfsterz* and *Streichquart* are vertical, or nearly vertical cuts over the guard at the top or even back of the head. When caps are not worn blows of this kind may inflict a rather ugly wound. Really serious ones are hardly known, but it is quite possible for the surgeon in attendance to have a troublesome piece of work. Small arteries, for example, may be divided, and have to be taken up.

On the whole, there is not more danger to life or limb in a Schläger duel, for healthy men and with the usual precautions, than in any other rough pastime; probably there is not so much as in the Rugby game of football under the old rules. But the effusion of blood and the necessary presence and use of surgical appliances make it appear a barbarous affair to any one not bred to familiarity with it. And the play is said to be falling off in the skill which was its only justification. Twenty years ago the players hardly ever led off with a direct attack, which was thought too rash, but feinted and watched for their opportunity

on a return. Of late years it has become a fashion to discard policy, and try for hits by main force; the weapons are also heavier than they used to be. Some local differences exist, or existed not long ago, in the fashion of the Schläger. The *Glockenschläger*, common in the North-German Universities, has a peculiar mounting, and is grasped like an Italian foil, with a finger round the cross-bar. Those who are accustomed to it prefer it to the other shape. Formerly the small-sword was used as well; it is mentioned by Crabb Robinson in his Diary as being the regular instrument of students' duels at Jena when he was there as a young man. There was a shield fixed below the point of the sword to prevent its inflicting a dangerous wound, and honour was satisfied as soon as a "triangle" had been marked by one combatant on the other's flesh. This usage, however, survives, if it still does survive, only at Munich. Possibly some reader may be curious concerning the literature of the Schläger. We believe that of technical literature there is little or none. The rules of the duel are preserved in manuscript books, and may probably be found in print. But the art seems to depend wholly upon oral tradition, which is to be regretted. For, whatever we may think of Schläger duelling, it has been for many generations a singular feature of German University life; and it deserves to have some better record than the casual descriptions of strangers before it goes the way of English backswording.

RAPIER AND DAGGER.

"WHAT'S his weapon?" "Rapier and dagger." "That's two of his weapons; but, well." The first production of *Hamlet* fell in as nearly as possible with the highest time of renown enjoyed by this combination of weapons. Rapier and dagger play flourished, we may say, from the middle of the sixteenth century to the middle of the seventeenth. Behind it lies the rude swordsmanship of the middle ages, a time of defensive armour and ponderous arms of offence which were almost battering engines. It was born in Spain, nourished and brought to perfection in Italy, cultivated eagerly throughout Europe (as witness the English and German versions of contemporary Italian treatises, besides attempts at original literature in those tongues), and supplanted, almost as quickly as it had risen, by the French school of the small-sword, which to this day remains supreme. Our modern fencing books deal exclusively with the single combat of sword against sword, adding in some cases a chapter on the sabre. The masters of the Shakspearian age undertook a more varied and comprehensive task. As the first foundation of the art they considered the duel of rapier against rapier, in which the left hand

of the swordsman was unarmed, but as a rule was protected by a strong glove, sometimes of mail, and was freely used for parrying. Thence they proceeded to the typical and fashionable encounter of the day, in which a dagger was held in the left hand and served chiefly for defence, but on occasion for offence also. When the writer aimed at completeness he further discussed the uses and relative merits of the various long-handled weapons (*armes d'hast*), as the "forest bill" or "Welsh hook" (Ital. *roncha*), the halberd, the javelin (*spiedo*), and the pike, and also the guard of the rapier against any of these, or against the great two-handed sword (*spadone*), or the shorter broadsword, or backsword as it was then and long afterwards called in English, which still had its advocates. There were other combinations besides; the sword and cloak, the shorter sword and dagger, the sword and round buckler, the sword and square target, and the "case of rapiers," that is, a rapier wielded in either hand. Neither did the Englishman omit mention and praise of his national quarterstaff, the weapon wherewith "manly Peeke" of Tavistock, when taken prisoner in Spain, overcame three adversaries armed with rapier and dagger, and so won his liberty and safe conduct, and honourable offers of foreign service, which he refused.

It is well to specify, for the contentment of the curious, the authorities on which our present observations are founded. We shall neither go back to the earlier Italians, as Manciolino and Marozzo, nor pursue the elaborate and costly treatises, such as that of Salvator Fabris, which were current in the seventeenth century. This were rather matter for a book;

peradventure Captain Burton has made it so in the still forthcoming part of his "Book of the Sword." It will be enough for us to take what we can find at home in the works, original or translated, that appeared in England while rapier and dagger were in the ascendant. In 1570 there were issued at Venice two separate editions of a fencing-book, by Giacomo di Grassi. This was Englished, in 1594, by "I. G. Gentleman." Close on this followed, in 1595, the "Practice" of Vincentio Saviolo, an Italian master settled in London, written by him in English, for which he apologizes, but which is passable enough, and "in two Bookes. The first intreating of the vse of the Rapier and Dagger. The second, of Honor and Honorable Quarrels." This last was a favourite subject of the time; an elaborate Italian essay thereon, being a complete guide to polite quarrels and reconciliations exemplified in imaginary dialogues, is bound up with one of the two copies of Grassi in the Bodleian. Then in 1599 George Silver, in his "Paradoxes of Defence," made a valiant attempt to maintain the old English sword and buckler against the "frog-pricking poniards" of Saviolo and his like, of whom he tells divers discreditable tales. But apparently he failed to persuade his countrymen, for in 1617 Joseph Swetnam produced "The Schoole of the Noble and Worthy Science of Defence," a discursive and garrulous book, which assumes the superiority of the rapier throughout, and mentions George *Giller* (doubtless a misprint for Silver) as standing alone among recent authors in his commendation of the short sword—a weapon, according to Swetnam, hardly better than a tobacco pipe against the rapier. Such, then, are our

materials, all to be found—thanks chiefly to the rich Douce collection—in the Bodleian. The British Museum also has Silver, and the Cambridge University Library Saviolo. They disclose another reason for confining ourselves to a few books at a time—namely, that during this period there was no one generally received system, every teacher almost having his own pet method. Saviolo's method, for instance, is clumsier and less developed than Grassi's, though he comes later, unless indeed we may make large allowances for his difficulty in expressing himself in English. But there is not really very much to choose. Whichever book we take up, the most elementary points of the art, as we now deem them, are confusedly struggling for recognition. There is a great deal about side steps and shifting ground, and only occasional glimpses of something resembling the lunge. The feints described are few, and are treated of as being a separate and almost mysterious branch of instruction, a scheme of "deceit or falsing" (*inganno*), or "false play" as opposed to the "true play" of direct attacks.

We may assume Grassi, with whom Swetnam in the main agrees, to represent the doctrine of rapier and dagger generally received in Elizabethan England; and, using Saviolo to supplement or confirm them, but not relying on him when he differs, we find the main features to be of this kind. The preference given to the double-armed combat did not cause the use of the sword alone to be neglected in the schools. Rather the single rapier was treated as a needful introduction to the practice of rapier and dagger. "The rules of the single rapier and of the rapier and

dagger are all one, and I see well that to learn first the rapier alone is very necessary to bring the body, hand, and weapon to be ready together in one instant." Thus the scholar in Saviolo's book. The modern names of the lines and parries in fencing are not yet formed, but three distinct guards are recognized, under the names of the high, the broad, and the low. Of these the "high ward" is like our prime (or rather head guard of the sabre), being formed by the action of drawing the sword. The "broad ward" is in a manner like tierce, but with the point bearing to the left, and the sword-hand more to the right, so that the blade is almost horizontal and athwart the body, which makes a strangely weak and clumsy posture to the modern mind. Probably it took much experience to learn that only one line can be effectually defended at once. The modern rule of "opposition," whereby the line of action for the time being is made impregnable without any real prejudice to the swordsman's readiness to take up another, was absolutely unknown. Indeed, even recent authors are hardly explicit enough on it. But the "low ward" is the most favoured position in all these books. This is a sort of low tierce, with the arm "stretched downwards near the knee, and yet on the outside thereof," almost on the thigh, and the point directed to the adversary's face. From the high guard the direct attack was given by an overhand thrust; the technical name of this was *imbroccata*. *Stoccata* or *stoccata bassa* was an upward thrust from the low guard, and in the *punta riversa* we have a rudiment of the modern riposte, for it is a return with the point delivered after parrying a cut, and apparently without intermission. It will be remem-

bered that the rapier had two cutting edges (*filo dritto* and *filo falso*) as well as a point, and cuts in both the inside and outside lines (*mandritta* and *riversa*) are described. Howbeit, all the authors are at one in holding that the point is greatly to be preferred, and that in a serious affair the use of the edge is too hazardous to be advised. If you must cut, however, Grassi strongly recommends that the movement be not so large as to expose the body, but only with "the compass of the elbow and the wrist," and that the cut be a drawing one ("bisogna subito che si ha colto ritirar la spada et segare"). Stepping in with the attack is taught; not the advance step of the modern school, but bringing up the left foot so as to efface the body and (it is supposed) increase the reach and force of the blow. This is quite contrary to the fundamental principles now received. Here Swetnam is in advance of Grassi, for he has a notion of the lunge, and strictly enjoins keeping the left foot firm—"moored like an anchor, to pluck home thy body and thy right foot into his place and distance again."

When the dagger comes into play, the position of the sword-hand is in the low guard; the dagger is commonly held out with the left arm slightly bent, and its point near that of the rapier. Another position, and that which was finally accepted in the Italian school, is with the left hand lower, in the line of quarte or left-handed tierce, and the point upwards. Some of the earlier teachers disapproved of the point being up, and counselled holding it straight out to the front; but this was soon discarded. Attacks in inside line down to the knee were met with the

dagger; those in the outside line, and everything in the low lines, with the sword. The dagger, at first an ordinary dagger, such as would be used in the right hand, became specialized for this play into the form known to collectors as a "main-gauche," a broad tapering blade, mounted in a shell-guard, with cross-bars sometimes as long as those of the rapier. Now and then the blade next the hilt was furnished with a row of notches on the chance that the adversary's rapier might get caught in them, in which case a twist of the left hand holding the dagger would probably break it. The use of the dagger for offensive purposes was exceptional; but it was part of some of the movements taught in the schools, and sometimes a feint of throwing the dagger was made, or, as a resort in great difficulties, it was actually thrown.

The "deceit or falsing" of rapier-play would be, to modern eyes, rather simple and monotonous, the counter-parries and other circular movements of the foil not having been invented (as, indeed, it seems doubtful how far, with the over-long blade of the Italian rapier, the execution of them would be practicable). But the simpler feints are described with great circumstance and solemnity. Swetnam, after taking six or seven lines to explain what is really one form of the "one, two," of the modern school, adds that the adversary can hardly escape, "except hee be very skilfull, active, or nimble." Then we read of "a dazeling thrust," effected by "changing three or four times," equivalent, apparently, to the modern "one, two, three."

Not the least interesting part of these works is that which deals with the comparative merits of various

weapons. Thus Swetnam holds that a perfect man at arms ought to be master of no less than six :—

"The first and two principall weapons are the rapier and dagger, and the staffe, the other foure are the backsword, the single Rapier, the long sword and dagger, and the short sword and dagger, but with the two former weapons thou maist encounter by skill with any man in the world, the rapier and dagger against any weapon of the same length at single hand, and with a staffe against any two handed weapon, as against the welch hooke, two hand sword, the Halberd, Partisan, and gloue [read *gleaue—i.e. glaive*], or any other weapon of the like advantage: but provided alwayes thou must be sure armed with skill at those two especially."

The staff is here taken as the type of all two-handed weapons; but most teachers seem to have thought the bill more formidable. Grassi describes it as the most perfect arm of its class, and Silver declares that "the Welch hooke or Forrest bill hath aduantage against all maner of weapons whatsoeuer." These authors have also much to say about the pike; but here we are off the present subject. Another time one might spend an hour or two of curious idleness with such worthies as Bonaventura Pistofilo, whose "Oplomachia" makes excursions, among other things, into etymology, and derives *femina* from ἐφ' ἡμῖν, because the woman is in the power of the man. For the present, be it noted that our countryman, George Silver, who stood alone against the long rapier, has gotten his revenge in the whirligig of time. His position was, in substance, that for general usefulness the Italian rapier was inferior to a cut-and-thrust sword of moderate

length (say not exceeding three feet), furnished with a good guard for the back of the hand. No soldier or swordsman would now dispute this. The fantastic tricks and shifts of the Italian rapier school, on which Silver is exceeding scornful, are no less disowned by modern fencers.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

It may be thought a proof of some poverty, either in the English language itself or in the imagination of sporting men, that no appropriate name has ever been found for the competitions now known as athletic sports. The term is in itself just as applicable to rowing, boxing, football, and the whole list of bodily exercises for which training is required, and might, without doing any violence to it, be extended to cricket, fencing, and tennis, for which less preparation of that kind is needed. It might have been expected, in an age when long names are so much in vogue, that one of them could be devised for distinguishing, at least, running and jumping contests from others in which bodily prowess is tested. Some few attempts were indeed made to do so. There is still, or was till very lately, a weekly journal which recorded the performances of the running-path and kindred pastimes under the title of "Pentathlum." For some years after the rage for these competitions broke out it was almost as common to hear them called "games" as anything else. That term was of course essentially bad; for one of the peculiarities of the contests to which it was applied is the absence of that *esprit de*

corps in the players and of those rather intricate rules of play which characterize cricket, football, racquets, and the like. Moreover, a "game" is something at which a person must be supposed to "play"; and such an expression would sound rather grotesque if applied to participation in the grim struggle of a mile race. So the world—or rather that little section of the world which includes the English-speaking races, and which alone produces good runners and jumpers—has agreed to accept "athletic sports" as a conventional phrase, with a strictly limited meaning born of the last twenty years. And most people could now give a tolerably accurate list of the exercises included in the definition. Walking and running of all sorts—as long as it is really running, and not a stupid struggle of human vitality against nature—jumping of all sorts, and combinations of the two, form the most legitimate and interesting items in a programme at athletic grounds. Amongst these have crept in some few others, which ought, perhaps, rather to have been deemed gymnastic feats, and excluded. Such are notably the throwing of the hammer and the putting of the weight, over the admission of which into their annual programme the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge had so prolonged a dispute. Pole-jumping seems, at first sight, to have no more right than vaulting to be included; but it has been allowed at many prize-meetings, probably for this reason—that it must be practised in the open air, and no trial can take place in a gymnasium, as it can in the case of vaulting. Throwing is a fairly legitimate form of athletic sport, and is retained in the programme of most schools, and some colleges and other places.

Probably it would be still more generally encouraged, were it not that the cricket-ball, thrown by the too eager competitor, has a way of taking an erratic course, descending amongst lady spectators, who are thinking of other and perhaps more important matters, and so creating a panic where it is least prudent to do so.

Such, then, are the recognized component parts of a programme for any championship meeting in England and the Colonies, and in America, though at local meetings there are divers importations of other things, as of "tossing the caber" in Scotland. In the matter of running, the distances selected have been, naturally enough, such as to correspond with the common metrical standards—the multiples of the yard for short distances, known as "sprint" races, the mile and its multiples for long distances, and then, intermediate between the two, the chief fractions of the mile. Roughly speaking, too, as it will be seen, the round numbers in point of time have corresponded with the round numbers in the matter of distance—a second for every ten yards, a minute for every five hundred yards, ten minutes for every two miles, an hour for every ten miles—these may be taken as tolerably correct average performances for the first flight of running men. In walking the tests are taken at wider intervals—the mile, which may be reckoned at about seven minutes, for short races, and for long races the hour, which may be taken as worth about seven miles. Jumping competitions are simple affairs, offering no such diversity as running or walking. They must all resolve themselves into the plain, bare question, which man can jump the furthest or highest, however tedious and troublesome may be the process

by which the answer is arrived at. It is in high jumping that the most injustice seems to be suffered by a man of small stature. One can imagine plenty of reasons why a man with short legs might be better fitted to run a mile race than one with long ones; but it does seem rather hard when we see a prize taken by a six-foot man who has jumped an inch less than his own height, in preference to one who, measuring five feet nine, clears an inch more than that. Standing jumps, with or without weights to assist the jumper, are encouraged at some local meetings; but the best clubs do not pay any attention to them, and nobody feels the loss. Races which contain an element of jumping in them are of only two kinds—hurdle-races and steeplechases. The latter have, owing to various causes, and perhaps especially the trouble involved in arranging a good course, gone for the most part out of fashion; while the former, after being run at various distances and over hurdles of various heights, arranged at various intervals, have now assumed a single stereotyped form, and are run pretty invariably over ten flights, three feet and a half high, set up at equal distances in a course of 120 yards. Neither the steeplechase nor the hurdle-race has, somehow or other, ever found favour with the professionals, and this branch of athletics is accordingly confined to amateurs. So also, by common agreement, hammer-throwing has come to mean the hurling of a 16lb. weight at the end of a wooden handle; and weight-putting, the projection in a particular way of a sphere having a like weight, though in many parts of the country different sorts of weights and different rules are in vogue.

Athletic sports are an exceedingly late importation amongst us—later than any other great outdoor competition between man and man, except cycling and lawn-tennis, if we admit these latter to the list of leading sports. Thirty years ago they were practically unknown amongst amateurs, for the rough rustic games given at local fairs were unimportant and silly affairs. Any of our third-rate performers nowadays would have easily beaten most of the best men of that period. Five minutes was then considered excellent time for a mile. Four and a half is not now thought extraordinary. To jump over a five-barred gate—about 4 ft. high, or less—was then something of a performance. There were, indeed, stories of men who could walk under a bar and then jump over it; but few believed in this exploit, and still fewer had seen it done. Ditches and rivers were shown, 18 to 20 ft. wide, over which some local hero was said to have jumped; but such traditions were received with incredulity, and a jump of 22 ft., such as has frequently been done by amateurs of late years, would have been supposed a complete myth. The immense advance that has been made in the last twenty-five years would be astonishing, if we did not know by the analogy of other exercises how great improvement the human body is capable of making when it is trained from early youth to excel in any particular way. About five-and-twenty years ago these sports had just worked their way into favour in the great public schools. It was two or three years later before they were admitted into the colleges in Oxford, and thence into the University itself. Running paths, except for the use of professional "peds," were then unknown;

and the first sports held between the Universities, just twenty years ago, were held on the soft grass of a wet cricket-ground. At that time the rage for all trials of physical strength was at its height; and a host of athletic clubs, good, bad, and indifferent, sprang into existence all over the country. The winners of those days won with performances which have since been thrown into the shade; but, when it is considered how great were their disadvantages, racing and jumping being things of no honour and repute when they were in their teens, the wonder is rather that they did as well as they did than that younger men should now have managed to eclipse their performances. It is curious to observe how gradually the old feats have been superseded as new men came forward in different lines and from different parts of the world. Very few "records," as they are called, of best performances now date back further than three or four years. One item there is—the hurdle-race, not always quite rightly timed—in which a best time is still supposed to have been made in 1865. There are also records for some other unusual and uninteresting distances, dating back nearly, or quite as far; but, as a rule, all the feats that were considered good amongst amateurs have been one after another outdone in the last five years. In the professional world it is otherwise: for there has for a long time past been far less encouragement for them than there was even thirty years ago. Thus the leading time for walking one mile still dates from 1874, when it was done considerably under 6½ min. The best time for two miles running goes back to 1863; and in each of these the professionals are still ahead of the amateurs. The same may be said for the

half-mile, which was done quickest in 1871 by an Australian "ped." The best time for the 150 yards goes back to 1851; that for 220 yards to 1845; and for 800 yards the record is said to go back to 1826, though the fact that it was then run on Epsom Downs suggests the conclusion that it was run down-hill, under specially favourable circumstances. One notable record remains to be noticed. It is that of the famous "Deerfoot," whose doings are now more commonly credited to him in his real name of L. Bennett. This man in 1863 ran, according to a disputed record, 10 miles in 51 min. and 26 sec., and in one hour ran 11 miles 970 yards—performances which had never been approached until a still recent date.

In looking through the records for the past twenty-five years, both for professionals and amateurs, there occur, as may be expected, a few great names, household words in the athletic world, like Eclipse and Flying Dutchman in the annals of the turf. The mile is probably of all distances that which is most admired as a test of combined speed and endurance. And here for sixteen years, from 1865 to 1881, remained the memory of the great dead-heat between Richards and Lang, who did their mile in 4 min. $17\frac{1}{4}$ sec. The feat was beaten in 1881, but by one second only. Amateurs are now close up to them with 4 min. $19\frac{1}{4}$ sec., done about two years ago. In the "quarter," which also has its admirers, and is deservedly preferred to the "hundred," the amateur, Colbeck, remained ahead of his class, with $50\frac{1}{2}$ sec., for some thirteen years, until he was completely eclipsed by the great American runner, Myers, who got over the distance in the amazing time of $48\frac{1}{2}$ sec., very nearly equalling the

best professional time, which dates from 1873. This Myers, with his English rival, George, may be said to have revolutionized the history of amateur running. At all distances from 250 to 1000 yards he stands far ahead of his most formidable competitors in any country. His half-mile is scored at 1 min. 55½ sec., within 2 sec. of the professional already mentioned, and a like time in front of the nearest amateur. At distances over 1000 yards the Englishman comes to the front. Mr. George, whose name is now prominent in the athletic world, has for some years past had it all his own way in the mile. He has done that distance under 4 min. 20 sec., and lately went far beyond all previous performances at two miles by marking 9 min. 17½ sec. Already in the previous month he had done still better at a longer distance, running the ten miles, under disadvantageous conditions, in 51 min. 26½ sec., within a fraction of a second of the great Deerfoot's time. In walking, the American amateurs have the lead at one and ten miles, and are within a short space of the best professionals. But at seven miles an Englishman is ahead of all amateurs, with about 52½ min., the professional record standing at 51 min. Twenty-one miles have been walked by "peds" more than ten minutes under the three hours, but the best amateur time is a like amount over that.

Records of hurdle-racing and steeplechasing possess no real interest; and the same thing may be said for the hundred yards, which it is virtually impossible to time. But jumping feats are very remarkable, as here the amateurs take for the first time a strong lead over the professional class. Only one of the latter, an

American, has ever done over 6 ft.; and the best of them in England has not attained to this. But as long ago as in 1876, at the Oxford and Cambridge sports, Mr. Brooks accomplished the marvellous task of clearing 6 ft. 2½ in., a good five inches more than had ever been done at these contests before. The jump is said to have been since exceeded by a quarter of an inch; but in this sort of contest no fraction of an inch less than a half should fairly count, and the Irishman, Davin, can hardly claim to be more than equal with Brooks. The same Davin more recently cleared 23 ft. 2 in. in width, which is nineteen inches better than the best professional, who is a Canadian, and thirty-three inches better than the best professionals in great Britain or Ireland. Thus it appears that in this, as in other forms of athleticism, the gentlemen are catching up the players, or at least reducing rapidly the gap there is between them. In jumping, where stature is of advantage, and training of little service, they are already well ahead. And in the long-distance races, from two miles to ten miles, they are now on even terms. They are very nearly so in the "quarter" also. Certainly George and Myers are very exceptional specimens of runners. We are not likely soon to see their like again. But now that men of ordinary powers are unlikely ever to beat a record, it has begun to be as probable that a "wonder," such as each of these men is, should spring up in one class of society as another. We have in these remarks taken no notice of distances over ten miles for running, or twenty-one miles for walking. This may seem unfair upon the men who expend their energies upon such big feats. But the legitimate

range of athletic sports may be, and is by many people, held to be limited at that boundary where the natural forces of an ordinary individual begin to be overtaxed. Oarsmen do not make matches to row from Oxford to London, or for many hours at a stretch; nor would a fifty-mile match between horses be considered much of a horse-race. Sensational feats, or trials of mere physical endurance may be applauded by the multitude; but probably the most sensible and satisfactory rule is to draw the limit about where we have drawn it.

COACHING.

Among the popular sights of the London season the meets of the Four-in-Hand Club and of its somewhat less distinguished brother, the Coaching Club, rank high. These are festivities to which "people go," and where people go—that is to say, the right people—others who approach more or less nearly to the right people desire it to be assumed that they are forced to go likewise. A seat on a popular coach is the seat of distinction. Often a royal personage shares the box with some well-known member of the Four-in-Hand, and on the coaches that follow after, fair women and brave men are usually to be seen. The meet is a very pretty sight. The horses are beautifully groomed, the harness is something more than merely cleaned, every vestige of metal-work shines resplendent, and the coach is as good as new. Every one is well dressed, for Englishwomen dress admirably, in spite of criticisms from the Continent; and certainly in no country is a servant who has to do with horses so neatly turned out as in England. If such a whip as the Duke of Beaufort is at the head of affairs the start is a particularly interesting spectacle. Well-trained teams follow on. The whole business

is creditable, because it is simple; if it were not simple, in some cases it would be all the more creditable, because good men would show how obstacles are to be overcome. But here we arrive at the fact around which we have been cautiously hovering—there are a great many men who climb on to the box of a coach nowadays, who hold their reins beautifully, and their whip as a whip should be held, while the horses are standing still, but who get into serious difficulties when everything ceases to go quite smoothly. It is the simple faith of the coachman proper that a beneficent Nature supplied humanity with a left hand in order that the reins might be held therein, and with a right hand as a socket for holding the whip in repose, and as an apparatus or machine for aiding its application to the horses. Nothing could be simpler in theory; in practice the simplicity is not by any means so marked for the inexpert—which is much the same as saying for the inexperienced—driver of a team. "I am the owner, I wish I could say the *master*, of the four best hunters I ever had in my life," a horseman known to poor Whyte-Melville once wrote to a friend. To acquire four of the best coach-horses any man need desire is not so difficult a business; the driving of them when acquired is quite another thing.

The reason why men do not drive nowadays with the skill which used to characterize the gentleman dragsman is easily found. They have not the practice, and what practice they do have is rarely of the serviceable sort. Sometimes men go still to one of the two or three professional drivers who keep scratch teams as well as perfect ones, and permit their pupils

to pull the animals' mouths about in Battersea Park; but the coachman of the present year of grace usually has a team "made" for him, he chooses his own road, and he goes his own pace. Our fathers learned to drive in a rougher school. They secured a seat on the box of a stage-coach by the side of a sound coachman, they took the reins—other passengers no doubt regarded the proceeding with varying sentiments—and they learned from their mentor the way they should go. Anything that could gallop a bit and could be persuaded to pull—and there were few that could not—was thought good enough for a team on many of the old roads. "Three blind 'uns and a bolter" was often the change from a confirmed kicker, a leader that pulled your arms off, a wheeler that would not start, and a fourth with an assortment of vices, any of which might come uppermost at any moment. Time had to be kept, or trouble ensued; and it was behind such teams as this that the art of driving was to be mastered. The student acquired a good seat on the box, because the better the seat the more command a man has over his animals. He found out how to hold his horses together without pulling them, because the less they were interfered with when going freely and well together the faster they travelled. He did not endeavour to start the coach by the leaders, because he discovered that such a proceeding was likely to break the bars; and he found out that when he wanted to stop, a hint to that effect must be first conveyed to the wheelers. The art of hitting his horses he also picked up. "Why, bless you, sir, there's some of 'em as never could hit a horse; and as for hitting a near-side

leader, why they sit a picking at 'em as if they were trying to pick a penny out of a pint pot, instead of turning their wrists under and letting their thong go." Such was the criticism of a professional coachman on amateur driving a good many years back; and since then things have certainly not improved. Courage is rarely wanting in the modern coachman. That credit may be given him; but when he uses his whip he is very prone to use it at the wrong time and in the wrong place. To hit a leader above the bars is bad, particularly if the whip catch, as it is apt to do, especially if the lash be wet; but in using their whips not a few members of the two leading Clubs are at fault, always presuming that they hit their horses where they intend to hit them. Another most important piece of knowledge which the coachman of a former day acquired was how to harness his team. After driving all sorts of animals, he could not fail to note how much difference a comparatively slight change in the harness, the loosening of a curb, the alteration of a coupling rein, or some such trifle, made to the ease and comfort of driver and driven. It is a common fault at the present time to pole horses up too tightly; but this was seldom the case years ago, for when horses were poled up too severely, or in any way badly put to, their capacity for work was constrained. This is all very well when a man is taking his load to Richmond, and having allowed himself ample time, is not particular to half an hour. It was different when being a minute late meant paying a fine. Very few amateur whips could go into their stables and, with the harness taken to pieces and thrown in a heap, put their teams to; but

no one is a real coachman till he can do this, or show how it should be done.

By the side of a thorough coachman, or, far better still, in command of a well-horsed coach, few pleasures are more delightful than bowling along a well-made English road. Dr. Johnson preferred to be inside a post-chaise with a pretty woman; but, then, the Doctor was not a sportsman, and would doubtless have apprehended that disturbance of the centre of gravity which would not impossibly have led to the overturning of the vehicle. The railway is well enough. One sees delightfully rustic landscapes from the carriage-window, but they are not immediately around one. The blossoming boughs do not brush against one's shoulder in the train as they do on the box, the odour of the cottage gardens is not wafted into the railway-carriage windows. In the train there is no greeting to be exchanged with the passing rustic, no cheery word with the farmer jogging along on his cob; and between the hospitality of the wayside tavern where the coach stops and the untempting display at the railway refreshment-room there is no comparison, or, to put it otherwise, there is a very marked comparison of the sort which is odious. The stroke of the horses' feet on the road has a cheery sound, and for music let any one say which is preferable, the shriek of the whistle or the coach-horn, the alternation of tonic and dominant in the key of C major, which, simple as it is, has a significance of its own, telling as it does—if the suggestion be not overcharged with sentimentality—of a day when Englishmen were kindlier and heartier; when better feeling prevailed between different classes; when,

if elections were keenly fought and hardly won, the sturdy foes of one day would be ready to shake hands and be friends the next, or, at any rate, did not lose all respect for each other in the course of the contest.

There was doubtless another side to the matter. The traveller by train who can pull up the window against which the rain dashes and down which it streams, who is safe and snug in the corner of his carriage, with a rug round his knees, and a good light thrown upon his book or paper, may have his doubts as to the infinite superiority of a coach over a railway-train; and as the guard opens the carriage-door with his "Tickets, if you please, sir!" and the cold wind whistles in, these doubts may be momentarily confirmed. Artists who illustrate books on coaching never fail to represent one team up to their hocks in snow, with perhaps some sturdy animals from a farmer's cart harnessed on, more or less adroitly, to pull the coach out of some stiff place from which its own horses are unable to move it. But these are the exceptions. If the coach in the snow-storm is to be emphasized, so must the railway-train in the dog days. We pity the man on the box down whose neck a stream of melted snow is trickling; he would be better in the train. On the other hand, the railway traveller who vainly seeks to exclude the burning rays of the sun by drawing the curtains over the window of a stuffy carriage, that very little imagination would convert into an oven, would be far more comfortably placed on the box-seat of a coach, passing rapidly over the breezy downs, and over a tunnel beneath which the train is about to rush with a horrible screech.

It is by no means our object to deter fairly good coachmen from pursuing the sport, and it is for the most part only good men that criticism will touch; because the good drivers know that they are at home on the box, and the bad drivers persuade themselves that they are. Modern coaching has its uses. It gives interest, amusement, and exercise to gentlemen, much employment to servants, and benefits many trades. But—a few noteworthy exceptions apart—the standard of amateur coachmanship is far from high. A man often likes to keep a drag, but does not like to devote the necessary time to learning to drive it, not believing that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well. If such a man would consent to be driven, we will not say by his own coachman, but by a friend who is a master of the art, there would remain little to be said. The owner, however, thinks that this would not look well, and so he tries to do what is beyond his skill; which looks worse. What he should do is to engage the services of one of the first-class professional drivers who may be seen any day at Hatchett's Hotel, and with his assistance put together and drive as many scratch teams as he can obtain the use of. Nothing but practice can give a man an even feel on his team; and as few things are more delightful than to see four good horses going within themselves under their driver's command, few things are more distressing than to see one leader pulling, one boring, one wheeler hanging away from the pole, and the other hugging it, while the driver does not know how to hit any of them, and would not dare to do so, if he could keep his temper, were his knowledge more extended. At last by a sort of

fluke he catches the off-side leader a cut on the inside of the thigh; the response is a kick which results in a leg over the trace, and the apprehensions of the men on the coach who have been nervously watching their host's proceedings—we will hope that there are no ladies on that dangerous eminence—are in danger of being verified.

RIDING-SCHOOLS.

THOSE who are so fortunate as to have acquired the art of riding without the assistance of a riding-master, and who have never perhaps, therefore, had occasion to penetrate to the interior of a riding-school, would be astonished, not only at the extent to which these establishments are patronized, but at the class of persons by whom they are most frequented. We are not, of course, speaking of military riding-schools, which are institutions *par se*, and in which the general public have no direct interest; but rather of the private establishments which are to be found in almost every quarter of London, and in most provincial towns where there is what is known as genteel society, and where the art of equitation may, therefore, be considered as an appropriate adjunct to a finished education.

But, although it is not of the military *manège* that we would at present desire to speak, it is from this that private riding-schools derive their origin, and it is on the military model that their arrangements are supposed to be framed. Judging, however, from the advertisements of these institutions, where it is constantly set forth that the art of riding may be

learned in "twelve easy lessons," it would seem as if either the six months or more daily hard work in the riding-school required from a recruit, whether officer or private, on joining a cavalry regiment were somewhat uncalled for, or the anxiety of the advertiser to secure pupils had a tendency to outweigh his strict regard for accuracy. If, however, one person considers that he is able to impart a given accomplishment to another in a certain manner, there is nothing to prevent him from saying so; and if a certain section of the public are willing to believe that they can learn to ride in twelve easy lessons, it is not the business of any one in particular to disabuse them of this belief. It is obvious, however, that the course of instruction followed in a private riding-school can only reflect but the very faintest shadow of the strict discipline and real hard work required in a military establishment; and those who flatter themselves that they are learning to ride in the same way as a cavalry soldier, would be woefully astonished if they were suddenly transported to Knightsbridge or Aldershot, and desired to take their place in a military ride. It is just as well, perhaps, that too much should not be attempted in this direction; for few persons who are not obliged to do so would be willing to go through the whole wearisome course of a military riding-school, and the majority would become heartily sick of the whole thing before they had been at it a fortnight. Military riding-masters, moreover, are not, as a class, remarkable for charm of manner or sweetness of disposition. The very nature of their duties has a tendency to make them brusque and overbearing; and, being frequently men of scant education, who have risen to their

position by the display of certain technical qualifications, they are apt to make use of their brief authority in a manner by no means agreeable to those under them. In short, the military riding-master is occasionally inclined to be something of a bully, and is rarely a popular character in the regiment. But the autocrat of the private riding-school must be cast in a very different mould if he wishes to be successful in his calling, and bring custom to the establishment. He must combine the decision of a general with the tact of a diplomatist, the suavity of a dancing-master, and the humour of a light comedian; and, while never losing command over his mixed company of pupils, he must be able to appeal to their separate individual sensibilities, and control them more by moral influence than by sternness and severity. And a curious mixture they often are. It would be only natural to suppose that the majority of riding-school pupils consisted of very young persons, who were learning to ride as a part of their early education. This, however, is very far from being the case. There are usually a certain number of children attached to the school, who either receive private instruction or are put in a class with the ladies. But the average riding-class will be found to consist of just as many adults as young people—the former, indeed, often having the preponderance. An observer of human nature would derive some interest from a study of the various types of equestrian character to be found here, and in speculating as to who they are, and what various motives can have brought them together. Stout, middle-aged, and elderly gentlemen, mild young men in spectacles, an occasional foreigner, one or two

would-be horsey persons, who affect an unconcerned and superior manner, and pretend to have come merely in order to pass the time, or for the sake of exercise, and various nondescripts, of all ages and every degree of clumsiness, trot round in quasi-military order under the command of the great man who rides at their head or circles about in the centre of the school. His eye is, or appears to be, everywhere, and he has a suitable word for each. To the stout gentleman, whose prosperous appearance indicates a comfortable balance at his banker's, and who, having been ordered horse exercise for the benefit of his health, may possibly be induced to buy a "confidential" animal out of the school, he is deferential and encouraging, taking care that he is always comfortably mounted, and passing unnoticed any little shortcomings of hand or seat, which in the case of others he will possibly be very ready to rebuke. Towards the mild young gentleman he will adopt a jocular and bantering manner, rallying him on his awkwardness, and threatening to put him in the young ladies' and children's class. With the horsey men he may perhaps condescend to a certain familiarity, which, however, must not be unduly presumed upon, or they may find themselves suddenly pulled up and "sat upon" before the whole class, with whom they may previously have acquired an illusory reputation for exceptional prowess and experience. And, to whatever extent he may unbend for the moment, he must never allow himself to be trifled with, or to relinquish the character of a despot whose slightest word is law. In order, therefore, to be a successful as well as a popular riding-master, a man must be possessed of

somewhat exceptional qualifications. Not only must he thoroughly understand his duties, but he must be prepared to discharge them with no ordinary amount of tact and patience. He has to study the interests of his employers on the one hand, and of his pupils on the other, and it is quite possible that the two may not be always identical. He must possess, moreover, some administrative capacity, and have acquired habits of method and order, or he will never be able to organize and make the most of the regiment of screws placed under his command. An average riding-school stud would indeed afford a curious study to a connoisseur in horseflesh, who would here find specimens of most of the infirmities to which horse-flesh is liable. It is wonderful, however, what horses will do with careful feeding, and exercise which is regular without being excessive; and many animals whose physical peculiarities would very likely disqualify them for a single day's work out-of-doors will earn their keep very well in the school. It would, of course, be unfair to rank all riding-school horses in this category, and there are few good establishments that cannot boast a fair proportion of really good and useful animals. But it would be absurd to expect a very high standard of excellence throughout; and most riding-masters will find it as much as they can do to meet the varied requirements of their pupils from day to day with the material at their disposal. Still, as Sancho Panza says, it is good to have command, if only over a flock of sheep, and the riding-master's authority must be absolute and beyond dispute. Woe indeed be to any luckless pupil, not specially favoured by circumstances, who should be so

ill-advised as to question or set himself against it; not only will he be snubbed and browbeaten before the whole class, but he will perhaps find himself, on his next appearance, mounted on one of the greatest brutes in the school, and, unless he is so far advanced in proficiency as to be indifferent to what he rides, he will be only too glad to humble himself before his all-powerful instructor, in the hope of being restored to favour and to a more comfortable steed. But such insubordination is rare, and it is indeed wonderful with what submissiveness a mixed company of persons, many of whom may very likely have plenty to say for themselves on other occasions, will bow to the dictates of a man who is probably in most respects very much their inferior.

The ordinary routine of the school is certainly monotonous enough; but there are occasions when some little variety is imparted to the proceedings. There are few whose equestrian ambition does not lead them to aspire to something more than being able to ride round and round the tan covered parallelogram without tumbling off; and instruction in leaping is, or professes to be, included in the *curriculum* of most riding-schools. On certain days, then, or at certain specified hours, the leaping-bar is brought forth, and those who desire to risk themselves over it are drawn up together on one side, the less adventurous spirits watching the proceedings from a safe corner. It is, of course, necessary to begin low, and an obstacle standing about eighteen inches from the ground would not appear to offer any very serious difficulty either to horse or man; but it is astonishing what a fuss some horses will make over even such a tiny impedi-

ment, and what discomfiture is thereby caused to their riders. There will, of course, be a few who really can jump, and who will make nothing of the bar when raised a good deal higher, or even of the bushed and judiciously sloped hurdle which will, in some cases, be put up for the more advanced members of the class. And if the pupil is so fortunate as to get hold of an animal that really understands something about its work, there is no doubt that leaping lessons in a riding-school may be of great service to him. Occasionally, too, the programme will be still further varied by some such fancy performance as tilting at the ring, or a mild imitation of "heads and posts" as practised in a cavalry *manège;* and if an energetic riding-master happens to have an exceptionally forward class, and a more than usually handy lot of horses, he will perhaps get up a little equestrian entertainment to the accompaniment of music, where his pupils can display their horsemanship before the admiring eyes of their sisters and their cousins and their aunts in the gallery. But of the large number of persons who frequent riding-schools there are probably comparatively few who really benefit by their instruction to any great extent. They either get tired of the monotony, or their energy fails them, or other causes operate to interfere with their attendance; so that they never get beyond a certain point. They are apt to expect too much in a short time, and are perhaps disappointed if at the end of the "twelve easy lessons" they are compelled to own to themselves that they are still anything but finished horsemen. The fact is, of course, that, in order to be really useful, the riding-school course must last a great deal longer, and embrace a

great deal more than can be expected in a private establishment. The pupil must first of all be taught to ride entirely without stirrups, and to acquire the proper use of his hands and legs; and this alone requires, in most cases, regular and careful instruction for some months. And even if, after half a year's hard work, he were to succeed in acquiring what is known as a "military seat," it is a question whether the acquisition would be of much advantage to him in private life. Very few men whose experience has been restricted to the riding-school can ever ride well across country; and one season's practical education in the hunting-field, provided he goes at it in earnest, and makes up his mind to a certain number of falls, will do more for a man, who takes to the saddle comparatively late in life, than any amount of riding-school work. There is no doubt, however, that in the case of children and very young persons a great deal may be learned in the school under a good master; and to numbers of grown-up persons, who perhaps are debarred from equitation in any other form, it affords a means of healthy exercise, and the satisfaction of thinking, at any rate, that they are learning to ride.

FIGURE-SKATING.

It is scarcely more than half a century since figure-skating became an art in England. The earliest of the clubs devoted to it was formed in 1830; and although before that time there were a few men, at the Universities and elsewhere, who could skate gracefully and well, still the figures they cut were mostly crude and irregular; and of concerted movements in which more than two men could join, they had only the most vague and imperfect idea. The cramped "8's" and stunted "3's," and other poor little figures which they laboriously accomplished on long-toed, flat-bladed skates, were hardly more deserving to be called the products of an art than the woad-stains on an ancient Briton would be entitled to the name of artistic paintings. But since 1830, when "The Skating Club" first pitched its tent on the banks of the Serpentine, the craft and mystery of skating has been developed with amazing rapidity. Originating in England, it spread very quickly to Edinburgh, and soon afterwards to Canada, whence it has much more slowly found its way to the United States. The chief impediment which has retarded our home skaters is the lack of that most important accessory, the ice

upon which to skate. For a quarter of a century past the average of skating winters has been about one in five. The Northern counties are a little better off in this respect than London; but, as compared with any country having the same longitude, Great Britain and Ireland are absurdly handicapped, and enjoy not more than one day's skating for every eight or ten of the Germans, Russians, and Americans. Attempts of various kinds have been made to remove these grievous disadvantages and put our skaters more on a level with their rivals in other lands. The most notable of them was, of course, the introduction of roller-skates, which for a time were thought likely to do away with the necessity for ice. But experience has shown that this sort of skating is not capable of the same high development as the other, and that it is likewise wanting in that vivacity and ease of motion which is one of the chief charms of the art. The best men have not taken kindly to the new practice, and have not found that it assists them much, though it does to some extent, towards excellence on the ice. A much more successful and promising expedient is the formation of rinks made of real ice artificially produced. There is one of these rinks, as we believe, still in existence at Southport: and it is largely frequented by the more ambitious and energetic English skaters, many of whom have by means of their practice there far eclipsed their equals of 1880, who took no such pains during the last two years. Still it is only men who have a good deal of leisure and spare money who can go to Southport on such an errand. What is wanted is that a similar rink should be started in London; and it would not

be a bad mode of employing the large surplus funds of "the Skating Club" to devote them to originating or promoting a plan of this kind.

In spite of all the disadvantages which have thus interfered with skating in England, it must be admitted that the art has within the last half-century made extraordinary progress. We shall see presently that, in the opinion of many good judges, some of the London skaters can hold their own even with the cracks of the Canadian and American rinks. On those rare occasions when the English ponds and rivers are frozen hard, the people both great and small rush to the ice with a zeal that nothing seems to subdue. The most hard-worked business-men are seen with their skates on at sunrise; and while they are at it, they lose no time in idling or fooling about, but grind away at their figures with all the serious earnestness of students who are solving an astronomical problem or composing an epic poem. The science of skating has, moreover, quite lately been developed in a masterly and almost perfect manner. It is now about twenty years since an article appeared suggesting the idea of reducing to a set code the rules of elegant skating, and describing on paper the figures most admired in this country. There was, indeed, at that time a book on the subject, written by a Scotch skater of high merit; but it is no discredit to him to say that this first attempt was incomplete, and in many respects harmonized badly with the accepted views of the English clubs. Our hint was, however, not long in producing its effect. In 1869 appeared the first edition of what is now the standard work on figure-skating, edited with immense care and complete

success by two of the oldest and most accomplished members of the London club. The work has since been re-edited with large additions, embodying many of the results achieved in the winter of 1870–1 in the way of new figures; and it may now be affirmed that the theory of artistic skating lies clearly defined, and needs only to be practically worked out by those who aspire to excellence in it. Two magnificent skating winters have since been enjoyed in England; but all that they have done is to confirm the views adopted by the editors of this book, and to show that, as they said, the leading principles, once understood, are capable of indefinite extension in the way of practical results. It would be hopeless to attempt any detailed explanation of the figures now established as favourites amongst English clubs; but an idea may be very easily formed of their variety and difficulty. The four leading movements—forward and backward, on the outside and inside edge—are combined most naturally in one of two ways; either by means of a "three," which entirely reverses the movement, as from outside forward to inside back, or by a "change of edge," which only reverses the poise of the body, as from outside forward to inside forward. When both changes are made within a short time of one another, the result is a "Q"; when either movement is repeated the result is either a "double," "half-double," treble turn, etc., in the one case, or a "serpentine" line in the other. By interspersing "Q's" with "doubles" an endless complication of movements is obtained; and, as the first-rate skater is able to continue his work upon one foot for an almost unlimited time without any new impulse, we are landed at once in an art

capable of infinite development. There remains, however, to be still mentioned another turn, the most difficult of all—which seems to complete the series. This is the celebrated "rocking turn," by which outside forward is converted into outside back, and so on with the other edges, thus doubling at once the whole number of combinations. "Loops" are only an extreme development of simple edges; and so are "cross-cuts" of "half-doubles." But it is needless to penetrate further into the mysteries of technical terms. It will be more interesting as well as more simple to refer to some of the new principles which modern skaters have established.

Of these undoubtedly the most remarkable is the rehabilitation of the inside edge forwards. For near forty years after skating became an art this particular movement was tabooed as ungraceful, and excluded almost entirely from set figures. The skating confraternity is indebted to few persons so much as to the ingenious wight who boldly affirmed that there need be nothing ungraceful in it. A new attitude, arrived at by merely keeping the "off" foot in the rear, was found to remove the chief objections to this edge; and skaters of the first rank are now seen bravely careering along upon it, perpetrating without fear and without reproach that which twenty years ago would have been deemed an unpardonable heresy. Many of the other changes which have most enriched the modern art are indirect results of this revolution in taste. The "Q's" have by reason of it attained an immense accession of strength. The "serpentines" have benefited still more. Thus "continuous" S's on the forward edge were formerly unorthodox, since one-half of the

figure must needs be done on the inside edge. They are now quite orthodox, and have become a necessary qualification for the good skater. Some other innovations are of much more doubtful merit, and more especially the introduction of two-foot figures, adopted from the American school. The best English masters continue to speak with disapproval of them; but their practice is found occasionally to accord little with their preaching; and the "grape-vine" and other Yankee abominations may be seen forcing their way into the very sanctuary of high-class skating in the Toxophilite grounds.

English skating retains still, however, its wholly distinctive marks, which continue to be regarded, and probably with good reason, as peculiar excellences. Chief among them is to be mentioned the unbent knee —first and most rigidly exacted essential of a good English figure-skater. Almost all the best Transatlantic skaters offend against this rule, which, indeed, they contemptuously ignore; but our own traditions, and, we may add, our own ideas of what is graceful, are as unbending in this matter as the joint in question is expected to be. Another rigorous principle is the exclusion of small circles and narrow curves. Foreign skaters probably see little to admire in the wide, sweeping strokes prescribed by our clubs. And possibly where "pace" is no object, and "time" has not to be regarded, there may be no great merit in them. But for the purpose of concerted figures, in which these two things are of vital moment, those rather grandiose movements, instinct with what our clubmen regard as the poetry of motion, are not only the most useful, but quite indispensable. It is in this

matter of combined or concerted figures, after all, that our country claims to hold undeniably first rank. There are not, indeed, wanting those who, even here, regard them as silly and worthless. But such is not the view which we believe will ever prevail. Those men who own them will be found almost invariably to be wanting either in physical strength and condition, or else devoid of that notion of harmony required for the success of such figures. It is more rational to believe that exercises which require so extraordinary an amount of *esprit de corps*, and try so severely the individual judgment of pace and time, will always carry off the palm in England, just as cricket is always likely to be more popular than racquets, and an eight-oared match than a sculling race. In order to understand what is meant by a concerted figure, in the truest sense of the word, it is necessary to imagine eight first-rate skaters standing at the corners of a large octagon. A. and B., who stand facing north and south, open the ball by crossing one another closely in the centre of this space, and skating outwards in the first stroke of a complicated movement which is to bring them back face to face with one another. A., who started in a north-west direction, will return to the centre facing to the south-west; B., who started towards the south-east, will return facing north-east. But, meanwhile, immediately after they have passed the centre, C. and D., who stood facing east and west, will have likewise started on their corresponding course, and close after them will come E. and F., who stood facing north-west and south-east, followed lastly by G. and H., who faced the other two points of the compass. Now, each and all of these

pairs as they swing round the large outer circle—now on one edge, now on another; now backwards, and now forwards—are bound to keep exactly opposite one another, and to make each change of movement exactly at the same instant. As the whole set of movements comes to an end, in rush the several pairs to the common centre again, passing one another shoulder to shoulder as they start on the other foot to execute the reverse movement. Let us consider for a moment what all this implies. It is not so much the actual difficulty of the individual figure described on the ice which tests the skater's skill, as the power of so timing his twists and turns that all shall go harmoniously together, and that he shall at the supreme moment find himself exactly where he should be prepared to cross his partner without the mistake of a fraction of a yard or a fraction of a second. As the men converge together they must avoid chances of collision which look to the spectator inevitable. As they shoot out again, like balls discharged by a catapult, they have to steer equally clear of those who are coming in. The slightest miscalculation or mistake either of head or limb will bring the whole set to grief and make an ignominious example of the offender. Estimate the influence of this fear always impending over the head of each performer, with the consciousness that a "gallery" of critics has its eyes fixed upon him, and you have a fair idea of the excitement which attends such a performance. But then there must be added to this the unavoidable "exaltation of nerves" caused by the rapid motion as each difficult turn is made, the sounding ring of the ice as the eight men swing quickly along, the tension of muscles, the con-

sciousness of success as the figure speeds on with increasing force, and in fine the general dash and "go" of the whole performance. With all these elements of excitement to stir the blood and animate the frame, English skaters may be pardoned for thinking that there is no exercise so enjoyable as a well-skated Club figure.

The headquarters of artistic skating in England are still at the rink of the "Skating Club," which amongst its one hundred and fifty regular subscribers and a few ladies and other honorary members includes the pick of the national talent, both old and young. It must, however, be acknowledged that both the new Oxford Club—a worthy successor of its defunct predecessor founded in 1838—the Wimbledon, Crystal Palace, and some other clubs, make vigorous and meritorious efforts to rival the success of the older institution. It is said, and on the faith of certain documentary evidence too, that one at least of these younger clubs has heretical tendencies, and allows its men when skating in a set figure to vary the rule by which each pair is kept to its own bearings in the circle—that is to say, that a man who started facing north may find himself as he begins a fresh evolution facing diagonally east or west. But, as long as the divergence from "club rules" is no greater than this, there is no great fear of schismatic teachings; and, as a rule, the local societies maintain strictly enough the sacred traditions of the insular school. It is perhaps necessary to mention a movement which during the last three years has attracted to itself the notice of figure-skaters. An Association, *soi-disant* National, has been started with the avowed object of testing and certify-

ing the relative excellence of different performers. It has offered "badges" of various grades to be worn by those who succeeded in displaying various degrees of proficiency. The wearing of these decorations does not at first strike one as a very happy or very "English" way of proclaiming a man's own capabilities, which would, as one might suppose, best appear by his actual performances on the ice. But the practice, if adopted, will be, at the worst, a harmless vanity; and if the Association can raise funds sufficient to pay for the badges and for the umpires to award them, no one will grudge it the satisfaction which it may enjoy or impart to the recipients of such honours. The example of some other sports would, however, seem to teach us that any attempt at more active competition for prizes in this department of skating would not tend to the credit or advantage of an exercise which has hitherto been essentially and purely of an "amateur" character.

SEA-FISHING.

THE catching of fish is a pastime so attractive to the people of these islands, and the opportunities for its exercise in our inland waters so limited, that it seems a little strange that the wide and inexhaustible region of pleasure which the sea affords should have been hitherto so little explored. Year by year the pursuit of what is supposed to be the finer art of freshwater fishing is becoming more restricted, and subject to conditions which place it beyond the reach of any but the wealthy. The Thames has still its votaries, and it must be reckoned as a wonderful proof of the resources of that noble stream that it should still continue to yield something. Without undervaluing these simpler delights, for to the true angler every kind of fishing is good when better cannot be had, we are tempted to ask why it is that the pursuit of fish at sea is so much neglected, and even judged to be an inferior art. Here is an open water which it is impossible to over-fish, which needs no preserving, which is ever well stocked. In all the elements of sport, the sea is at least equal to the loch or the river. The incidental delights are more various, the excitement certainly not less; while there is just a spice

of danger to give zest to the pursuit. The dancing waves, the open sky, the wider panorama of land and water, are no bad exchange for the purling stream, the hanging trees, the enamelled meadow. It is supposed to be only a base mind which reckons the "bag" an item in the estimate of the sport; yet to many sea-fishing will have this recommendation over river-fishing, that the creatures taken have a certain edible and commercial value. The true angler is believed to be superior to this feeling; yet we may fairly doubt whether, if the salmon were as worthless a fish for the table as the barbel, we should esteem his capture so highly. Always excepting the salmon, which is really a sea-fish, with whom sweet water is only a passing domestic necessity, there are but few fish in the river which for their own sake are worth catching. In the sea the worthless ones are the exception. The abundance of species, the variety of forms, and the uncertainty as to what you may bring up are other elements peculiar to sea-fishing which the conventional angler, the classic Waltonian, misses. When you go trouting, you catch trout (sometimes); and when you go gudgeoning, you catch gudgeon, making no account of a chance perchling or dace. But there is no telling what creature may take your hook at the bottom of the sea, or your fish as he ascends to the surface. The original capture may be either whiting or gurnard, and what comes up may suffer a sea change on the journey, and win blessing or curse by proving dory or dog-fish. Finally, to those who can contain their stomachs in a "lop," sea-fishing includes, in addition to angling, a good deal of what is most adventurous in yachting.

As for art, those who visited the Fisheries Exhibition might have observed the great variety of devices for the catching of sea-fish, not only by those who pursue the trade, but those for whom Mr. Wilcocks writes "The Sea Fisherman." That valuable work, which we are glad to see in a fourth and much improved edition (London: Longmans, 1884), is a witness at once to the neglect with which this branch of angling has been treated, and the great advance it has made in late years. While angling proper has a whole literature to itself, sea-fishing has only its Wilcocks. The book is unique, and the only bibliography it admits is a comparison of editions. This is a fact which, though highly flattering to the author, is scarcely creditable to a nation which possesses in its circumjacent seas the most magnificent fishing-ground in the world—a field of art of which the potentialities are only bounded by the enterprise of the insidious shrimper and the intrusive trawler. This fourth edition of Mr. Wilcocks's book has been enlarged and improved; and if it is scarcely yet equal to its great subject, it is because the march of art in sea-fishing has even outstripped the teaching of its earliest apostle and only authority. While we have a great deal of practical information as to tackle and boat gear and all the coarser ways of taking fish, the defects which were conspicuous in the former editions are still to be noted in this. The first and most irritating is in respect to the clumsy arrangement by which the chapters are made to run into one another, dissertations on bait being mixed up with fishing adventures, and the kinds and ways of fish, in a manner most distracting to the

reader. It is true there is an index; but, as the book is said to have been re-written, it is a pity the matter was not re-cast into some kind of order. The instructions given are such as are evidently derived from a long and zealous pursuit of sea-fishing as an amusement; and all that relates to boatmanship, the choice of fishing-grounds, the taking of marks, and the making of the various kinds of sea-tackle is of great value, and conveyed in a simple, seamanlike fashion. In regard to the matter of the instruction, our only complaint is that Mr. Wilcocks hardly seems to attach sufficient importance to the improvements which have been recently made in the art of which he was the first teacher, especially in the substitution of artificial for natural baits, and in the various refinements, both in trolling or "whipping," and bottom-fishing, for which we are indebted to the ingenuity of the West-country anglers, in this branch of the art at the head of the world. Our author is a little old-fashioned, and slow to admit the value of the modern devices. Yet it is these which have given quite a new character to the art, and are rapidly revolutionizing the practice of the sea-fisherman. Half of the charm of angling lies in the successful deluding of the fish by means which at first sight appear disproportionate to the end to be achieved. Any one can catch fish in the sea—the art is to catch fish in the greatest number, under unlikely conditions, and with the least expenditure of power. Sea-fish being more numerous, more greedy, and more accessible than river-fish, are more easily taken by coarse tackle; but more will be taken, and the pleasure of taking them will be greater, in proportion

as the lines, the hooks, and the lures are finer. No one would catch a salmon with a worm who could catch one with an artificial fly. Why should we not therefore pay the same compliment to the mackerel and the pollack as we do to their kinsmen in fresh water? It is a mistake to suppose that sea-fish are less particular or more stupid than river-fish. Other things being equal, fine tackle will kill better than coarse at sea. The amateur, provided with his Plymouth line, his Manchester snooding, his gut trace, and his artificial spinner, may be backed to catch more mackerel in a day than any professional. No one can deny that it is pleasanter to use the artificial than the natural baits even at sea. The best of these latter are troublesome to handle, and not seldom difficult to get, while some of the sea-worms recommended by Mr. Wilcocks are slimy, malodorous, and have a gruesome hairiness of leg. Sand-eels, which our author greatly affects, are only of partial distribution—like pilchards, the best of all fish-bait for bottom-fishing. Squid is unattractive, and mussel unsatisfactory. This matter of bait is a very important one in sea-fishing, and at once the chief source of trouble to the amateur, as well as the main impediment to sport. Often it is more difficult to catch the bait than the fish. It is here that the watering-place boatman, always the most ignorant of fishermen, has the visitor in his power. As to feeling in the crevices of rocks for the spider-crab, or turning over flat stones for the "varm or sea tape-worm," or saving the long gut of the pilchard, that is a detail to which some may object. These are the concomitants of the sport, fondly dwelt upon by

professionals, which are the opprobrium of sea-fishing. They are not necessary, and it should be the province of the artist to show how they may be avoided.

To move upward, working out the worm and the fish-gut, this is the course which sea-fishing should take if it is to be developed into an art. If Mr. Wilcocks has a fault it is that he stands too much in the ancient ways, and makes too little account of the refinements introduced by the skilled tackle-makers who made so brave a show at South Kensington. The extent to which artificial lures can be used in sea-fishing is of course limited, though the tendency is to advance on the finer lines—to eschew hemp where cotton can be used, to discard gimp and thread for gut, to reduce the weight of sinkers, and to substitute metal spinners, flies, and "babies" for squid, fish, and worm. There are, as we need not inform those who have fished at sea, two, or rather three, chief ways of catching sea-fish. The first is at anchor, when whiting, bream, haddock, and, in the late summer, mackerel, are the quarry sought, at the bottom or in mid-water. Here the tackle should be as fine as is consistent with the strength of the current and the size of the fish expected, with a sinker not heavier than is absolutely necessary, and in proportion to the weight of the line. The best kind of "rig" for all ground-fish is that which Mr. Wilcocks describes as the Kentish, which is a modification of the familiar "chop-sticks," if there is still water or little current. If there is a tideway, then the boat-shaped lead, with a gut trace with two or three hooks dependent, is to be preferred. The second method of fishing is also at anchor, but with a drift-line without

sinkers, for bass or pollack. If either of these two ways are adopted, of course natural bait must be used, as the lure is stationary, and the fish would be able to detect an artificial one. The third, and by far the most sporting method of taking fish at sea, is from a boat in motion, either under sail or oars. This admits of artificial bait being used exclusively, and is called "whiffing" when pursued in a sailing-boat for mackerel, and "trailing" or "trolling" when the boat is rowed. The latter is the process adopted for the capture of bass or pollack, and it is perhaps that branch of sport which admits of the greatest variety and interest, seeing that it can be followed in smooth water and almost in any weather, provided there is shelter and the ground is fit. The tackle for this kind of sport should be of the finest consistent with strength; for fish of very large size may be looked for, which are stronger than salmon of the same weight. Mr. Wilcocks's instructions for the amateur under this head scarcely seem up to the latest science. There can be no doubt whatever that more fish will be caught with artificial bait when pollacking, either with the grey eel, Brooks's "baited baby," or sole-skin flies, than with the living sand-eel or rag-worm -- not to speak of the pleasure and triumph of deluding the fish by the finer art. As for rods, they are out of place in a boat, and as illegitimate at sea as hand-fishing would be on a river. They are useful only on the rare occasions when a shoal of bass are playing on the surface, or for casting from a rock among breakers in deep water. Fly-fishing at sea is, however, an epicene kind of sport, seldom to be had, for which no especial instructions are needed. The real art of the

sea-fisherman consists, even more than that of the angler on shore, first, in knowing the ways of fish and their kinds; next, in using the finest tackle. The rest is mainly boatmanship, which cannot be taught by book.

DECK PASTIMES.

An ocean voyage, even with all the modern conveniences of steam and speed, provides the passenger with a notable amount of time to be killed. Indeed, the luxuries of the present age contribute in some measure to the increase of this compulsory idleness. For now that an ocean steamer is a floating hotel, and hardships are reduced to a minimum (even the hitherto uncured ills of sea-sickness being mitigated by quarter-deck saloons, in which the less valiant may preserve the horizontal position and quiet which experience recommends as prophylactic or palliative, and escape the stuffiness of a small cabin), the passenger has mighty little to trouble himself with from port to port beyond eating, sleeping, and whatever amusement he may be able to devise. Assuming that a wise traveller will be on deck as much as he can, this gives in fairly fine weather some ten or twelve hours to be accounted for. Reading and writing are pleasant and profitable enough when it is not too cold. But the high seas are apt to be cold even at Midsummer. Two or three days on end of a perfectly wintry temperature (say 40° Fahrenheit, or thereabouts) may have to be faced at any time of the year in the North

Atlantic. And it is common knowledge that when we are at home we do not willingly sit still out of doors with the thermometer at 40°. Even short of this it must be a very warm day on which one does not feel the need of intervals of motion. Walking the deck, smoking, gossiping, discussing the log and the prospects of the day's run, seeing the operation, mysterious and uncanny to landsmen who have not gone through a course of mathematics for university or other honours, of making it twelve o'clock; assisting, perhaps, at the more readily comprehensible functions of heaving the material log or taking the temperature of the water; these and such like studious triflings fill up somewhat of the hours made strangely spacious for us, and we are thankful so far as they go.

But these do not suffice. The universal instinct of sport, the *Spieltrieb* inherent in every man who is more than dolt and less than supremely wise, demands a more organized satisfaction. And other forms of *strenua inertia* are forthcoming. The greatly daring lineage of Iapetus have not made the ocean their highway and omitted to provide for their pastime therein. According to the Rabbis, the great Leviathan himself was created for a plaything, and Mr. Cheyne's revision of the Psalter confirms them; and man when he finds himself on the great deep for a season cannot be wrong if in a small way he does likewise.

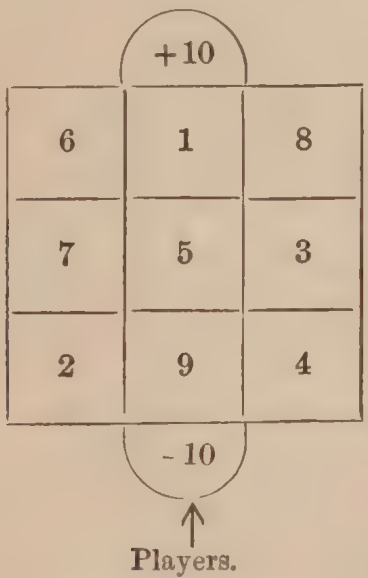
Deck quoits and shuffleboard, otherwise shovel-board, are games played with special instruments which the ship carries, like a selection of books and a piano, as part of her regular appointment of luxuries. First of deck quoits, as the simpler though probably not the older of the two. Here we have a rough-and-

ready adaptation of the ordinary quoits—a game too well known to need description or reminder—to the condition of a ship's deck. The landsman's quoit is an iron ring weighing, if we mistake not, some five pounds, more or less, and bevelled off to a moderately blunt edge by means of which it strikes in the earth at the end of its flight. Evidently such a missile cannot be allowed on the quarter-deck. We substitute for it a ring made of a bit of rope, and a trifle larger. A stout wooden peg about eighteen inches in height, and flattened out at the foot into a broad and stable base, is set up as the mark at a distance of four or five paces. Each player takes the whole set of rings, ten in number, on board the particular good ship where we indite these notes, and endeavours to throw them so as to fall over the peg and be retained by it. The behaviour of those which fall elsewhere is, by reason of their lightness and the ship's motion, apt to be erratic. There are, therefore, no means of scoring anything but direct hits, and those rings only are counted which remain on the peg after all are thrown. Usually the player wins who first scores ten, which a fairly practised one can do in two or three turns. Some old voyagers, however, can make almost sure in fair weather of putting on all the ten. It looks an easy feat, but, like almost everything in this world, is not so easy as it looks. The quoits are roughly put together, and are nothing like true circles, and the rope of which they are made may vary in substance and weight. They are liable to be taken by the wind or to drift, as is said of rifle-balls, by their own spin, It is, therefore, a point of art to give just so much spin as will steady the plane of the ring in its flight, and

no more ; and altogether a great deal more of eye and hand goes to insure success than a bystander would at first suppose. But it must be allowed that the interest of deck quoits does not last very long at a time.

Shuffleboard, as it is certainly an ancient game, is also a more noble and subtle one. In company with many other sports whose exact nature is now the battle-ground of antiquaries, it was thought worthy of being denounced by verbose Acts of Parliament of the Tudor period as one of the unlawful allurements by which the lieges were withdrawn from the practice of archery, still deemed, a century after the invention of portable fire-arms, a matter of high necessity for the defence of the realm. We are more tolerant nowadays. Archery survives as a sociable and graceful exercise, in company with its former rivals, having seen the rise and fall of croquet, and undaunted even by lawn tennis. And shuffleboard, like a marsupial species driven in the struggle for existence from a continent to an island, and there adapted to its new condition, exists and thrives on our ocean steamers in the form we shall now describe. We imagine that the shuffleboard forbidden by the statutes of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth was played on a table, with pieces, much like draughtsmen in shape and size. Perhaps it may yet linger—who knows?—in old-fashioned inn-parlours. Ours is played on deck with a sort of magnified draughtsmen which may be described as flat bowls, though it looks like a contradiction in terms. A long staff or mace, with a crescent-shaped end roughly fitting the edge of these bowls or men, serves to push them withal. The

distance is nine or ten paces; the force required varies according to the state of the deck, but is enough to make the exercise worth having. A sprinkling of blacks from the funnel will make the deck so slippery as to defy all calculation, and compel a sweeping up before the game is resumed; whether because the blacks are greasy, as the vulgar would suppose, or because they act in a subtler manner as friction rollers, we will not stop to consider. The roll of the ship goes far to supply the "bias" which is so important an element in the game of bowls, but which cannot be well given by man's art to the sliding motion of a flat wooden disc on wooden planks. As to the scoring, it is peculiar to this game, and is in the first instance governed by a board chalked on the deck, which is thus disposed.



It will be seen that the arrangement of the figures in the little squares is neither more nor less than the celebrated Fifteen puzzle, the sum of every side and

of each diagonal in the whole square being that same number. The lunettes at each end appear to have been deliberately added in order to diversify the chances and increase the interest of the game. Sometimes triangular squares are added at the four corners besides these; but we doubt if it is orthodox. A piece resting in the lunette at the further end from the players counts ten to the score; but the virtue of the nearer one is negative, and the unfortunate occupier of it has ten struck off. In order to be counted for good or (in the last-mentioned case) for ill, a piece must at the end of the round lie wholly within one of the compartments. If it even touches one of the chalk lines at any point, it scores nothing. The game, like bowls, may be played by two or three players, each for himself, or by four taking sides. In theory the number of players is limited only by the pieces available, but more would make it too slow.

Such are the elements. The scoring is complicated by a further subtlety, which must have been designed for the special purpose of making shuffleboard more effectual to pass the time aboard ship; at any rate, it prolongs the game to a quite uncertain extent. Not only the number fixed on as the total score, say 50, must be scored in order to win, but it must not be exceeded. If either side, being near 50, scores in any round a number bringing up the total to anything higher, the excess counts against the side scoring it, the result being that they must make up the precise number of the excess; and this is repeated until one or the other makes up the just tale without excess or defect. Thus, if A. and B. are the two adversaries, and A. stands at 43, B. at 35, A.'s object is to score 7

and no more. If he scores 10, he will be mulcted in the excess over 50, and so reduced to 40; and B. has only 5 to get in order to make his fortune an equal one. A run of incautious play or bad luck in this kind will equalize or overbear even greater differences than we have supposed; and thus a victory which looks all but certain is never free till the very end from the risk of being turned into defeat. In this situation there is scope for very fine play, as it is important not only to place one's self on the board, but to stop in the right square, and not elsewhere, on pain of a negative score; and one may be in the paradoxical position of having to cut out one's own side or help on the other. The operations of driving away the enemy's men, advancing a friend's which is nearly where it ought to be, but not quite, or guarding one already well placed, are performed in the same fashion as at bowls or curling, so far as the conditions admit. Nothing like the nicety of bowls is practicable, and the charm of the variable ground and distances, and the movable "jack" is wholly wanting; but there is a certain compensation in the unexpected vicissitudes of the score. On the whole, shuffleboard is a very sufficient and laudable game, as games go which can be played upon deck.

Then there are miscellaneous tricks and feats of skill which may be performed or attempted at odd times. Anything will serve the turn for this purpose which does not need apparatus, or no more than can be arranged with a few spare ropes; and whoever has frequented a gymnasium will find himself in a position to contribute something to the recreation of his fellow-passengers. One amusing operation, however frivolous,

is to sit on a bottle, with the feet only touching the deck, and, with a glass of water in either hand, empty one into the other. The performer almost inevitably loses his balance and rolls over; an event which, though it fails in the element of the unexpected, being precisely what one would expect to happen, never fails to provoke mirth. Perhaps the ludicrousness lies in the uncertainty of the exact moment when the nature of things will be too strong for the man's endeavour to balance himself. But to discuss this would lead us far into psychological problems. Another form of competition in balancing is managed thus. Two loops of rope are suspended side by side at a convenient height. Resting his feet in these two loops, a man walks on his hands, guided by a line chalked on the deck between the loops and in the direction in which they are free to swing. The object is to get as far as possible along the line, make a mark on it at the utmost point which can be reached with the hand, and return to the starting-point backwards in the same posture. The mark is scored only if the balance is preserved throughout the return as well as on the advance. We are not informed whether this exercise was invented by early voyagers to the Antipodes by way of preparation for what they might be expected to do when they arrived at the topsy-turvy side of the world. These rope-loops, once rigged up, may be turned to account for some of the regular gymnastic exercises. Indeed, much more could be done in this line. A section of the quarter-deck might, with little trouble, by the addition of an odd spar or so, be turned into a very fair makeshift for a gymnasium. All the usual combinations of bars,

poles, and ropes could be reproduced with approximate accuracy, and payment of the fine known as "footing" would, for any more adventurous spirits, add the rigging and upper spars to the available resources. It is not likely, however, that there should fortuitously concur, on an ocean passage, a sufficient number of trained persons to make full and fair trial in this kind. The same may be said of singlestick, fencing, and boxing, for which the deck would in itself be a highly convenient place. One might think the tug-of-war a pastime specially made for shipboard. It is good exercise, and calls for no material but a rope, which of course is always with us. But it has the drawback of taking up more space than is often available, and, therefore, it is not commonly seen on the quarter-deck, though it is justly a favourite in the steerage. Even the ancient and childish skipping-rope is not altogether to be despised. In short, there is no game or exercise capable of being practised on a boarded floor and within a moderate space which may not, according to opportunity, become an acceptable diversion for ocean voyagers.

The daily pool on the ship's run does not strictly fall within the description of a deck pastime. But it makes no small part of the amusements of the voyage, and offers to the student of games a peculiar and interesting variety of gambling. We must, therefore, not omit to mention it. The pool is formed by a certain number of passengers, in the first instance, putting in a stake of fixed amount, say a shilling or two. Their shares are allotted on this wise. An estimate is formed (we believe on the authority of the ship's officers) of the most probable number of miles

for the current day's log. The number so fixed on is taken as the mean, and tickets are made out for the consecutive higher and lower numbers, until there is a number for each player. Then these numbers are drawn by lot. Now comes in the peculiar and exciting feature. It is a very common and well-known practice for those who have put into a pool or sweepstakes to sell their chance by private arrangement. But here the sale is compulsory. In the forenoon, before the log is made up and published, all the shares are put up to auction. Any person may bid, whether the owner of an original share or not, and the holder of a share may buy it in himself if he can. Half of the price realized by each number goes to the original holder; the other half is added to the pool. When the log is published, the holder of the number corresponding to the number of miles actually run becomes entitled to the pool as thus increased. In this way the market value of a share depends not only on the initial amount of the pool and the estimated probabilities of the run, but on the amounts that the shares sold before it have fetched, and those sold after it will fetch; and the assignment of the just values according to the theory of probabilities might well puzzle even those who are on their way to the Transatlantic meeting of the British Association, to discuss the super-sensible dimensions of space in Section A. The only thing a systematic speculator can do is to endeavour to buy up numbers about the region of greatest probability; and even so the favoured numbers may be run up to fancy prices much above their actuarial value, if we may be allowed the technical phrase in such a context. The

fun of the auction depends, of course, on the personal qualities of the auctioneer. If he has a ready tongue, an assured and engaging manner, and plenty of "patter," the scene is a highly amusing one. He will commend a low number with picturesque insistence on the perils and delays of last night's fog, and a high one with voluble asseveration that this morning we have been making a good eighteen knots. He will find a good word, if he can, even for the unlucky numbers lying on the extreme limits. The worst he will say of the most helpless one is that it is a good number to go a-begging. The amount ultimately coming to the holder of the winning number may be as much as ten or twelve pounds; but it is understood that by custom half of it is to be devoted to charitable uses connected with merchant shipping, so that the ocean gamblers have a more than fair excuse, if excuse is needed. The same good ends may be promoted by amateur concerts or other entertainments on board, of which, however, there is not much to be said, save that they are conducted with more good will and general disposition to make the best of everything than similar proceedings on land. Another form of pool on the ship's run is limited to ten players, who draw for figures from 1 to 10. The number which is the final digit of the ship's run in miles, as announced in the day's log, wins the pool. But this is a poor and commonplace manner of gaming compared to that which we have described. All sorts of games of cards, and also the sedentary games of skill, as chess, draughts, and backgammon, are of course capable of being played on board ship as well as anywhere else, and, in fact, cards are played a good deal,

Being played, however, not otherwise than anywhere else, and also not being easily or commonly played on deck, these games, though they may be effectual enough as pastimes on a voyage, do not enter into our subject.

CANOEING IN CANADA.

THE methods and the joys of canoe expeditions on the great rivers of Canada deserve to be better known than they still are to the majority of active and wandering Englishmen. Even of those who visit the United States, comparatively few make themselves acquainted with the river scenery of the Dominion—certainly not inferior to any in the world—which is within easy reach of the Northern Atlantic seaboard. A week or two spent in exploring any part of this scenery is one of the best opportunities remaining in this civilized world for using the appliances of civilization to enjoy, for a brief space, a life of healthy and careless savagery. If an excuse in the way of sport be needed for embracing such an opportunity, there is plenty of fish to be caught in most of the rivers; salmon in some, trout in many, and, failing these, bass, and other fish of kinds which at home are deemed coarse, but which in their Transatlantic varieties are very well worth eating, at all events when one is living in the open air. On the mighty tributaries of the St. Lawrence, however, travelling in canoes is far from being an affair of mere pastime, or an occupation for which reasons have to be found. The natural

waterways of the country are still for many purposes its chief means of communication, and the canoe of the old *voyageurs*, essentially the same as the first explorer found it in the hands of the Indian, is an indispensable aid to the lumberman. Every one concerned in the business of getting the forest timber, from the highest to the lowest, is called by this name. One who undertakes it on a very great scale is sometimes distinguished by the title of a "lumber king," and his authority is in practice despotic enough. This is the great industry of the rivers, and canoe journeys are so necessary to it that any one who takes up canoeing for pleasure's sake will have not the least difficulty in finding canoes and men well accustomed to handle them; but some difficulty, perhaps, in making those men understand that his purpose is not merely to convey himself up or down the river with as little delay as possible. The notion of a gentleman passenger wanting to paddle rather than to sit still, and even knowing something of the subtler arts of navigating a canoe, is also not yet familiar to the professional *voyageur*. We use this title because there is no other to use; the occupation, as an exclusive occupation, is pretty well obsolete, and the modern *voyageur* is mostly a subordinate lumberman. But Canadian amateurs do make pleasure excursions of many days' length in canoes, and there is no reason why travellers from England should not do the same if they care to do it and set about it in the right way.

Best of all, we need hardly say, is to go with a Canadian friend who knows the business of old. Short of this, an introduction to any of the leading lumbermen at such a local centre as Chicoutimi for

the Saguenay, Three Rivers for the St. Maurice, or Ottawa or Pembroke for the Ottawa River, would carry a party of Englishmen a long way; and introductions are both more easy to obtain and more fruitful of assistance in Canada than in England, upon one condition. The condition is merely that the newcomer shall treat colonists as human and civilized beings, shall not behave in a Canadian gentleman's home or presence otherwise than he would at home in English company, and shall generally be content to believe that the descendants of Englishmen and Frenchmen who have cleared and settled, and are still clearing and settling, with infinite labour and determination, the forests and valleys of half a continent, may be presumed to know something of their own business.

Canoe travelling on the rivers is not as yet an organized pastime like mountaineering. One cannot call for canoes and guides at the inn; but a friend's help or introduction will secure, with reasonable notice, of course, the canoes and the men, and much useful information and advice. It is quite possible that the canoes may be offered as a free loan; and we may fairly suppose that Englishmen who have got so far as to set about the matter at all will not fall into the false shame about accepting hospitality in its fitting place, which is one of our besetting sins. The men will be strong, capable, and faithful—men who may be summarily likened to Alpine guides in the rough. It is not their regular business to go about with travellers. They have not fully grasped the notion of people camping out for amusement, and, not being accustomed to make themselves particularly comfort-

able in their own expeditions, are not equipped, as guides are in any of the Alpine centres, with full knowledge of what ought to be provided for the use and comfort of their employers. Also they have taken over the Red Indian tradition of constant and exceeding caution. They are quite capable of facing danger if it is thrust upon them, but they are averse to anything like gratuitous risk or responsibility. Trying an experiment for the experiment's sake is outside their conception of what is possible and reasonable. But then there are not many experiments that could be tried. There are no new passes to be made on a river, though now and then it may be practicable and not imprudent to run a rapid which is usually circumvented by portage. Again, these men have minute and perfect local knowledge of the navigation of their own rivers, and great capacity for discovering the right course in unknown waters of the same kind; but, in Lower Canada at any rate, their general information about times and distances is singularly vague. They compute journeys in miles, but the English mile in their mouths becomes an even more elastic and perplexing standard than the Swiss *Stunde*. Not that this is very surprising in persons who are not in the habit of using maps. For on a Canadian river actual measured distance bears, if possible, an even less constant relation than in the Alps to the time occupied in covering it. There is the difference between travelling with and against the stream, to begin with; you may run in half an hour down a reach which it was half a day's business to work up. Then, on these broad rivers, and with so light a craft as a canoe, a fair or contrary wind makes

far more difference than a stranger would expect. Also canoes have a great deal of individuality, and their performances are various according to circumstances. So that when you know that two given points on your river are, say twenty miles apart, this is only the beginning of knowledge as to the sort of journey it will be from one to the other. For the rest, the Canadian *voyageur* resembles or approaches the Swiss guide in many qualities. He can do a vast deal of work with no appearance of fatigue, and not much of effort; is skilled and handy in all the things of his craft (which, be it remembered, includes woodcraft); is not of polished manners, yet a true gentleman in his relations with his employers, serviceable and anxious to please them without abandoning his independence, and willing to do a great deal more than is in his bond if he is treated with courtesy and consideration. We are taking the class at its best, as is only fair. But we doubt not that, if canoe journeying became a more general holiday pastime in Canada, the demand would call forth, as it has called forth in the Alps, a sort of trained men fully understanding all things that pertain to the conduct of such an expedition. As it is, the traveller must be prepared to form his own plans and exercise his own judgment as to route and length of day's journey; though in such details as the choice of a fit camping-ground within given limits it is far better to trust the expert's knowledge. In Lower Canada the men will probably be French-Canadians, knowing a little English, but not much. Some knowledge of colloquial French is therefore desirable, though the traveller will speedily discover that the spoken French of a Canadian *voyageur* differs

in many material particulars from both the written and the spoken French of Paris. A good map of the region to be visited should of course be procured if possible. There are not any detailed guide-books that we know of, and perhaps one is happier without them.

The next point is stores and equipment. Provisions are best laid in at the nearest town; at the same time, if there are any little portable matters the traveller has a special fancy for, he will do wisely to make sure of them at a place of larger resources, like Montreal or Toronto. As to clothes and wraps, it is simpler and cheaper to bring them with you as free luggage than to buy them in Canada, and pay the freight and another set of profits in addition to the home price. At this point we remark, for abundant caution's sake, that a canoeing party must do without many of the luxuries of civilization, and some of the so-called necessaries. It is a very different affair from a garden picnic, or an encampment on the Thames, or even a night or two in Alpine huts. If a man cannot be happy without his shaving-water, and his dressing-gown, and his boots nicely blacked, and his *Times* at breakfast every morning, he has only to stay at home As a general maxim for travelling of this kind, the fewer things you have to carry and to think about the better, and this applies to stores of all sorts. It is wiser to take what is known to be generally useful than to burden one's self with a variety of special devices in the way of raiment, food, or anything else. The staples of solid food are bacon and some form of wheat stuff; whether bread, biscuit, or flour, and in what proportions, is a matter of taste, provided that

one at least of the party can bake. Fresh bread, milk, eggs, potatoes, and sometimes other vegetables, can mostly be bought at farmhouses on the banks of the river at intervals of not more than a day or two. If not, beans are the favourite vegetable to carry; they are always, or almost always, taken by canoeing and camping parties in the far West. Tea (with coffee as a variation if desired) is the universal drink. A traveller who wanted alcohol would have either to go to great trouble and expense, or take it in the form of whisky. But nobody knows the virtue of tea in all weathers and temperatures who has not drunk it in front of a camp fire. Not over a camp fire, for Canadians, though accustomed to extremes of heat and cold, are not salamanders. You may sit over a gipsy fire of half a dozen sticks, such as people boil a kettle with out of doors in England. But when in place of the sticks there are logs, five or six feet long, and solid stumps of pine or cedar, with their branching roots, and the flame of them searches the wood round about with lights and shadows that only Rembrandt could seize, and every now and then a volley of sparks goes up twenty or thirty feet, like a coil of live glowing serpents, why, then we keep a more respectful distance. *Täglich grosses Feuerwerk* is an attraction commonly advertised by the public gardens of German towns. The dweller in a Canadian camp has a finer sight every night in the natural course of things than any firework-maker could provide. To return to the provender, there is generally the chance of adding to the stock by the method of trolling with a line over the stern, and a spinning bait, which, if of no great interest from a sporting point of view, is found

effective for the purpose of having fish for supper. There are also not infrequent opportunities for fly-fishing, as to which information must be obtained as near the time and place as may be. A few tins of preserved meat do not add greatly to the bulk of the *butin*, as the French-speaking men call the baggage of the expedition, and are useful to give variety, and on occasion to save cooking. But one finds, as in the Alps, that there is no increase whatever in the appetite for flesh-meat; on the other hand, eggs, milk, and vegetables are eagerly welcomed. Rice, which is too little used by Englishmen at home, except as the vehicle of curry, has been found an excellent resource in camp diet, as it will do duty, according to taste, for a vegetable or for a sweet or savoury dish. Plain boiled rice, with sugar and milk, seems childish fare in town, but men are often glad of it in camp after a long day's work, when they care but little for stronger meat. A few condiments take up practically no room, so herein the traveller may please himself. It is worth knowing that French mustard can be obtained at even the smallest grocery stores in Lower Canada. As to medical comforts, a man who has any little special trouble to provide against (and he is lucky who, after thirty or thirty-five, has none) must take with him whatever remedies he knows to be required. This is necessary, and the rest is superfluous. Implicit following of the general good advice to be found by the bushel in guide-books and manuals of health would turn one's baggage into a family medicine chest, and make active life impossible. Still, there are sundry matters, more or less in the nature of drugs, which are useful all round, and which a man will not repent

having about him. Vaseline, for example, is good for many things—sunburn and flies among others. Many experienced travellers will never part from eau de cologne if they can help it; and we think they are right, for it has much and various virtue in small compass. For accidental hurts there is the Canada balsam tree *in situ*, with its healing gum, which is found in little vesicles in the bark. The boughs of this same tree—a stately conifer, with a spiry top—serve to line the tent floor with an aromatic and elastic bed, only the boughs must be laid all one way—from head to foot—and the right side up, or the sleeper, if we may pervert the words of the poet, will "touch the tender stops of various quills" to an extent that may interfere with his rest. Hemlock boughs are even better; the hemlock tree is not unlike the balsam, but with darker and softer foliage, more nearly approaching juniper. It is to be met with in England as an exotic, under the expanded name of hemlock spruce.

We have said nothing of tents, by the way; and all that can be said is, that the traveller must provide his own, of such dimensions as are suitable to the party. Cooking and mess utensils must also be taken. They can be bought in endless variety, and it is only necessary to remember that a few good strong camp-kettles and pans are better than many nicknacks, and that spirit-lamps and Russian furnaces need not be thought of in a land where nature supplies wood fuel without stint. This equipment will naturally be taken from headquarters, and will include knives, forks, and spoons (cutlery exists in French Canadian country towns, but the knives are flat pieces of iron which

never pretended to have an edge), and other things to match. There is not much to be said about clothing either, except that the analogies of a walking or fishing tour are rather to be followed than those of English boating. The smartness of boating flannels would very speedily come to grief in camp life; and there may be rough bits of wood to go through besides. Then one must be armed against cold nights and mornings, as well as hot days, even with the shelter of a tent. All kinds of wraps are good if they are strong enough. A fisherman's blue frock is an excellent thing to have with one as an extra garment. Waterproof sheets are useful to spread on the ground for meals and sitting out, or to lay in the boat, and are handy as an outside cover for other things, materially helping to make what is called a good pack. The army pattern, of indiarubber all through, is best. What amount of spare clothing and other personal belongings may reasonably be taken depends on the character of the particular journey. The carrying power of a canoe is much greater than any one would suppose who has not seen it loaded; and on a river not greatly interrupted by falls and rapids there is no occasion to be anxious about a few pounds. But the probable amount of portages should be considered beforehand. "Portage" is the process of cutting off a rapid or series of rapids by carrying the canoes and baggage overland; also the path (generally through woods) provided for this purpose. A portage may be of any length, from a few hundred feet to two or three miles. In the parts commonly used for traffic the paths are well kept; sometimes there is even a cart-road; but where the lumbering business has fallen off a portage may

be found all but abandoned, and in exceedingly bad condition. Much baggage on a heavy portage means much trouble and delay, and for such work it is desirable to carry no more weight than is indispensable; and, as trustworthy local information cannot always be had beforehand concerning the length and state of portages, it is well always to have things so arranged that you can easily put yourself in light marching order for a day or two, somewhat after the fashion commonly used in Alpine excursions. A waterproof pack that will stand wet and exposure, and has no particular shape to lose, will be found better for general use than the civilized portmanteau. In the matter of books and writing or drawing materials, every man of sense is best guided by his own taste, avoiding, of course, anything of excessive bulk. But it may save trouble in the choice of your half-dozen favourite authors to reflect that you probably will not open them. Homer, nevertheless, will go into one's pocket, and is ever good to read in the sound of great waters.

Supposing the party to be made up, equipped, and under way, one of the first things they have to remember is, that it takes time both to make and to strike a camp. Two hours of daylight are none too much to allow for putting things in order on arrival at a new station; and it will hardly be found practicable to effect a start in the morning in less than that space of time after rising. When you are established under canvas, be it for one night only or for a day or two, there are little points of comfort and policy worth attending to. Things crowded together, as they must be in a tent, are wonderfully easy to

mislay, however few of them there may be. We confidently offer this as a golden rule which will save much petty trouble and worry: —*Never leave any small object loose.* When done with, put it at once either in your pocket, or in the place where it goes when packed, or upon some larger object which cannot be overlooked. The inside of one's hat is a good receptacle for the contents of the pockets at night, being of a convenient capacity, and answering the condition of being impossible to overlook when you get up. It is good, both for cleanliness and order and for taking stock, to have a complete turn out of your kit every few days; though this we confess to be a counsel of perfection more likely to be allowed than followed. Airing in the sun is half as good as a washing. As for the care of one's person, it is an exceptional camping-ground where the river does not afford good bathing close at hand. For the rest, Canadian camp life has much in common with all forms of open-air life and rough travelling, and the directions given in such works as Mr. Galton's "Art of Travel" and the best Alpine guide-books may be consulted with advantage, using the necessary discretion in allowing for obvious differences; for instance, a man will not wear nailed boots in a canoe, neither need he learn how to make soap in the desert. We may have unconsciously repeated some of these directions; but nothing has been stated which is not derived from actual experience of the special matter in hand.

A canoe trip cannot be warranted to be all rose-colour more than any other human undertaking. But the summer months are, on the whole, far less exposed to accidents of weather in Canada than in Europe.

The only serious drawbacks likely to be encountered are excessive heat and insects; and insects are generally not to be feared after the first week in August. Before that time nobody goes to the woods unless compelled by business, or by the all-mastering love of sport. A cold July, however, may lead to a second crop of mosquitos and black-flies in August, and there is a tiny sand-fly, expressively called *brûlot* in Lower Canada, who is worse than either while his time lasts; happily he comes out only for an hour or so about dawn and sunset. The most effectual exorcism for flies of all kinds is wood smoke, and the making and judiciously placing a little smoky fire or heap of brands (*smudge* in English, *boucane* in French) for the purpose of keeping them off is one of the first mysteries of woodcraft that strike the new comer. When the sun's heat becomes too powerful, there is nothing for it that we know of but to use the world-old and world-wide remedy of keeping quiet in the middle of the day. The ordinary hardships of camp life (as they seem to people who set their hearts on the blacking of their boots) need not be considered. Letters and newspapers are doubtless cut off for the time being, a loss which the wise man can endure, to say the least, with equanimity. On the whole, there is no form of holiday pastime that gives more complete, varied, and delightful contrasts to the routine of work-a-day life than a canoe trip on one of the Canadian rivers.

ICE-YACHTING IN AMERICA.

Ice-boating is the king of American winter sports. To those who have never seen ice-boats the records of their achievements in the way of speed read like the wildest dreams of Jules Verne, and a description of the sport of sailing on one sounds like the ravings of a lunatic. By him who has mounted the windward runner of one of these skeleton craft, and felt her suddenly rush forward over the ice, while the swirling blast heeled her over until he was lifted high into the air, and felt as if he could by loosening his hold of the shrouds swing far off into the measureless air, the sensations are never to be forgotten. Now the boat, fanned by a moderate breeze forward of her beam, glides peacefully and smoothly along the dark surface of the ice. Now she is put about, and with a strong wind on her quarter, she dashes madly forward. The black ice, with the bubbles of the water underneath clearly visible, and the cracks here and there, becomes a dark, gleaming mass, silvered over with lines of flying white. The iron runners whisper a humming song as they skim over the ice. Now she strikes a windrow, and the scales of white ice go flying in every direction. Now the wind is on the beam, and the

boat "rears" until her windward runner is at an angle of 45°; and again she rights herself, and the man who stands upon the runner-plank, clinging to the weather-stays, feels as if he had left half of himself up in the air from which he has just descended with such an indescribable motion. Now the sky darkens; clouds sweep up from the horizon; the wind comes tearing down the grey mountain-sides, bearing in its bosom that mad whirl of blinding white called a snow squall. The sharp blast strikes you in the face, and stings; the driving, pitiless snow beats into your eyes; the wind howls and whistles through the wire rigging, striking it into music that has all the wild dissonance of the Æolian harp. The stricken craft starts and shivers through all her timbers, and bounds forward into the midst of all the strife and writhing of snow and wind, and you are swept onward at top speed through the fathomless gloom. The wind roars out of the mainsail, blowing twenty-five miles an hour. Yonder comes the Albany express train, thundering along the river-side fifty miles an hour. The engineer may throw open his throttle-valve, and send his engine to its greatest speed. He can manage seventy miles an hour, and the train rocks and reels and roars over the steel rails. But you are gliding in an enchanted land. As steadily and as easily and as silently as yonder bird you skim along, and even the mighty steam-engine falls behind; for are you not on an ice-boat? And seventy miles an hour becomes a gentle pace beside your wondrous flights at the rate of eighty and even ninety!

Before going further into an account of this marvellous sport, it is natural to inquire what is an ice-boat?

Makeshifts have been attempted, both in America and elsewhere (we believe), by help of cutter-yachts of small size, shod along the keel with steel runners. These, however, are clumsy and inartistic devices. The true ice-boat is a thing by itself. Englishmen have looked with astonishment and distrust upon the American trotting-waggon, with its light body and weblike running gear. What should we say to a yacht whose total weight was 850 pounds? It seems incredible, yet such is the weight of an ice-yacht measuring fifty feet over all. She consists of only a few slender, but strong timbers, sitting close to the ice and looking for all the world like a huge water spider, with a sail on her back. The chief timbers of an ice-yacht are arranged in the form of a letter T. The perpendicular line of the letter represents the centre timber, which runs from the foot of the mast to the stern of the boat. The horizontal line of the letter represents the runner-plank, on each end of which is an iron-runner very much like a large skate; indeed, it is usually called a runner-skate. On the top of the runner-plank is the mast-bench, in which the mast is stepped. From the stern end of the centre timber, side rails run diagonally to points about half-way between the mast and the ends of the runner-plank. One or two braces cross the centre timber from one side rail to the other. Mortised into the forward end of the centre timber is the heel of the bowsprit. In order to get an idea of the proportions of an ice-yacht, we here give the dimensions of a good-sized boat that sails on the Hudson:—Length of centre timber, 26 feet 9 inches; length of runner-plank, 19 feet 3½ inches; length over all, 50 feet 10 inches; sail area, 538½ square feet;

requisite thickness of ice for sailing, 4 inches; cost of building, $450 (about £90).

We have purposely omitted three of the main parts of the hull of an ice-yacht. These are the runners and the rudder. The runners are fastened between chocks of white oak by an iron bolt, which acts as a pivot, allowing the runner-skate free play up and down like a rocker. This is, of course, very necessary in passing over uneven spots in the ice. A rubber spring is frequently inserted over the skate to ease the jolting. The runner-skate is made of white oak and is shod with iron. The whole contrivance looks much like the profile of a foot with a skate on it. The curve in front is high, to admit of easy passage over rough spots. The iron is bevelled, and must be quite sharp. All first-class yachts have two sets of runners, one very sharp for smooth ice and strong winds, the other somewhat duller for rough or soft ice and light winds. The boat is steered by a rudder-skate. This is a runner, like the others, set on the end of a rudder-post, and turned by a tiller, as in a water-boat. This skate must be very sharp, in order to take a good hold on the ice. The boat has a small cockpit—or box, as it is called—for the accommodation of the helmsman. This completes the hull, which, it will be seen at once, is a mere skeleton. The timbers are usually of white pine, ash, or spruce, and may be oiled, decorated, or mounted with nickel plate and brass trimmings, according to the owner's taste and means. The rig is usually that of a sloop-jib and mainsail, though the cat-rig, consisting of mainsail alone, is not uncommon. The lateen rig has been tried with success, but the sloop rig maintains its position as the favourite. The stand-

ing rigging is generally constructed of the best wire rope, and the running rigging is made as simple as possible. The appearance of one of these boats is much like that of a catamaran. The skeleton-like construction of the hull, the smallness of the deck-room, the low position of the bowsprit, and its utter want of "steve" (or lift), all combine to give the boat this appearance. The jib is very wide and runs far out in front, the hoist of the gaff at the peak is knowing, and the boom projects aft in a significant manner. The whole cut and build of the boat makes her look like just what she is—a racing-machine pure and simple. The expert yachtsman who had never seen an ice-boat before, would, at the first glance, decide that one of these vessels had light heels.

From what has been said of an ice-boat's speed it may be inferred that accidents are numerous. Such, however, is not the case. At the present time, so great is the skill of ice-yachtsmen that a mishap of any kind worse that a frost-bite is rare. The sailing of an ice-yacht is totally different from that of an ordinary water-craft. The best sailor who ever manned a wheel would find himself at a loss on an ice-boat until he had learned her peculiarities. Her sheets are always hauled in and her mainsail trimmed flat aft.

If the wind is on the beam and is so strong as to make her slide sideways or "rear up" too much, the boom is sometimes let off a foot or two. The steering of an ice-boat is a novelty to an old sailor. She minds her helm so easily, and the helm itself is so easily turned, that at first one is filled with wonder; yet when one remembers that there is no rudder plough-

ing through heavy, opposing masses of water, but only a hard, sharp piece of iron gliding over a surface of perfect smoothness, it does not seem so strange after all. The helmsman, then, needs a cool head. Too sudden a twist of the tiller, when flying over the ice, will spin an ice-boat round almost on her own centre, and will probably result in hurling the crew off into space. Steering among obstacles, such as hummocks or cracks, requires the greatest care. First the boat is headed so as to spill (or lose) the wind, and then she is run across the crack at right angles, so that both runners will go over it at once. The speed of an ice-boat makes it necessary in cases of emergency to have a way of stopping her quickly. Of course she can be stopped, and generally is, by running her into the wind's eye. She can be stopped suddenly by luffing into the wind and then turning the rudder-stake straight across the stern, when it scrapes the ice and acts as a brake. An ice-boat, going at an ordinary rate of speed, can thus be stopped in twice her own length. This method is a great strain on the boat, and is employed only in cases of great need. An ice-yacht is anchored off-shore by heading her into the wind, loosening the jib-sheets, and turning the rudder crosswise. To start an ice-yacht from this position, the jib sheet is hauled in, the stern is swung round, and she is pushed ahead until the sails fill. The helmsman is the only person who occupies the box or cockpit. The crew stand on the windward runner, and balance themselves by holding the shrouds. This keeps the windward side down, and relieves the lee runner of some of the strain. Of course, when the wind is high

she needs more weight in the box to keep the rudder well down on the ice and prevent her from sliding to leeward. Ice-boats sometimes capsize, but the motion is very easy, and the crew are dropped off on the ice very quietly. An ice-boat often runs a considerable distance on her lee runner and rudder. She is blown into this position by very heavy wind, and when she elevates her bow in this way, she is said to "rear up." A clever sailor can keep her poised so for some time. Of course she must be eased, or she will go over. There are two ways of easing her. If beating to windward, she may be righted by luffing, as an ordinary water-boat would be. If running with the wind, she may be eased by paying off the sheet. Then the windward runner sweeps down, and the man who stands on it, as it drops out of the air while it is tearing forward at an enormous speed, learns that there are more things in heaven and earth than were dreamed of in his philosophy. The boat will occasionally run upon thin ice and break in, but this is not a serious matter. The lee runner cuts through the ice, and stops her headway, and she then upsets before her stern is off the sound ice. The season for this sport, unhappily for those who love it, is usually very short. Sixteen good days in the course of the winter form an ordinary season. The yachtsman's costume is by no means picturesque, but it is serviceable. He wears a leather coat, or several cardigan jackets under a heavy pea-jacket or sealskin; his trousers are tied round the ankles, or else tucked into the legs of woollen hose; he wears linen drawers over woollen ones; and he has a good pair of "arctics" on his feet, and a fur cap pulled down over his ears.

When snow is flying he has fine wire-goggles over his eyes, and a wire covering for his mouth. In spite of all this, the ice-yachtsman sometimes suffers from frostbites. He always wonders how he got them; for, in the enthusiasm and wild excitement of sailing, he never felt cold for a single moment.

There is one other point in the sailing of an ice-boat; but we must consider it in connection with her speed. This speed is simply marvellous; and, to those who have never seen an ice-boat dart away and shrink to a speck on the horizon in a few minutes, it is wholly incredible. Yet the facts exist. On February 12, 1879, the *Lucille*, owned by Captain Winslow, sailed from Poughkeepsie to New Hamburg, a distance of nine miles, in seven minutes and ten seconds. The *Snow Flake*, some forty feet ten inches long, has made the distance in seven minutes. In 1882 the *Haze* did the same thing, and at one point in her flight made two miles in one minute. In 1879 the *Comet*, *Phantom*, *Zephyr*, and *Magic* sailed in company ten miles in ten minutes, and most of the time so great was the wind that the windward runners of the boats were elevated at an angle of 45°. A gentleman residing at Poughkeepsie wished to speak to his brother who had started in a train for New York. He sprang into his ice-boat, soon passed the train, and was on the platform of the station at Newburg when the train dashed up. The very names of the boats suggest swiftness. There are the *Haze*, *Arctic*, *Hail*, *Restless*, *Snow Bird*, *Æolus*, *Phantom*, *Avalanche*, *Jack Frost*, *Zig-Zag*, *Whiz*, and *Icicle* among the flyers on the Hudson.

Now how are we to account for this speed? Several

facts must be noticed. In the first place, we must take into account the very small friction of the vessel on the ice. Moreover, such heat as is generated by this friction is at once absorbed by the ice. Again, the ice-boat never makes leeway except in very high winds. If put directly before the wind, she will, of course, sail no faster than the wind blows. If it is a breeze of fifteen miles an hour, the boat will sail at that rate. The peculiar phenomenon of running out of the wind when sailing free sometimes occurs when the wind is gusty. A sudden blast drives the boat ahead, and then there is a lull, when, for a moment, the boat runs faster than the wind, and consequently her sails flap idly for want of the breeze, which has been left behind. The ice-boat's better course is with the wind on the beam, because thus she constantly has the full force of the breeze exerted on her sails and increasing her speed. Moreover, the ice-boat always tacks in going to leeward as well as to windward. The greatest possible speed can be got out of her when she is sailing with the wind on her quarter. On this course she has a constant forward push on her sails, and, as she goes diagonally along the track of the wind, she is less retarded by the resistance of the air than on any other course. Hence an ice-boat in sailing ten miles to the southward with a northerly wind will take a zig-zag course, running alternately to the south-east and south-west, and will reach her destination very much more quickly than by sailing a direct course. This is probably the only case in which a straight line is not the shortest distance between two points. The greatest speed of ice-boats is not recorded, because it always occurs

when no one is expecting it. The boat very seldom sails in a straight line for even a mile. In running the nine miles from Poughkeepsie to New Hamburg, an ice-boat, on her tortuous course, sails far more than the actual distance between the two places. When working to windward, which is her worst course, she will make from ten to fifteen miles an hour. When beating to leeward, as it is called, or sailing with the wind abeam, she goes at times at the rate of from eighty to one hundred miles an hour. And the man who has never been in an ice-boat before finds that his sensations are of a nature beyond the power of words to describe.

COASTING AND TOBOGANNING.

THE severity of the American winter, with its continuous ice and its lasting snows, is made a source of pleasure by the ingenious and hardy people. Their winter sports are numerous and healthful. Skating is popular with all classes, and the number of experts is very large. Sleighing is also a common amusement; and, after a good fall of snow, the Seventh Avenue Boulevard at New York is one of the most animated places that one could wish to see. Curling is played by the Scotch residents, and an occasional game of baseball on ice is seen. Ice-yachting, is a unique and exciting sport. Nothing, however, is more popular, in localities adapted to its enjoyment, than coasting, which is simply sliding downhill on a small sledge. In Canada the people have almost given up the ordinary style of coasting, for a variation of the sport known as tobogganning.

All that is necessary for the full enjoyment of coasting is a hill, with a good open bit of roadway at its bottom, a moderate amount of well-packed snow, and the sledge—or, as it is commonly called, sled. These sleds are simple contrivances, admirably adapted to the purpose for which they are used. The favourite

kind is made of three pieces of board, one for the seat, and one for each runner. The seat is sawed out in front in concave form, and at the rear has a convex overhang, like the stern of a cutter. The object of the concavity in front is to allow the rider, who sits well forward, free play for his feet in guiding the sled. The runners begin at the extremities of the concave front, and terminate at the point where the convexity of the overhang begins. They are made of solid pieces of wood, from six to eight inches high, and are shod with iron runners having convex faces. A sled made in this manner is very solid and durable, and has the quality, much desired by the American boy, of sitting close to the ground. It rides over uneven places in the course with great ease, and is guided with facility. There is another kind of sled, known as a jumper, from the tendency it has to jump when passing over a slight unevenness in the ground. Its runners are made like those of a sleigh, with stanchions, and are shod with flat irons.

The favourite places for coasting in cities are unfrequented streets on hillsides. The pastime naturally wears the surface of the snow very smooth, and makes it unsafe for pedestrians or horses. Hence city ordinances usually forbid coasting within certain limits. Within the boundaries of every American city, however, can be found streets laid out, but with no houses in them. Here the small boy revels in his sport. He goes to the top of the hill with his sled, and, if he has room for a companion, takes the forward seat, with his friend behind. The force of gravity starts the sled down the slippery inclined plane. Every moment increases its speed, and before

the bottom of the hill is reached it is going at a pace that quite takes away one's breath. The rider who sits in front guides the sled by occasionally striking the heel of his shoe into the snow, thus drawing the head of the sled the way he wishes it to go. This is the decorous method of coasting. It must be said, however, that the American boy, with his usual delight in being unbeautiful, is fonder of coasting in a much less dignified style. He likes, to borrow an expression from the game of euchre, to "go it alone." He seizes the sled in his arms and clasps it to his breast, with a mingled air of affection and delightful anticipation. Then he launches himself forward. The sled lights upon its runners, and the boy face downward upon the sled, the principal point of contact being in the region of the waistband of the boy's trousers. A momentary expression of surprise and regret may overspread the countenance of the boy at the shock of contact, but it soon fades away as the exhilaration of plunging downhill head foremost makes itself felt throughout his being, and he delivers many more lunges out behind with his stoutly shod feet than are necessary for the skilful direction of his vehicle. Coasting may be enjoyed by a large party on one sled. The American boys are very fond of large sleds, and the principal kind is known as the "double ripper." It is made by placing a long and narrow platform upon two sleds, one at each end. The front sled is attached to the platform by a pivotal contrivance, which permits of the sleds being turned to one side or the other in steering. The rear sled is fastened firmly. A party of ten or a dozen persons may mount such a sled, and, guided by some

experienced coaster, go skimming down the hillside and along the level ground at the bottom for a surprising distance. The greatest coasting place in the United States is probably Boston Common. In this public park, situated in the heart of the city of Boston, there is one long walk which runs diagonally across the entire common. There is no steep incline, but a gentle descent, which makes coasting there a very safe and exhilarating, though not thrilling sport. But the number and variety of sleds which are to be seen there, and the enthusiasm with which the Boston boy goes into the fun, make the scene enjoyable to the spectators, of whom there is always a goodly number. The best coasting on the American continent is undoubtedly at the falls of the Montmorenci, near Quebec. Away through the highlands to the northeast of the city the river forces its way until its waters are suddenly crowded into a narrow gorge, whence they fall a sheer two hundred feet into the St. Lawrence. A ceaseless cloud of dense mist arises from these falls, and when the pool below is frozen over, as it always is in winter, to within a few feet of the foot of the falls, the mist collects as it descends, and is gradually frozen into two immense cones. One of these, known as the gentlemen's cone, is shaped like a sugar-loaf, and rises to the height of 150 ft.; the other is less lofty, reaching to an altitude of about 75 ft., and is flatter on the top. This is the ladies' cone. Steps are cut in the sides, and by dint of hard climbing the ardent coasters reach the top. Boys with iron-shod *traineaux*, or sleds, are always ready for employment. The coaster seats himself on the sled, with the boy in front to guide, and away they

go down the steep and glassy side of the cone, at a pace that is appalling to the inexperienced, and always thrilling to the oldest lovers of the sport. The impetus gained is so great that the sleds sometimes run a mile over the smooth surface of the frozen river.

But in Canada, where winter sports are, perforce, cultivated to the highest point, the great pastime of the people, from the Governor-General down, is tobogganning. This is coasting, as we have before hinted, in a different form. The tobogan is made of a piece of thin, tough wood, usually birch bark, though any wood that is fibrous and pliable will answer the purpose. The wood should be about $\frac{3}{16}$ths of an inch in thickness, and the tobogan is from 15 to 24 inches wide, and from 4 to 8 ft. long. This piece of wood is curved upward in front, and the forward end is held in place by a brace on each side. The tobogan is further strengthened by a light rod, about an inch thick, running along each side, and by several cross pieces of similar size. The tobogan is nothing more or less than an Indian sledge, and the name is a corruption of an Indian word. When the Indian goes to the woods in the winter to cut wood, or to shoot game, he always takes his tobogan with him to use in drawing home his load. Its broad, flat surface makes it ride lightly over the snow. This is its normal use. But the Canadians have found a way to make it an instrument of fun; and like all things that are adopted by pleasure-loving people of means, it has developed from a rather rough contrivance into something elaborate and often costly. The sport of tobogganning has grown immensely in popular favour within the past twenty years. The method of opera-

tion is apparently simple, but all who have tried it are quite ready to acknowledge that it requires coolness and skill. The present way is this:—a soft cushion is laid on the tobogan, and on this ladies and gentlemen—not more than three—seat themselves, with their legs tucked up in front of them, much in the manner of a tailor. The steersman mounts behind on the left knee, the right leg being used as a rudder. Having seen his passengers comfortably seated, he gives the tobogan a start, and away they go down the hill at a constantly increasing pace. Ten, twenty miles an hour are slow; the tobogan often goes at the rate of thirty. Formerly the steersman sat in front, and guided the tobogan by the use of a bit of stick in each hand. If the head of the tobogan went too much to the right, he plunged the right-hand piece of stick into the snow, thus drawing the tobogan in that direction. This had to be done very gently, as a too forcible dig would pull the vehicle round too far, and over it would go. It had, and has still, a provoking way of righting itself and going off down the hill at a tremendous pace before the scattered riders could regain their feet. The tobogan must be treated with gentleness and forbearance. It is a restive steed, and will not brook rough treatment, as many a tiro has found to his discomfiture. In the old days, when the tobogan slide was *au naturel*, the glacis of the citadel was the favourite spot at Quebec and Kingston, while at Montreal it was the mountain. Now, however, tobogganning is a cultivated plant, and the slides are built for the purpose. An inclined plane 50 ft. high, and about 150 ft. long, is built of heavy timbers. On one side is a walk by which the

tobogganing parties return to the top after having slid down. The central part of the plane is divided into two or three slides, with ridges of snow between them. The slide itself is well sluiced with water in good freezing weather, and soon presents a glassy surface. The tobogans fly down these perfectly smooth sides at an astounding rate, and run far along the level ground at the bottom. Montreal has five clubs for the cultivation of this sport, and each has its own slide. The Montreal Club, founded in 1879, until recently was the only one. It has a fine ground on the mountain-side above Sherbrooke Street, near Côte St. Antoine. It has four slides, one 800 ft. long, the others 500 ft., and a club-house. The Tuque Bleue Club, founded November 26, 1883, has now more than 500 members. It has an artificial slide, 40 ft. high, at the Montreal Lacrosse grounds. The slide is 32 ft. wide, has four four-foot shoots and two stairways, and is 450 yards long. The Park Club, which was formed about the end of November, 1883, has now over 600 members. The club has a wooden shoot, or slide, 20 ft. high and 140 ft. long. The entire course, however, is about 1460 ft. long, and has a descent of 84 ft. The Lansdowne Tobogganing Club, named after the Governor-General, was formed on December 22. The Governor-General and Lady Lansdowne have become its patrons. It already has over 350 members. The slide is on Fletcher's Field, a wide public space below the mountain. It begins with a wooden shoot 12 ft. high and 50 ft. long, and the entire course is 600 ft. in extent. The Beaver Club was organized on January 14, 1884, and already numbers more than 100 members. The wooden shoot

at Marlborough and St. Mary Streets is 12 ft. high and 112 ft. long, with a course of 600 ft. extending upon the river. On ordinary nights these courses are illuminated with torches and large lamps. Chinese lanterns and decorative illuminations are employed on special occasions.

Of course, during the great ice carnival at Montreal, tobogganning is at its height. The costumes of the various clubs are picturesque, and the dresses of the ladies are arranged with a special view to producing a pretty effect. One would think that the position of a lady upon a tobogan must necessarily be awkward; but the Canadian women, who are straight, strong, healthy, and comely beings, are adepts at the management of their costumes.

A LACROSSE MATCH AT MONTREAL.

We might almost fancy that we had fallen asleep in the summer sun, and were dreaming of Lord's. There is a field of short dry turf, lined with eager spectators all round, and overlooked by suburban villas which seem deliciously cool in the foliage of their gardens. There are young men and boys improving their points of view by scrambling to all sorts of unlikely places. There is the crowding, the air of strained expectation, the buzz of rumour that we are familiar with at the great cricket-matches of the year. In the centre of one side of the ground is the members' pavilion, and a separate grand stand offers commanding seats to those of the general public who are minded to pay for them. If we were dropped here from the clouds, with all indications of latitude and longitude suppressed, we should know the scene at once for a great festival of the athletic and sporting English race. But it is not Lord's, neither are we dreaming. Our surroundings are English, but English with curious differences. The walls that separate us from the public road are not of brick, but of timber, for we are in a land of pine-forests. These houses with graceful high-pitched roofs and light open balconies own no fellowship with such cubical boxes

of dingy brick and dirty stucco as the British speculative builder delights to cumber the earth withal. And then the air is in itself a wonder to dwellers in our dank Thames Valley who have fared hither across the ocean. We seem to have emerged into that upper ether of the blessed ones, fabled by Plato, to which our common atmosphere is dark and heavy as the waters of a deep sea. Never did the Athenians walk delicately in a more brilliant sky than this. Rarely, very rarely, in the first hours of a fine spring or autumn morning, we may see something comparable to it in England. Twice and thrice delightful after the cold and fog of the North Atlantic was the clear heaven in which the Union Jack looks homeward from the citadel of Quebec over the noblest of river views in the civilized world. But this is yet a degree brighter and clearer, and our still unaccustomed English eyes find in it a perpetual feast.

We are not here, however, to think of the beauties of the sky, still less to see men walk delicately, but to see men running and striving, with cunning of hand and fleetness of foot, in a game whose mastery needs the feet of Achilles, the hand of Diomedes, and the craft of Odysseus. This is the lacrosse ground of the Montreal Club, and on this second day of August the men of Montreal, the holders of the championship of Canada, are to maintain their honours if they can against the Shamrocks. The latter title explains itself, though we may surmise that the proof of Irish origin required to qualify for membership is not very strict. One of the Shamrock twelve, at any rate, bears an unmistakably Scotch name, another a no less French-looking one, and not more than half the other names

have anything distinctly Irish about them. For the rest, this is not surprising. Many a good man wears the plaid and kilt in the London Scottish, though his kith and kin have all been domiciled south of the Tweed for generations. But Irish blood in Montreal is all up notwithstanding. The Montrealers are on their mettle, too, and the general excitement can be compared only to that of the Eton and Harrow day at Lord's. Cabmen take double fares, and the scramble for tickets at the gates brings out all the worst features of an English-speaking crowd. It has not occurred to the authorities of the Club or to the municipal police that a quite slight and simple provision of barriers is enough to make people defile past a ticket-office in an orderly manner, while for want of a few dollars' worth of timber and nails they make a confused rush from all quarters at once, "shoving like swine," just as, by the plain-spoken witness of Theocritus, the sightseers of Alexandria were wont to do under the Ptolemies. But, on the same authority, the Greeks conquered Troy by trying long enough, and in such cases it is oftentimes the best policy to wait till the fury of the rush has exhausted itself, when one may fare no worse after all. At length we are inside the ground. Happy is the man who has ladies in his charge, for so may the party find good places even at the eleventh hour. The general aspect, we said, strangely recalls Lord's. The preparations on the field, however, are more like football than anything else. Two goals are set over against one another, marked by sticks of much the same height, and with much the same space between them, as those used in the Eton field game. But the line of the goal-posts

is not continued on either side as a boundary, nor are there marked bounds anywhere. In fact, there are not in lacrosse any bounds like those of football, and play goes on behind and all round the goals if the ball is taken there. Football players will at once perceive that this peculiarity saves lacrosse from a multitude of troublesome doubts and interruptions.

Now the players are mustering. Their costume may be described, for English readers who have not seen the game (it is now more or less naturalized in England, but we do not think it is yet a familiar sight), as a sort of mixture of running and boating garments. The Shamrocks are in red jerseys and dark-blue knickerbockers, looking stern and warlike; the Montreal uniform is a cool bluish-grey, with red trimmings. Red stockings (stopping short of the knee in the Tyrolese fashion) are worn by some. The men have formed little groups, and are tossing the ball to and fro, something after the manner of the "kickabout" preceding a game of football. The lacrosse ball is of solid india-rubber, about the size of a billiard-ball. It is not struck, but caught in the loosely-strung bat, and thrown out of it either forward or backhanded. It must not, in any circumstances, be touched with the hand. The action is a very free and graceful one, and doubtless as difficult as most other things that look easy. Without much apparent effort the ball is sent as far as an expert hand can throw a cricket-ball, if not further. In the regular course of the game, the player who for the moment is in possession of the ball may carry it in his bat as long as he will and can. Hence the value of running power and general agility, which will be

manifest as soon as the real day's work begins. Meanwhile there are signs of impatience. The appointed hour is well past; we learn afterwards that there has been a dispute and a formal protest about the standing of one of the players. The objection is duly recorded, the final decision on it being reserved, and the sides are marshalled for play. For a minute or two they stand facing one another in line at the middle point of the field, and imagination runs back once more to the playing-fields of Eton, and the "bully" of football. But lacrosse is far otherwise ordered. The lines break up as into skirmishing order, but—strange sight to new-comers' eyes—each file consists of two adversaries. Eleven such files take post at regular intervals along the line between the two goals, a red man facing a grey one at every point. The two remaining men are stationed alone, at the extreme points, each on guard at the goal of his own side. Thus, each side starts with a chain of posts the whole length of the field for concerted attack or mutual succour; and every station has its proper name, like the places of the field in cricket or football. There is no such thing as "sneaking," or "cornering," or being "off your side." On the contrary, no small part of the play consists in passing on the ball to one's friends in a more favourable situation, or cutting it out from the enemy who is about to receive it. All things being ready, the two adversaries at the central point, who have to "face the ball," take their distance with bats crossed level on the ground. The ball is placed between them by one of the umpires; it is in play. In one moment the nearest files have run in to struggle for the first possession of it; again the

analogy of certain phases of football comes irresistibly before the mind. But this is lighter, more rapid, more subtle; as much so as the air of Montreal is lighter than the air of Eton. Away goes the ball, carried off on the bat of a bold and fortunate player; he runs with it out of the press, making a great sweep round for the enemy's goal. A friend or two follows him up, and the adversaries rally against him no less swiftly. Now he is cut off; he bounds like a leopard and winds like a snake to gain the open. At last there is an abrupt stop and a clashing of bats; a foeman has checked him and got the ball; there is no time for this new holder to lose, for the place is dangerous. He dashes out a few paces to get free, and then with one clean throw he sends the ball far away, and before you can note where it has gone they are striving for it on the other side of the field. And so the vicissitudes of the game go on, the momentary centre of interest being shifted with astonishing quickness.

The scoring is so simple that anybody can follow it. Nothing counts but a goal, for which the ball must be put through by a direct throw (not carried) between the posts, and not above them. There is no process of trying for a goal, and play is not stopped by the ball going behind the line of the posts. Whoever can put the ball through scores a point or a game (for local usage seems to differ in this matter of nomenclature), and the side first making three points or games wins the match. By the use of Montreal every goal is deemed to complete a game. On this occasion the first game is almost snatched; the Shamrocks get the command of the ball and keep it, and after a

brilliant run down and a short scuffle it is through the Montrealers' goal. There is a pause for rest, the two sides change goals (as at football is done after the first half-hour), and play is started as before. This time the champions will not be taken by surprise, and a well-sustained contest ensues, with episodes of various fortune, in which the Montreal men once or twice come near to redressing the balance. Brilliant feats are done on both sides, but the Shamrocks appear to have the upper hand in the scientific tactics of the game. Evidently they have gone through the sort of training which makes the difference between respectable fielding and perfect fielding in a cricket eleven. They never fail in "backing up;" no man allows himself to be taken unawares. They are always where they are wanted, ready to avert misfortune or seize an advantage; whereby the spectators who take the Montreal side are able, with a plausible appearance of truth, to cry out at their astonishing good luck. But good luck is the name given at all times and in all places to the reward of hard work and discipline. One game may be won by luck or surprise, but hardly two; and see, that strenuous Irish champion, always intent on his mark through all his turnings and doublings, has got the ball down at the Montreal end again, so far from our place that we cannot watch the play in detail. Will none of them check him in time? He has baffled them, and is round in front of the goal. Suddenly a shout of triumph goes up, like and unlike the cheering at Lord's, ringing sharper and shorter; the second game is won for the Shamrocks.

It is now plain that the Montrealers have found

something more than their match. Not the less they make ready to quit themselves like men in the third bout. The disparity is nothing overwhelming, and fortune may yet have her revenges in store for them. Once more the ball is "faced," and the red and grey clad combatants flash to and fro, pursuing or pursued, catch the ball in mid flight, or cast it far over the heads of the enemies pressing on them. But the fates are not to be moved. Again the Montreal goal is hard beset; again the nimble and cunning Heelan, as persistent as nimble, and supported by the well-knit power of the Shamrock team, has carried down the ball to the adversary's quarters, and holds it there; already there has been a narrow escape or so. A moment of exciting suspense, and the thing is done. The Shamrocks have won by three goals to nothing in a short hour, and the men of Montreal are deposed from the championship. They have done well, and valiantly too, but they are fairly beaten. An excellent and discreet fencing-master, the late Mr. J. M. Waite, was once asked by an intimate friend of three of his pupils what he thought of their respective merits. "Well," he answered, "Mr. X. is a pretty fencer, and Mr. Y. has good form, and knows plenty of things too, but Mr. Z. *would kill his man*." The Shamrock team are of that sort, and they have killed their man beyond question.

A rush to greet the conquerors, much cheering and swaying of the crowd, and the pouring out of a clamorous multitude into the street; such is the end at Montreal as at Lord's. Only St. John's Wood Road is not a delicious green boulevard a mile long, more's the pity; and instead of the London hansom

there is a no less ubiquitous and dashing vehicle, with a half-open body and slender hickory wheels, beside which the hansom would look as heavy as a gun-carriage. And so, either on those swift and springy wheels, or strolling on foot in the grateful shade of trees, let us go our ways, well content to have seen lacrosse in its own land, and persuaded that it is great among the games of the earth.

LASSOING AND BULL-TAILING.

THE high courage and agility of the bull have caused him to be selected as an object of sport by different nations. Our own ancestors could find no better way of procuring amusement at the expense of the noble beast than the brutal plan of baiting him with dogs—a practice undeserving of the name of sport, and devoid of the one redeeming point in the Spanish bull-fight, namely, the element of personal risk incurred by the men engaged in it. Bull-fighting was, with certain modifications which will be mentioned below, introduced by the Spaniards into the New World; but they also struck out for themselves there some new forms of sport which are infinitely more deserving of admiration, as affording equal opportunities for the display of activity and skill without the gross cruelty which disgusts one in the Spanish bull-ring. The most characteristic of these is the use of the lasso. This instrument, a necessity in managing the herds of cattle that range over the vast plains of America, is somewhat different in form and application in the prairies of the North and the pampas of the South. The lasso employed by the gaucho of the Rio de la Plata is a thin rope made of plaited thongs of raw hide; one

end of it is always attached to a ring on the saddle-bow, so that when any animal has been caught in its coils the horse, and not the rider, has to hold it and stand the strain. The Mexican lasso (which, by the way, is rarely called by that name, but is known by that of the *reata*—*the* rope *par excellence*) is never made fast to the saddle when in use. Some description of the Mexican saddle is necessary to a proper understanding of the sport. It is a modification of the Arab saddle as used in Spain. The tree consists of two pieces of wood, sloping towards each other like the roof of a house, but without a ridge; they are separated by a space of about three inches in width, and, rising towards the pommel and cantle, are joined there above the level of the horse's back, so that the weight rests on his ribs without touching the back-bone, along which there is a free current of air, even when the rider is on his seat. The cantle is very high, almost like that of the old tilting saddle to be seen in any armoury; the pommel rises to a neck of solid wood, which spreads out to a flat head, sloping forwards and upwards. This is called the *cabeza* or head, and varies in size according to fashion, being sometimes as large as a breakfast plate. In saddles intended for display on the *paseo*, the whole of the head, as well as the rim leading up to it, and that of the cantle, is covered with solid silver, often beautifully embossed; but in those intended for real work the wood is covered, not with leather, but with parchment or varnished canvas, glued down. Right and left of the head, and just below it, hang two thongs of soft deer-skin; those on the near side are used for tying up the end of the head-stall, which always forms part

of the horse's headgear, while those of the off side hold the *reata*, neatly coiled up, and thus always ready to the rider's right hand. It can be loosened in a moment by a pull at the thong. The stirrups, which are four or five inches wide and six high, are of iron, often inlaid with silver; they hang from broad straps, which go round one side of the tree. This cumbrous saddle is invariably placed on a leathern saddle-cloth, called the *vaquerilla*, generally made of goat-skin, with the hair on, and the edges embroidered with gold and silver; it covers the loins of the horse, and is fitted underneath with large pockets or bags, which are most useful on a journey. On top of this, and across the horse's back, immediately behind the cantle, is fastened the *serape*, a sort of plaid with a diamond-shaped pattern in the centre; it is neatly rolled up so as to show the gay-coloured diamond, and is tied with two pairs of deer-skin thongs, corresponding to those in front. A long holster for carrying a rifle sometimes hangs on the off flank, immediately behind the rider's thigh; while a sword may be placed diagonally under his left leg, so that the handle comes just where he wants it if he should have occasion to draw it in a hurry. The revolver, an inseparable companion, is rarely placed in a holster on the horse, but is worn by the prudent ranchero on a belt round his waist, so as never to be separated from him. The bridle and head-stall are not made of leather, as with us, but of thin rope, ornamented with silver bosses. The bit, also derived from the Arabs, is, or rather might be, a very severe one; the curb consists of a solid ring of iron passing round the lower jaw, and jointed to a powerful port, three or four inches long, inside the

horse's mouth. Great leverage is given by the length of the bars outside, from the bottom ring of which hang a few links of chain, to which is attached the single rope rein; this is formed in the middle into a loop, which is carried loosely on the little finger of the left hand; no grasping with finger and thumb is required, a slight touch of this powerful bit being sufficient at any time to throw the horse on to his haunches. Mexican horses have beautiful mouths, and cannot be ridden by any one who wants to "hold on by the reins." It will thus be seen that the right hand is left free to wield the lasso; when not so employed, it is used to hold the eternal cigarette, which, not being gummed together, cannot be kept in the lips, but must be pinched tight by the thumb and two fingers. The Mexican seat is very different to ours; the legs are nearly straight, the knees being almost thrown back; they do not grip with the knees, but ride by balance, and sit well down into the saddle; for a long journey it is perhaps less fatiguing than ours. There are no fences in Mexico, so no jumping is required; indeed, it would be almost impossible with the high pommel. The horses are small, rarely exceeding fifteen hands, and often much less; yet they carry all this weight without apparent effort. The lasso itself is a rope made of the twisted fibre of the *maguey*, or aloe, known in European markets as Sisal hemp. There is a great difference in the quality; the best and strongest are twisted so extremely tight that it is almost impossible to untwist the strands. One end is worked into a small loop, lined inside with leather, through which, when about to throw the lasso, the other end is passed. The rope is about thirty feet

long; about one-third of it is formed into a noose which is grasped a little above the loop—*i.e.* where the rope is double; the rest of it is coiled round and held in the left hand, ready to let go, the extreme end being kept separate and of course retained. The noose should hang well clear of the ground when held level with the shoulder, and, when open, forms a circle of four or five feet in diameter. The lasso is swung over the head and left shoulder, and back over the right shoulder, a peculiar turn of the wrist keeping the noose open as it begins to return. It is thus made to circle round and round his head by the thrower until he is within distance of his object, when it is launched and flies off at a tangent, the noose assuming a circular form, and settling quietly round the object aimed at. Before it settles the thrower seizes the other end with his right hand, and gives it two rapid turns round the *cabeza* of his saddle, so as to get a purchase. If he is not quick enough at this, and the bull tightens the rope before a good purchase has been effected, the result is that the fingers get caught between the rope and the *cabeza* and very much injured. It is no unfrequent thing to see a man who has lost one or two fingers in learning the art. It is beautiful to see the exactitude with which an adept will throw the lasso from or to any point, over either shoulder, behind or in front. There is no credit in catching a bull by the horns, for he cannot be thrown by them; but considerable skill is required to pitch the noose just in front of him when he is at full gallop, so that at his next step he treads into it; then, on its being tightened with a sudden jerk, rolls over in the dust. The horse, too, has to learn his part of the business, and bear at

the right moment in the opposite direction, or he might be thrown instead of the bull, to which indeed he is often inferior in weight. It is considered disgraceful to have to loosen the lasso, and to let the bull carry it off with him. A good hand at it will catch by either leg alone a bull galloping past at any angle. The most difficult feat of all is to lasso him round the quarters, when at full gallop, at the moment when his hind legs are doubled up under him. Usually the noose slips off, and nothing happens; but if it be thrown precisely at the right instant, his hind legs are pinned tight up under his belly, and he is brought to a standstill in the position of a sitting dog, looking indescribably silly in such an unwonted position. These and other feats of lassoing are seen at their best at a *hacienda*, on the occasion of the annual *herradero*, when the young bulls are driven in from the plains, thrown down, and marked with a hot iron with the initials of their proprietors' names. Friends and neighbours come together from afar, and vie with one another in the display of dexterity and horsemanship.

Another peculiarly Mexican sport—to *colear*, or "tail" the bull—may be seen to advantage at such meetings as these. As Englishmen in India when out "pig-sticking" ride against one another for the honour of the first spear, so do the young rancheros in Mexico race for the tail of the bull. Two horsemen ride up on either flank of a bull, who gallops off, head down and tail extended; whichever gets up to him first, when within touching distance reaches down his hand as low as his stirrup, and grasps the tail by the tuft of hair at the end, with which he takes a turn round his hand. He then lifts his leg over the bull's tail, so

as to get a good "nip" at it between his knee and the saddle, while at the same moment he spurs his horse with the other heel, and makes him rush suddenly forward, and a little on one side. If the thing is done aright, the bull is spun round, thrown off his hind legs, and rolls over in the dust. If the momentum of the horseman be not sufficient, or be not applied at the right moment, the bull does not fall, while the horse frequently does. At any rate, the other rider gets a chance, and in his turn lays hold of the tail. Most exciting races are the result, but a bull who has been *coleado* before will frequently baffle his adversaries by the simple expedient of refusing to gallop, for a throw can only be effected when he is at his best pace. "Once bit, twice shy," holds good with him. No shouting and yelling "Ah, toro," has any effect on him if he has once felt that nasty tug at his tail; he either trots sulkily on, or else faces round and presents his horns instead of the other extremity to his enemy. A Mexican always considers a bull, no matter whose it be, fair game. Even when travelling quietly along the road, if he sees one feeding at a distance, he will dash off after him like wildfire, in the hopes of being able to *colear* him, or, at least, to roll him over with his *reata;* and no word in the voluble Spanish vocabulary is bad enough for poor *toro* if he declines to show sport.

Most Mexican cities are provided with a *plaza de toros*, but a bull fight is by no means the necessary Sunday amusement that it is in Spain. Moreover, the picadores, instead of being mounted on wretched screws which they take no sort of pains to keep from being gored, are very often young rancheros showing off their own horses; it becomes therefore, as far as

they are concerned, a fair contest between horseman and bull, and the rider must do the best he knows to prevent his steed from being touched by the horns of his active antagonist. Amateur fights, in which the bulls are not killed, but only worried, are often got up at *haciendas* in honour of a distinguished guest. Mexicans delight in all kinds of fancy methods of irritating them. Two men, for instance, are put into a large pair of scales made of hide; the bull tosses one, and down comes the other. Sometimes life-size images are made on the principle of the pith toys with a leaden bottom, which jump up as fast as the bull knocks them over. A most dangerous performance is to ride a bull. He is first thrown with a lasso, and held fast while a rope is knotted round him like a surcingle; a man then bestrides him, holding on to this rope, and the bull is loosed. Off he rushes, bellowing and kicking under the unaccustomed burden; and woe betide the foolhardy rider if the rope should give; he is gored to death long before the bystanders can distract the attention of the infuriated animal. The bull must be lassoed and held by his hind and fore legs before the man can dismount with safety. Many a broken limb, if not worse, is the result of such sports as these; but their practice has not been without its value in producing a race of horsemen whose seat and hands will compare favourably with those of any riders in the world.

BASEBALL.

So far as outdoor sports are concerned, the true American has very little heart for anything but baseball. In the cold weather, when the game cannot be played, he turns his attention, in a limited degree, to football; but even in this, as Mr. Hamerton might put it, he preserves the baseball frame of mind. There are indeed Americans who play cricket, and of them more will be said hereafter. Rowing is deservedly popular, but attracts much less attention; and in the colleges many of the boating men also handle the baseball. Yachting has great favour among the wealthier classes; but the most devoted yachtsman of them all admires the national game, often goes to see it, and not infrequently is a good player himself. Every one who has any taste for outdoor sports loves the national game, and the visitor to America in the summer time would certainly be led to paraphrase Addison, and exclaim, "Good heavens! even the little children here play baseball!" The enormous popularity of this pastime can hardly be comprehended here. A final game between the Boston and Chicago clubs for the League championship, or the deciding contest of the College championship series, usually a desperate struggle between Princeton

and Yale, is sure to draw out twenty thousand enthusiastic spectators, every one of whom can appreciate all the delicate points of play in this intricate game. It is to-day the only field sport which can draw so large an audience without the aid of betting and pool-selling.

It must be admitted that the game of baseball is not easy to learn. The American boy grows up with it, and it becomes a part of his existence. But the American girl, who likes to see the hard hitting, the running, and the fielding, spends many a long day under her escort's kind tuition before she begins to comprehend the spirit of the game. The Englishman has naturally even a worse chance of learning the game, yet, with his innate love for all that is muscular and manly, he wants to know what it is. If he visits America and does not like to betray ignorance, he always pretends to know something about the sport, and usually ends by proclaiming his belief that it is nothing more or less than the good old game of rounders. The truth is that, while it sprang from rounders, it has in the past twenty-five years developed into a great deal more—and less. Every year since professional ball-playing came into vogue in America the rules have been elaborated. Each season's experience has shown weak spots in the permissible methods of play, and these have been strengthened by new rules. Now the League-book contains seventy-two rules, some of which are subdivided into as many as fourteen sections. The rules are divided into eight classes, covering the materials of the game—field rules (treating of betting, selling of liquors, etc.), the players and their positions, definitions

("high ball," "low ball," "fair ball," etc.), the game, umpires, scoring, and construction and amendments.,

Let us see, then, what this game is, and how it is played. A good ground can be laid out on a piece of well-trimmed turf, 400 feet long by 300 broad, though the American grounds are much larger, in order to admit spectators. Ninety feet out from the fence is the home base. Directly in front of this, 127 feet distant, is the second base. First base is 90 feet distant diagonally to the right, and third base in a similar position to the left. The four bases are placed so as to form a perfect diamond, first and third bases being the same distance apart as home and second. It is 90 feet from home to first, from first to second, second to third, and third to home. A line is distinctly marked with lime between each two bases, and along this line the player goes when making a run. Directly in front of the home base, 50 feet distant, is the pitcher's position, 4 feet wide by 6 feet long. It is marked out with lime, and the pitcher may stand anywhere within the lines when delivering the ball. The home base consists of a marble or iron plate, sunk to a level with the surface of the ground, and securely fastened. The other three bases are canvas bags, 15 inches square, filled with sand or sawdust, and fastened by straps to short stakes firmly driven into the earth. Positions for the batsmen are marked out on either side of the home base, for the accommodation of right or left-handed strikers. They are 6 feet long, 3 feet wide, and 1 foot away from the base. The field should be in the same condition as for cricket.

Nine men on each side are required to play the

game. They are assigned to the following positions—pitcher, catcher, first, second, and third basemen, short stop, left, centre, and right fielders. The catcher plays behind the home base, and returns the ball to the pitcher after the latter has delivered it. The pitcher's position has been defined. His duty is to deliver the ball for the batsmen to strike at, and, just as in cricket, his object is to deceive the striker as much as possible, and make him strike at dangerous balls instead of easy ones. The first baseman covers his base and a portion of the field adjoining. The second baseman, in addition to his base, has to cover most of the in-field between first and second. The in-field, be it understood, is that portion inclosed within the lines running from one base to another. It is also called the diamond. Third baseman covers his base and a small portion of the in-field. The short-stop covers most of the field between second and third. This extra man in the in-field becomes necessary because, from the position of the batsmen, players hit the majority of the balls to that side of the field. Three fielders cover the out-field, or all that portion beyond the diamond. The left fielder plays behind the short stop, at a considerable distance, the centre fielder behind the second baseman, and the right fielder nearly behind first base. We are now ready for the game, except—two very important things—the ball and the bat. The ball is made of yarn wrapped around a small sphere of solid rubber, the whole covered with white leather. The bat is made of ash or willow, round and diminishing in thickness from the outer end to the handle. The rules declare that the ball must weigh not more than $5\frac{1}{4}$ ounces, nor less than

5, and must be not more than $9\frac{1}{4}$ inches in circumference, nor less than 9. The bat must not be longer than 42 inches, nor more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ in diameter at its thickest part.

The game of baseball is played in nine innings, and of course the victory goes to the side making the most runs. A run is a complete circuit of the bases, from home to first, thence to second, thence to third, and back home. The runner need not run further than from one base to the next at a time, though he may go all the way round if he can. The striker is allowed to make three strikes at the ball, only being required to strike at good balls. A bad ball is called a "ball," and counts against the pitcher, seven of them delivered to one batsman entitling that man to take first base. If the batsman does not strike at a good ball, the umpire calls a strike against him just as if he had struck at it. When three strikes have been made, the player must run to first base. If, however, the catcher holds the ball struck at the third time on the fly or the first bound, the striker is out. If the catcher does not hold the ball, he must throw it to the first baseman. If that player catches and holds it, while touching his base with any part of his person, before the striker reaches the base, the striker is out. All these possibilities occur when the ball has not been hit. If it is hit, it becomes at once either a fair or a foul ball. A fair ball, not to enter into the delicacies of the rules, is one which is driven forward inside the lines leading to first and third bases. Flags, called foul flags, are placed well out in the field on the continuation of these lines beyond the bases, so that in case of a long hit the umpire can at once tell whether

the ball is fair or foul. A foul ball, naturally, is one which goes outside or behind the lines mentioned. The striker may not run on a foul ball. The only kind of hit that counts in baseball is a forward drive, though the ball may be cut slightly to one side without going behind the foul lines. Though the striker may not run on a foul, he may be put out by its being caught on the fly. If he hits a fair ball, he must at once run to first. If the ball is hit sharply along the ground, it is nearly always stopped by one of the in-fielders, who at once throws it to first base, just as the catcher does in the case of a third stroke. If the striker fails to reach first base before the baseman has the ball, he is out, as before described. If successful in reaching the base, he must run to second at the first chance, and so on round till he reaches home again. He may be put out after once reaching first base by being touched with the ball when not having his foot on some one of the bases. A fair ball caught on the fly, of course, puts the striker out, and no person who may be going round the bases at the time may run on a fly catch. Neither may any player on a base run on a foul ball. Long high hits are usually caught by the out-fielders. The safest kind of hits in baseball are hard, low hits, which go over the heads of the in-fielders and fall short of the fielders. As soon as one striker has gone to first base, the next one steps up to his position. Three men on each side must be put out to close the innings. Twenty-seven men are put out in a nine-innings game. If, at the end of nine innings, the scores of the two sides are even, they must play on till one side or the other gets a lead, which finishes the game.

It will be easily comprehended that the better the play in this game, the fewer are the runs. With thoroughly effective pitching, catching, and fielding, it is rarely that many runs are made. The scores of some well-played games in the season of 1882, the brightest in baseball annals, show the average:—

October 7, Chicago *v.* Cincinnati	2 to 0
April 10, Detroit *v.* Eclipse	4 to 3
April 17, Cleveland *v.* Cincinnati (11 innings)...	7 to 4
May 10, Yale *v.* Brown	4 to 2
June 24, Princeton *v.* Yale	8 to 7

The model game of ball, so far as runs are concerned, would be won by a score of 1 to 0. In one of the games of 1883 this score was made in a game of 15 innings.

This gives, we believe, in the briefest possible space, an outline of the pastime. We have purposely avoided touching upon any of the finer points, as they would only serve to confuse the reader. There is a small army of rules covering the pitching, which any old cricket-player can at once see is the chief point in the game. Most of these relate to the delivery of the ball, though much greater latitude has been of late allowed, so that a man may throw a ball in pretty nearly any way he likes. If the pitcher makes a movement as if to deliver the ball and does not do so, a "foul ball" is called by the umpire, and all runners on bases are entitled to advance one base without being put out. Three "foul balls" forfeit a game. The pitcher in a game of baseball must be a man of nerve and intelligence. He must use his head, just as a good bowler does, studying the peculiarities of each striker, and endeavouring, by varying the methods of his delivery, to deceive the batsman, and make him

strike at poor balls. At the same time he must watch any runners who may have reached or passed first base, and endeavour to avoid giving them any opportunity to make a base. Again, he is directly in front of the batsman and close to him, so that he frequently has to face balls hit straight at him with force enough to send them to the other end of the field. Coolness, pluck, and never-failing presence of mind are the requisites of every good ball-player, but of the pitcher most of all. Good pitchers can deliver a ball with great speed or very slowly with apparently the same movement of the arm. They have learned a twist which causes the ball to take a laterally curved course likely to deceive all batsmen of small experience. They can send a ball from a low point of delivery so that it will rise, or from a high point so that it will fall, without diminishing its speed. By a judicious alternation of these different tricks, they render it difficult for a batsman to make a good hit. Next to the pitcher in importance comes the catcher. The difficulty of his work consists in this:—when the striker has made two strikes, or when he has reached first base, the catcher must stand up close behind the batsman, and catch the balls on the fly. In the case of a third strike good players never risk taking it on the bound, for a great twist or an uneven bit of ground may cause it to bound out of his reach, and thus give the striker his first base. After a man has reached first base, the catcher must "play up," as it is called, in order to return the ball quickly to the pitcher, with a view to prevent the runner from making a base while the ball is going from pitcher to catcher and back again. The catcher must have hard

hands—for gloves afford small protection—a quick eye, and must be a sure and swift thrower. The baseman and short stop must all be good hands at stopping swift grounders, and catching sharp line hits, high short flies, and swiftly thrown balls, and must all be good throwers. The fielders must be sure catchers of long-fly balls, either running or standing, and powerful throwers. The fielding in a game of baseball would probably impress an Englishman, unacquainted with the game, more than anything else. The most swiftly hit ball, if it goes anywhere within the reach of an American in-fielder, is almost certain to be stopped. It will then be thrown to the proper base with such speed and accuracy that it will describe an absolutely straight line as it passes through the air. To see a catcher throw accurately to second base, fully 135 feet from where he stands, is a very pretty sight; and a catcher who cannot do this is sure to be out of employment very quickly. The third baseman has the greatest number of long throws to make in a game, and must be a good general player. To watch a good game of baseball is to see a good exhibition of strength, activity, nerve and decision. There are so many combinations of circumstances in the game which require sudden and radical changes in the methods of play, that it is no exaggeration to say that a ball-player must have wits in every part of his body. Even to one who knows little about it, the game is a pretty sight. The closely-cropped green turf, marked over with the white lines, the pretty silk foul flags waving on each side, the picturesque costumes, the bustle of intelligently directed activity that follows every hit, and the enthusiasm of the assemblage of

spectators, combine to form a really stirring picture. The usual costume for the game consists of a flannel shirt, with a shield on the breast bearing the name of the club, or its initial letter, flannel knee-breeches, woven hose, cricketing shoes, and a flannel cap or hat. Each club has its own uniform. The chief mark of distinction is the stockings, every club having its own colour or pattern. This was carried to such an extent at one time that the various clubs were known by the colour of their hose, the Boston men being called the "Red Stockings," the Chicago club the "White Stockings," and other clubs the "Blue Stockings," "Brown Stockings," and so on through the whole artist's catalogue.

The extent of professional baseball-playing in the United States is great. Every prominent city has its club, and some have two. There are, in round numbers, four hundred men who earn their living by this popular game. They are well paid, moreover. A good pitcher gets £600 per year. Catchers, base-men, and shortstops receive from £400 up. Fielders earn from £240 to £400. There are three important associations of professional baseball clubs, known as the National League, the American Association, and the North-Western League. The leading clubs of the National are the Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Detroit, New York, Philadelphia, and Providence; of the American—the Alleghany, Athletics, Baltimore, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Metropolitan (of New York); of the North-Western—the Bay City, Fort Wayne, Grand Rapids, Quincy, and Springfield. These associations control all matters relating to the eligibility of players, the contests for the championship, and the

rules of the game. Each organization has its own set of rules, which are amended according to necessity during the winter. Each has its regular championship series of games for handsome trophies, which are held by the winning club until the following season, when they are again contested for. The season begins on April 1, and terminates on October 31. The men are then put under the care of a trainer, and kept at gymnasium work and outdoor athletic training all winter. Club-swinging, and throwing at a mark are important parts of their exercise. Full records of their work at the bat and in the field are kept throughout the season, and at its close averages are struck, which have an important bearing on the player's salary for the next season. A club very seldom succeeds in keeping the same nine men together for more than one season, as bidding for good players is spirited. Improper conduct of any kind renders a player liable to expulsion from the League. If expelled, no club in the League may again employ him. The skill which is attained by the American professional baseball player is little short of marvellous. Some of them have been in the business for more than twenty years, and at more than forty years of age are still agile as cats—a fact which speaks much for the physical value of their training.

Amateur baseball clubs are practically innumerable in the United States. Every village of 3000 inhabitants has at least one, and frequently two. The skill of the amateur players ranges all the way from the worst that is possible up to a level almost, if not quite equal to that of the professionals. Every little boy who has a spark of animation in him, begins to play

at the game as soon as he can hold a ball in his hands; and it is no uncommon thing to see the game very respectably played by boys of from twelve to fourteen years of age. The city of Brooklyn has the largest number of amateur clubs. This is owing to the fact that the city provides them with a magnificent ground —a perfectly level, smooth, and closely-cropped piece of turf, half a mile long by a quarter of a mile wide, known as Prospect Park Playgrounds. Here, on a Saturday afternoon, in summer, a dozen baseball matches and half a dozen cricket matches can be seen in progress at once.

The best amateur clubs in the country are the College organizations. Yale University has had the finest nine for several years, with Princeton a close and exceedingly troublesome second. There is a League of college clubs known as the American College Baseball Association. Its members are Amherst, Brown, Harvard, Princeton, and Yale. A regular series of matches for the College championship is played every year, and each game is attended by an enormous audience. The final game is nearly always between Princeton and Yale, on the Polo Grounds at New York, and is always witnessed by from 20,000 to 25,000 people. The College coaches, gaily decked with colours, and provided with strong-lunged guards, add colour and noise to the scene. The College clubs often play against the professionals, and always make a good struggle; and it is not unusual for the College team to win such a match.

CRICKET IN AMERICA.

It is an undisputed fact that the game of cricket is played at in America. No one who has ever mingled with the cultured sons of Boston or the blue-blooded scions of Philadelphia can for a moment doubt that fact. But the truth must strike the most ardent lover of the naturalization of English manners and customs on foreign ground, that cricket does not bloom readily in America. The game is not indigenous to the soil. The hard hitting and sharp fielding of baseball please the American spectators better, and the American lad would rather display his muscle by making a three-base hit than manifest his skill by a cool-headed defence of his wicket against the work of a long-headed and clever-handed old bowler. Cricket, sad to relate, is generally voted slow in America. It does not prosper at all in the rapid, rushing vortex of New York life. A few years ago there was more cricket-playing done in America than there is to-day. That shows what a poor hold the game has on the affections of the people. But Philadelphia and Boston play cricket, the former with all its soul. Philadelphia is *sui generis* in all things. The men have a different aspect, the women a different loveliness from those in other cities. Though only eighty-nine miles from New

York, Philadelphia is not like it in any particular. The Philadelphian is never in a hurry. He meanders up Chestnut Street as if he had the Palæozoic ages before him. He has a yearning for horse-cars rather than elevated railways, in which New York delights, and he is nothing if not meditative. There is an abundance of blue-blood in his veins, and he walks with a consciousness of innate royalty. In the summer he loves to linger. Wherever he is, he lingers, and is content to simply exist, just a simple thing of beauty in white flannels. He does not like baseball a great deal, but he plays cricket because it is truly English; and it must be confessed that most of the cricket-playing in America springs from that burning desire to imitate England which is one of the most salient traits of American character. Boston, perhaps even more than Philadelphia, is possessed with Anglomania; but it is of an intellectual rather than a physical cast. Cricket is a trifle too earthly for the average Boston man. He can play lawn-tennis, and play it well; but he has an incentive to its cultivation in the society within the tennis-court of the subtler sex. Yet there is some cricket in Boston, and that, too, of a fairly good sort. Cricket is played in New York, too, but to a limited extent. Still, New York is cosmopolitan; and it would be strange if cricket did not find some home in a city where men study fencing under French masters, dine at French and Italian restaurants, and smoke opium in Chinese dens.

Cricket has been played in America for over a century. It was exported thither from its home on British soil before 1747. Englishmen who had gone out to build themselves new homes in a young and

growing country carried with them their love of the noble sport. They began to play the game in America, and to this day the English residents of the large cities form the nuclei of the clubs. The earliest known games in America were played in the lower part of New York City, where Fulton Market now stands. *The Gazette and Weekly Post Boy*, a journal long since forgotten, gave an account of a game played there on May 1, 1751. The contestants were eleven London men and eleven New Yorkers; and, strange to say, the latter won, making 80 and 86 to their opponents' 43 and 37. Boston was early in the field as a cricketing centre, and a copy of the by-laws and playing rules of its first club, dated May 1, 1809, are yet in existence. The Young America Club, of Philadelphia, has a copy of "the Laws of Cricket," taken over by Benjamin Franklin more than a century ago. The first club which gained any permanent foothold was the Union Club, of Philadelphia, organized by a few Englishmen about 1831 or 1832. The Philadelphia, Germantown, and Young America, three of the leading clubs of the present day, were the first native organizations. They date their existence from 1854. New York had an organization some years before that, but it was, and still is, largely composed of Englishmen. On October 22 and 23, 1838, there was a match between New York and Long Island. The New York men won, and subsequently organized themselves into the St. George Cricket Club. Their grounds were at Broadway and Thirtieth Street, until the opening of the Fifth Avenue cut their field. They then removed to the Red House at Hundred-and-Fifth Street, near Second Avenue. The growth of the city

subsequently compelled them to move again. Their grounds are now in Hoboken, which is on the west shore of the Hudson River, opposite New York. They have there an excellent field, which affords a very pretty wicket, and is also used for lawn-tennis tourneys.

Outside of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, cricket is played but little in the United States, save along the Canadian border, where baseball is unknown. In Canada, of course, the game is played a great deal.

Naturally the most interesting periods in the history of cricket in America are the years 1859, 1868, 1872, 1879, 1881, and 1882, in which international matches were played. The first eleven which visited that country was composed of English professionals, under the leadership of George Parr. They won with ease five games played in Montreal and Hamilton, Canada, Hoboken, Philadelphia, and Rochester. Willsher took another professional eleven to America in September, 1868, and defeated teams of twenty-two of the St. George Club and the United States on the St. George Grounds at Hoboken, teams of the same number in Boston and Philadelphia, and twenty-two native Americans in the last city. They also began a game against twenty-two Canadians in Montreal, but the contest was interrupted by darkness. In 1878, when the Australians were returning from a victorious tour in England, they met a New York team, playing with eighteen men against their opponents' twenty-two. Philadelphia played with an eleven of native Americans against the Australians. The game was not finished at the close of the third day's play, the Australians having 44 runs to make in order to win, with six wickets to

fall. The season of 1879 was made notable by visits to America of teams of the most prominent professionals and amateurs in England and Ireland. On May 7 and 8, Lord Harris's amateur eleven, while on their way home from Australia, easily defeated an eleven chosen from the clubs of New York and Philadelphia. In September and October an eleven of English professionals, led by Daft, and another of Irish amateurs, played in the United States and Canada. The Irishmen were soundly beaten by an American eleven in Philadelphia. Of the other games, each of the visiting elevens won nine, while three were drawn. Alfred Shaw took a team of English professionals through the United States in October, 1881, on their way to Australia. Three of the five games were declared drawn on account of the weather. In the game played on October 7, 8, and 10, at Philadelphia, the strongest eighteen that ever took the field in America, consisting of seven professionals and eleven amateurs, were defeated by 132 runs. A second Australian team, returning home from England, played against eighteens of the leading New York and Philadelphia clubs in October, 1882, and won easy victories. A peculiar episode in cricketing annals was the visit of eighteen American baseball players to this country in 1874. They played seven cricket games, and won six, the other being drawn on account of rain. Their excellent fielding and straight bowling astonished English cricketers, while their heavy hitting was almost equally surprising.

In 1844, 1845, and 1846 the St. George Club, of New York, played series of games with the cricketers of Toronto and Montreal. The Canadians won three

of the games, and one was drawn by reason of a dispute. Both elevens were composed almost wholly of Englishmen. The first formal contest between the United States and Canada took place in New York in 1853. The series continued until 1860, and after that the Civil War prevented any further contests for several years. The United States won five and lost two games of the series. In 1879, with an eleven composed wholly of native-born Americans, the United States again took the field against Canada. Of the five games of the series played thus far, the United States men have won four, and one in which they had a decided lead ended in a draw. Thus it may be readily seen that, while cricket had a small beginning in the United States, and is even yet not generally played, there are good cricketers there, even among the natives.

The records of individual players in America do not show nearly so many remarkable feats as those of English players. Centuries, or individual innings of one hundred runs or more, have been seldom scored. A diligent search fails to reveal more than fifty-five instances of this kind, and of these twenty-five belong to Philadelphia. The first on record, and for many years the greatest, was made on October 3 and 4, 1844, in a match between the Union Club, of Philadelphia, and the St. George, of New York. The gentleman who astonished America by achieving this then astonishing feat was James Turner, of the Union Club. He succeeded in scoring 120 runs against excellent bowling. One of the bowlers whom he faced was Mr. Samuel Wright, the father of Harry and George Wright, of baseball fame. Mr. Turner's

score stood first for over a quarter of a century. It was, however, subsequently surpassed. The largest individual score ever made in America was that of A. Browning, of the Montreal Club, in a match with Ottawa, on July 1, 1880. Mr. Browning made the comforting score of 204 runs. George M. Newhall, one of a family famous in American cricketing annals, made the largest individual score ever made in the United States, on July 1, 1880. He scored 180 runs, not out. On the same day the Montreal Club scored 402 for the loss of nine wickets, the largest total ever made in America. In a game between the Young America and Baltimore Clubs, the former made 357 runs for five wickets, George M. and D. S. Newhall carrying out their bats after scoring 159 runs subsequent to the fall of the last wicket. M. Leisk made 202 runs out of a total of 336 scored by Hamilton against Montreal in July, 1877. In the United States the Merion Club's total of 394, made on July 5, 1879, is the largest score on record. The largest number of runs made for the fall of a wicket in America was achieved in a match between the Germantown Club of Philadelphia, and an eleven from Canada, on August 11, 1876. On that occasion Joseph Hargrave and John Large, two veterans at the stumps, made 220 runs before the fate that presides over the destinies of cricketers parted them. Large made 108 without giving a single chance. When the stumps were drawn Hargrave was not out for 163, marred only by the smallest sort of a chance when he had scored 139. In a match between the veterans of the Young America and Germantown Clubs, on October 19, 1883, John Large scored 178 runs; and, in conjunction with

Dr. Garrett, added to the total no less than 115 runs for the fall of the ninth wicket. In a Canadian game, played in the summer of 1882, G. N. Morrison, the last man in, carried out his bat for 133. This was an unequalled performance, because the last wicket gave a total of 198 runs, and raised the score from 51 to 249.

American bowling, while far below the English standard as a general thing, is frequently strong and very puzzling. Nine elevens, including some of the most accomplished professional and amateur players in England, Australia, and Ireland, have visited America in the course of the last twenty-four years; but only three times have any of their batsmen contrived to score centuries. Ulyett made 167 against the Twenty-two of San Francisco in 1881; W. G. Grace made 142 against Toronto in 1872, and C. Bannerman scored 125 against Montreal in 1878. One hundred runs and more have been scored three times each by R. S. Newhall, of Philadelphia, and H. C. Simonds, of Port Hope, Canada. Centuries have been made twice by John Large, A. H. Stratford, G. N. Morrison, and Martin McIntyre. The last is an English professional in the employ of the Germantown Club. The greatest American bowling record is that of Jungkurth, an amateur of Philadelphia, made on March 30, 1882, when he took eight wickets for no runs. There is no record as to throwing in America. It may be interesting to know, however, that while W. F. Forbes's 132 yards is the longest known distance that a cricket-ball has been thrown, an American professional baseball player, Hatfield, of the Old Atlantic Club, threw a base-ball 410 feet.

The principal cricket clubs of the United States at the present time are the Young America, Germantown, and Merion, of Philadelphia, the St. George, Staten Island, and Manhattan, of New York, and the Longwood, of Boston. The Newhalls, of Philadelphia, certainly deserve a word in any discussion of cricket. They have proved themselves to be accomplished players, and to their energy and love of the game is due much of the success of cricket in America.

ATHLETICS IN AMERICA.

When Mr. L. E. Myers, the American amateur champion runner, returned home after his recent visit to this country, he spoke in glowing terms of his treatment while here, and said to a newspaper interviewer that the English were fonder of athletic sports than the Americans, and appreciated the finer points of an athlete's work far better. Mr. Myers was, in a measure, right; for the maintenance in America of what are known as athletic games—running, walking, jumping, and the rest—is wholly due to the enthusiasm and energy of a few men like himself. Baseball, horse-racing, and sparring appeal with greater force to the American love of intense excitement, and but small assemblages, as a rule, witness the excellent contests which may be seen so frequently on the grounds of the various American athletic clubs. Perhaps the utter lack of management has much to do with this, for it must be admitted that the meagre announcements of games, thrust away in obscure corners of the great daily newspapers, have but small effect in a country where advertising is a mania. The Americans, to do them justice, are at heart as fond of athletic work as the English, or they would

never have given so much encouragement to their own manly and scientific game of baseball and to rowing. That they have among them the material for athletic achievements of the best kind their records prove. Mr. Myers has, of course, a long list of their best records to his credit. He is an extraordinary runner, and cannot be accepted as an example of the average American athletic ability. But their records show that they have a large number of remarkably good athletes, and they have some excellent clubs. Athletics flourish principally in New York. There are to be found all the noted amateur athletes of America, and there, too, are the largest and best clubs. It is not long since a magazine-writer said that New York was in a fair way to become the athletic capital of the world. Subsequently the *New York Tribune* remarked that this assertion was well supported by the fact that the geographical position of Manhattan Island made every class of outdoor sports accessible.

It is but little more than fifteen years since amateur athletic clubs were unknown in America. Now there are a great number of clubs in the United States and Canada. New York has the six leading clubs, of which a brief account may be interesting. In 1868 six young gentlemen of the American metropolis reached the wise conclusion that there ought to be an athletic club in that city. Accordingly, on September 8, they founded the New York Athletic Club, and found a cradle for it in the top story of a building in Sixth Avenue. One of the six was W. B. Curtis, who, though no longer a member of the same club, remains one of the leading spirits in the field of

athletics. The New York Athletic Club grew, and soon had to seek larger quarters at Main's Gymnasium in St. Mark's Place. In 1871 it was decided to add rowing to the club's work, and a little boathouse was built on the Harlem River. Another move was made soon afterwards, when grounds were purchased near the boathouse, and Wood's Gymnasium, in Twenty-eighth Street, was chosen as the club headquarters. In 1875 the present excellent grounds at Mott Haven, near Hundred-and-Fiftieth Street, were leased. The club has three large boathouses, filled with racing-boats of all kinds, on the banks of the Harlem, and the grounds, which contain a fine track, one-sixth of a mile in circumference, and a one hundred yards straight, are within two minutes' walk of these houses. Some of the best American records have been made on this track, and the annual championship games have usually been held there. Through the energy of some of the younger members, several well-known club men of wealth and social distinction were induced to join the New York Athletic Club, and Mr. William R. Travers was made president. The result was a rapid growth of the body. Its membership is limited to 1500 and is full, while 400 members-elect are patiently awaiting admission. The organization is now erecting a handsome club-house in Sixth Avenue, between Fifty-fifth and Fifty-sixth Streets, where all the comforts and pleasures of a purely social club will be found. The building is to cost a quarter of a million of dollars. It is of brick and terra-cotta, handled with a free treatment of the style of the Italian Renaissance. Six bowling-alleys and a shooting-gallery occupy the basement. The first floor

contains a swimming-bath, 66 by 20 feet in size. The building will contain also a Turco-Russian bath, reception-rooms, billiard-rooms, a restaurant, parlours, a reading-room, sparring-rooms, and a fine gymnasium. A feature of the gymnasium is to be a balcony, six feet wide, running all the way around the room, and to be used as a winter running-track. Among the members of this club are Hugh H. Baxter, the champion pole-vaulter, record 11 ft. ½ in.; N. W. Ford, the champion running broad-jumper, record 21 ft. 7½ ins.; W. H. Goodwin, of Harvard College, the champion intercollegiate runner at one-quarter and one-half mile; and C. J. Queckberner, a distinguished heavy-weight athlete. Mr. Ford has also the best record at the standing broad-jump, 10 ft. 5½ ins.; at the standing hop, step, and jump, 28 ft. 3½ ins.; and at three standing-jumps, 33 ft. 3½ ins. It must be remembered that all records herein mentioned are for amateurs; and no jumping with weights is now done in American contests.

The Manhattan Athletic Club is second to the New York in size and wealth; but its achievements are greater. The glory of this club, however, bids fair to become a thing of the past. The Manhattan was founded in November, 1877, and grounds were leased at Fifty-sixth Street and Eighth Avenue. These grounds were small and the track badly shaped; and for a considerable time the membership of the club was small, and its reputation smaller. Then it began to be whispered about that a young man named Myers was developing remarkable powers as a runner. In April, 1878, the club was incorporated, and within six months had won a championship.

The next year Myers took three more. His growing fame attracted other distinguished amateurs to the club, and since that time it has held the championship colours. Last year new grounds, comprising the entire block bounded by Eighth and Ninth Avenues, Eighty-sixth and Eighty-seventh Streets, were leased, and $20,000 were expended in fitting up a handsome grand stand, and in laying out the track, which is a quarter of a mile in extent. The Manhattan was the first American club to send representatives to this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Myers came over in 1881 and surprised our athletes by his speed and form, and at a later date he exhibited his fine powers in company with three other American athletes. The Manhattan also received courteously our own runner, W. G. George, and arranged joint meetings in New York with the Moseley Harriers of Birmingham.

No account of American athletics would be complete without some history of the achievements of Lawrence E. Myers. To be brief, he is the best runner in America at all distances from 100 to 1000 yards. He has been beaten occasionally, but his performances, even at distances where his record has been surpassed, average better than those of any other American. His records, with the date and place of their achievements, are as follows :—

60	yards,	$6\frac{2}{5}$	seconds,	New	York,	Dec. 12, 1882.
75	„	$7\frac{3}{4}$	„	„	„	Jan. 31, 1881.
100	„	10	„	„	„	Sept. 18, 1880.
120	„	12	„	„	„	—— ——
130	„	$13\frac{1}{2}$	„	„	„	June 3, 1882.
200	„	$20\frac{1}{8}$	„	„	„	Sept. 15, 1881.
220	„	$22\frac{1}{2}$	„	„	„	„ „
250	„	26	„	„	„	June 3, 1882.
300	„	$31\frac{3}{8}$	„	„	„	Oct. 22, 1881.
350	„	$36\frac{4}{5}$	„	„	„	June 3, 1882.

400	yards,	43⅝	seconds,	New York, June 3, 1882.					
440	„	48¾	„	Philadelphia, Oct. 15, 1881.					
500	„	58	„	State Island, May, 29, 1880.					
600	yards,	1 minute	11⅗	seconds,	New York City, July 1, 1882.				
660	„	1 „	22	„	„ „ „ July 11, 1880.				
700	„	1 „	31	„	Brooklyn, Sept. 16, 1882.				
800	„	1 „	44⅖	„	„ „ „				
880	„	1 „	55⅘	„	New York City, Oct. 8, 1881. Brooklyn, Sept. 16, 1882.				
1000	„	2 „	13	„	New York City, Oct. 8, 1881.				
1320	„	3 „	13	„	„ „ „ Nov. 30, 1882.				
1	mile	4 „	27⅗	„	„ „ „ Nov. 11, 1882.				

Mr. Myers's records at 1320 yards and at one mile were beaten in America by Mr. George on the dates mentioned, when he defeated Mr. Myers at the distances named. The American champion's record at 220 yards was beaten by a member of his own club at the Intercollegiate Championship Games in June last, when Wendel Baker, of Harvard College, made the distance in 22⅖ seconds. The fastest running Mr. Myers ever did is not on record, though it was witnessed by a large crowd, and accurately timed by five expert timekeepers. In the first trial heat of the 125 yards at the summer games of the Manhattan Club, in 1883, he covered the distance in the astonishing time of 11⅞ seconds. He did not run in the final heat, preferring to save himself for the quarter-mile race. He has also beaten his American record at 440 yards, having done the distance at Birmingham, July 16, 1881, in 48⅗ seconds. His records at 75 and 100 yards have been equalled by several American amateurs, but never beaten. It must not be supposed, however, that Myers and Baker are the only good runners in the Manhattan Club. It has also T. J. Murphey, who won the half-mile championship last year, Harry Fredericks, the

mile runner, and Arthur Waldron, the "sprint" runner, who were recently here; Lambrecht, a fine heavy athlete, Samuel Derrickson, jun., C. A. White, H. T. Chanfrau, and W. Smith, all excellent short-distance runners.

The Williamsburg Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, stands next among American clubs. It was formed in January, 1879, and for a long time has had its grounds at Wyeth and Penn Avenues, Brooklyn, eastern district. New grounds in a more convenient situation have been leased. The track will be one-fifth of a mile in circumference. There will be ground enough for baseball, cricket, lacrosse, lawn-tennis, and football, and there will be a cozy club-house. This club is strong in good athletes Its two most prominent members are Frank Murray, the champion short-distance walker, and T. F. Delaney, the runner. Murray has cut down the American walking records finely within the past two years. In the summer of 1883 he was walking remarkably well. It was then that he reduced the two-mile record from 14 mins. 2 secs., to 13 mins. 50 secs., and brought down the time for one mile to 6 mins. 29$\frac{3}{5}$ secs. He also holds the American three-mile record of 21 mins. 9$\frac{1}{5}$ secs. Delaney has the following best records to his credit—1$\frac{3}{4}$ mile in 9 mins. 25$\frac{3}{5}$ secs.; 2$\frac{1}{2}$ miles, 13 mins. 1$\frac{1}{5}$ sec.; 3$\frac{1}{2}$ miles, 18 mins. 28 secs.; 4$\frac{1}{2}$ miles, 24 mins. 29 secs.; 8 miles, 45 mins. 11 secs.; 10 miles, 56 mins. 9$\frac{3}{4}$ secs. The last two records were made December 12, 1882, when he defeated W. G. George at 10 miles in Madison Square Garden, New York.

The American Athletic Club, originally formed by members of the Young Men's Christian Association

of New York, uses the Polo Grounds, and has several good men, among whom are W. B. Nixon and G. D. Baird, the three-mile walkers, J. A. Safford, the 120-yard champion hurdle racer, and Robert Stoll, a good half-mile runner. The Staten Island Athletic Club devotes more attention to rowing than to other sports, and occasionally turns out a fairly good crew. The club has some good athletes, who train on the comfortable track at West New Brighton. Among them are A. E. Caroll, who made the former record at the running high jump, 5 ft. 9 in., and D. E. Dejonge, a half mile runner. The West Side Club is a small organization with some good athletes, among whom are W. H. Meek, the walker, George Stonebridge, the half mile runner, and E. F. Macdonald, a walker.

Athletics also flourish in American colleges. The brawny football players and oarsmen of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton get their first training usually in the gymnasium, and next upon the cinder track. Princeton a few years ago was *facile princeps* in athletic games, but she has of late receded to a low position.

It will be seen from the records quoted that, excepting several of Mr. Myers's remarkable performances, the achievements of American amateur athletes are a little behind those of our own. Yet there is much good athletic work done in America, and it is done in a spirit of manly and generous rivalry with our best work, which makes it all the more praiseworthy. Moreover, nothing better has ever been done for the health and strength of the American people than the founding of the athletic clubs mentioned. There ought to be similar organiza-

tions in every city and town in the United States. M. Taine spoke of the typical Englishman as absorbed in business and the *Times*. Surely no man is so utterly the slave of business and the newspaper as the typical American. Some outlet for the concentrated worriment over his daily bread he must have. Some antidote for the amount of foul air he breathes in his musty office, and the amount of sitting still he does, every American needs. Athletic sports offer him a free salvation. Social scientists in America may yet find some of their knottiest problems solved by the athletic clubs.

BANJO AND BONES.

"I HAVE a reasonable good ear in music," remarks that typical amateur actor, Bottom the Weaver; "let's have the tongs and the bones." The tongs, though not obsolete, are now something archaic, but masters of the noisy art and mystery of bone-playing are still to be found disguised in black, and set over against masters of the more dulcet tambourine, at the opposite ends of the semi-circle of sable performers, known to the world at large as negro minstrels. It is, perhaps, more accurate to confess at once that the negro minstrel is practically known and loved only in those parts of the world where the English language is spoken. The burnt-cork opera of the Christy Minstrel is appreciated only in Great Britain, in Greater Britain, and in the United States of America—where, in fact, it had its rise some two score years ago. Where the English language is not spoken, the grotesque verbal dislocations of Brudder Bones somehow fail of their reward. Indeed nothing can be more humorously pathetic than the dignified and reserved attitude of the audience in a Parisian *café chantant*—the Alcazar or the Ambassadeurs in summer or the Eldorado in winter—when a pair of blacked-up and

hopelessly *h*-less Cockneys are attempting an exact imitation of the sayings and doings of the American plantation negro, studied by them at secondhand from some Irish-American performer who had probably never in his life seen a cotton-field or a sugar-house. And the estate of the Germans is yet less gracious than that of the Frenchman; there is even a legend in circulation setting forth the absolute failure of an enterprising American manager's attempt to invade Germany with a resolute band of negro minstrels, in consequence of the perspicacity of the German critics in detecting the fraud of trying to pass off as negroes white men artificially blackened! Obviously, the imitation darkey of the negro-minstrel stage did not coincide with the genuine darkey as evolved from the Teutonic inner consciousness. Probably the German critics would have objected even to the conscientious display of misplaced zeal which it was our good fortune once to behold in America. At the huge summer hotels which make Saratoga one of the brightest and gayest of American watering-places, the attendants in the dining-rooms are generally negroes, varying in hue from the ebony of the full-blooded black to the tawny ivory of the octoroon. The waiters of one of these hotels sometimes obtain permission to give "a minstrel show" in the dining-room, to which the amused "guests" of the hotel are admitted for a price. It was one of these minstrel shows, given at a Saratoga hotel, a few summers ago, by genuine darkeys, that we were privileged to attend; and when the curtains were drawn aside, discovering the row of sable performers, it was perceived, to the great and abiding joy of the spectators,

that the musicians were all of a uniform darkness of hue, and that they, genuine negroes as they were, had "blacked up" the more closely to resemble the professional negro minstrels.

This personal experience is valuable, in so far as it may show how firm is the rule of convention in theatrical circles, and how the accepted type comes in time to seem preferable to the real thing. It is useful also in suggesting that the negro minstrel is getting to be a law unto himself, and ceasing to be an imitator of the exact facts of plantation life. In the beginning of negro minstrelsy, when the first band of "Ethiopian Serenaders," as they were then called, came into existence, its sole excuse for being was that it endeavoured to reproduce the life of the plantation darkey. The songs sung by the early Ethiopian Serenaders, before the original E. P. Christy, or his nephew, the late George Christy, came into prominence, were reminiscences of songs heard where the negro was at work, on the river steamboat, in the sugar-field, or at the camp-meeting—the hardest kind of labour to a negro was religion. These songs retained the flavour of slave life, with all its pathos, its yearning, its hopelessness, its mournfulness. To this period belongs Stephen C. Foster, who remains to this day the most truly American of all American composers. As the slave songs are the only indigenous tunes which America has produced, Foster availed himself of hints from them, and he borrowed from wandering negroes both the themes and the method of some of his best songs. The typical song of this period is "The Old Folks at Home," with its wailing refrain, and its suggestion of unutterable longing.

The actual melodies of the plantation slave have been made known to European critics by the various wandering bands of Jubilee Singers, who have travelled the world over, singing their rude and effective hymns. Some of their songs have been borrowed by Mr. Sankey, and others, as we have said, have been taken by the negro minstrels. Their full beauty will not be recognized generally until America shall bring forth a composer with imagination enough and with skill enough to do for these rich themes what has already been done so brilliantly and so effectively for the folk-songs of Hungary and of Scandinavia.

The first negro-minstrel company was organized in 1843, and it consisted of four performers, who had each appeared singly as impersonators of the plantation negro. One of the original four, D. D. Emmett, who still survives, was the composer of "Dixie," which afterwards became the battle-song of the Southern Confederacy. In the beginning these performers gave their concert as an interlude between two plays in a regular theatre. The popularity of the new entertainment led to its expansion, until it could fill the bill of an entire evening's amusement. It was at a very early stage in its career that the programme of a negro-minstrel performance fell into three divisions—the "first part," the "olio," and the afterpiece. The "first part" retains its name to the present day; it is the portion of the entertainment provided by a single row of negro minstrels seated on chairs, with the grave "Interlocutor" in the centre, while at the ends are Bones and Tambo, the "end-men," who are known in England, oddly enough, as the

"corner-men." This row of negro minstrels consisted at first of four, but it gradually expanded to twenty, until the great Mr. Haverly suddenly declared that he had "forty—count them—forty." In the performances which were given some time ago at Drury Lane Theatre by Mr. Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels—and the name is not ill chosen, for some of the merry jests retailed by Mr. Haverly's comedians are surely as old as the mastodon and the mammoth—there were nearly sixty performers visible, line upon line, rising in tiers nearly to the flies. On the wings of this sable array are a score of end-men with tambourines and with bones; while the star end-men, the chief comedians, are so many and so important that they appear in relays, one replacing the other. This, of course, is a doing of things on a large scale, and certainly it succeeds in breaking up the monotony of a single line of performers quite as effectually as did the New York minstrel manager who scattered the actors in his "first part" through a handsomely furnished drawing-room in a vain effort to make the entertainment appear in the semblance of an evening party. The second part of a minstrel show is the "olio"—and this is only a variety entertainment, of banjo-playing, clog-dancing, and the like, by imitation negroes. Occasionally one of the sketches now and again performed really recalls the actual negro, notably the little charcoal outline of the "Watermelon Man," as presented by Mr. McAndrews. But, in general, the "olio" is as far away from the actual facts of plantation life as the first part; and when we say that two of Mr. Haverley's Mastodon Minstrels are sufficiently conscience-less to sing Irish comic songs, the

full extent of this decadence is made visible. And, in like manner, the after-piece, which once attempted to reproduce dramatically the mingled simplicity and cunning of the negro, is now a parody of a popular play, a burlesque opera, or any other comic drama as far removed as possible from the ken of the dwellers on the old plantation. Nowadays any kind of a farce may be performed as an after-piece. We have seen, with much amusement, a broadly comic play called the *Great Sheep Case*, in which we recognized a blackened perversion of the *Village Lawyer*, a farce of Garrick's day; and we happened to know that the *Village Lawyer* was a free rendering of *L'Avocat Pathelin* of Brueys and Palaprat, which in turn was a modernization of *Pathelin*, one of the oldest surviving farces of the French stage.

The entertainment which was offered at Drury Lane Theatre by Mr. Haverly's American and European Mastodon Minstrels was emphatically a Big Thing after the most approved fashion of American Big Things. Mr. Haverly is, plainly enough, a manager with Napoleonic conceptions, worthy of comparison with those of the mysterious and mighty Mr. Barnum, whose Own and Only Greatest Show on Earth is hardly more astounding or more kaleidoscopic than this sable exhibition of Mr. Haverly's. We incline to think that Mr. Barnum's show is scarcely more unlike the primitive circus than Mr. Haverly's Minstrels are unlike the original Ethiopian Serenader. And Mr. Haverly has a full share of the sublime self-confidence and of the marvellous knowledge of effect which combine to make Mr. Barnum what he is—one of the wonders of the world, far more

remarkable and better worth the full price of admission than any of the Living Curiosities gathered into his Ethnological Congress. From the first part of Mr. Haverly's programme to the last part everything is done on a grand scale; there are six eminent end-men appearing in pairs in relays; there are eighteen other exponents of the bones and the tambourine; there are about sixty performers on the stage at once; there are sand-dances by a sextet of agile and ebony operators, and clog-dances by a score of glittering and airy apparitions, who appear in shiny mail to go through a Silver Combat Clog-Dance which, indeed, must be seen to be appreciated. Above all, there was Mr. Frank E. McNish, one of the most quaintly humorous performers it has ever been our good fortune to see. Mr. McNish is primarily an acrobat, and he is an acrobat of very unusual skill, and of a most delightful felicity and certainty of execution. But what gives zest to the merit of his performance is his odd dramatic assumption that he is in danger of interruption from some unseen bully of an overseer. Mr. McNish's extraordinary performance, as extraordinary in its humour as in its novelty, is beyond all question a thing to be seen. Among the other performers, Mr. William Emerson and Mr. William Sweetman are the most amusing, and Messrs. Sanford and Wilson are the most true to the negro character. In general, as we have said, there is but a bare pretence of the imitation of plantation life in any modern minstrel performance; and perhaps Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels are no worse in this respect than any other. But the sentimental ballads of the first part—not as many nor as delicately

shaded as other minstrel companies have accustomed us to—have no trace of the real negro song, which is to be detected, however, in one or two of the comic ditties, notably in Mr. Morton's "I'm high-minded." In general, the comic songs of Mr. Haverly's performers are better than the sentimental; they are sung, too, with better assistance from the chorus; and some of them are rendered with a certainty of effect and indeed a multiplicity of effects, most amusing. In fact, of the entire programme of Mr. Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels—despite the melancholy fact that that programme is unduly long—we may say, with Abraham Lincoln, that "those who like that sort of thing will find this just the sort of thing they like."

The instruments of the four performers in the original band of Ethiopian Serenaders were the banjo and the bones, the violin and the tambourine—and for a long while the place of the stately Interlocutor (who sits in the centre of the semicircle, and allows the humorous end-men to extract unlimited fun from the extremely complicated relations of the Interlocutor's numerous fathers and brothers and sisters, was filled by the banjoist, who repeated the conundrum propounded by Brudder Bones or Brudder Tambo, so that there might be no misunderstanding of its conditions, making the point clear to the dullest comprehension, much in the manner of the catechizing Sunday-school visitor. Of these four instruments most persons would at once pick out the banjo as most characteristic of the negro race, recognizing the Elizabethan existence of the bones, the Basque origin of the tambourine, and the wholly un-Ethiopian genesis of the violin. Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, however, the creator of the

always delightful "Uncle Remus," and a very close student of the actual facts of negro life, wrote a paper in which he declared that the banjo was not a negro instrument at all, and that the preference of the darkey was wholly for the violin. Mr. Harris, whose opportunities for observation, especially in Georgia, have been as well utilized as they have been ample, declared that "the banjo may be the typical instrument of the plantation-negro, but I have never seen a plantation-negro play it. I have heard them make sweet music with the quills—Pan's pipes; I have heard them play passably well on the fiddle, the fife, and the flute; and I have heard them blow a tin-trumpet with surprising skill; but I have never seen a banjo, or a tambourine, or a pair of bones, in the hands of plantation-negro." And, after specifying that his experience extends only to Middle Georgia, where, however, there were negroes from Virginia and from other parts of the South, Mr. Harris adds:—"I have seen the negro at work, and I have seen him at play; I have attended his corn-shuckings, his dances, and his frolics; I have heard him give the wonderful melody of his songs to the winds; I have heard him fit barbaric airs to the quills; I have seen him scrape jubilantly on the fiddle; I have seen him blow wildly on the bugle, and beat enthusiastically on the triangle; but I have never heard him play on the banjo." This iconoclastic shattering of tradition and convention was most tolerable and not to be endured; and the succeeding numbers of *The Critic* (in which Mr. Harris's pungent paper was published) contained letters from many correspondents, all of whom bore witness to the fact that the plantation-negro did

sometimes play on the banjo. No attempt was made to show that the negro knew anything at all about the bones or the tambourine. But the use of the banjo by plantation-negroes in Virginia was established beyond all cavil. One correspondent aptly quoted a foot-note from the rare first edition of Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia" (1784), which supplemented an assertion in the text that the negroes have an accurate ear for music with the declaration that "the instrument proper to them is the Banjar, which they brought hither from Africa, and which is the origin of the guitar, its chords being precisely the four lower chords of the guitar." Mr. George W. Cable, the author of the fresh and subtle sketches of life in New Orleans, "Old Creole Days," has had occasion to observe the negro in Louisiana as carefully as Mr. Harris has observed him in Georgia; and Mr. Cable has found a hundred times as many fiddles on a plantation as banjos. Mr. Cable agrees with Mr. Harris in asserting that the banjo is not a very common instrument on the plantation; but he asserts that he has often spent half the night listening to negroes "picking" the banjo in monotonous accompaniment to their songs. Mr. Cable quoted a little Creole song, in which the slave seems to take his banjo into his confidence as he describes a passing dandy:—

> "Voyez ce mulet-là, Mousieu Bainjo,
> Comme il est insolent;
> Chapeau sur côté, Musieu Bainjo,
> La canne à la main, Musieu Bainjo,
> Botte qui fait crin, crin, Musieu Bainjo."

Mr. Cable, however, disagrees absolutely with Mr. Harris in the main issue. He says that the banjo is

just as much a negro instrument as the barrel with the jawbone drumsticks which the negroes use in their dances. And all truly conservative lovers of tradition will rejoice that Mr. Harris has been overthrown. It is bad enough to deprive the negro of his tambourine and his bones; to rob him of his banjo is brutal.

MARBLES.

"WHEN marbles are in (as the phrase is)," says one of the few treatises in print on the subject, "be sure to procure a bag and never carry marbles in your pockets." This has always appeared to us an unnecessarily ascetic rule, for one of the chief joys of marbles is precisely to carry them in your pockets. It is not, however, for the purpose of making this remark that we quote the once and always beloved "Boy's Own Book," but because "marbles are in (as the phrase is)," rather suggests the inquiry whether in London and other large towns, at any rate, marbles may not be said to be most lamentably and permanently out. Nothing is more uncommon now than to see the game played in any public place, while not more than a quarter of a century ago nothing was more common. In Kensington Gardens especially, either the advance of a finical civilization, or the degeneracy of youth, or the increasing sternness of the authorities, seems to have put an end to the groups of boys, pottle-bodied and other, that knuckled at the taw when as yet the nineteenth century was in its Fifties. The most agreeable place for playing, indeed, has disappeared, and is sacrificed to vegetables. Behind

the Orangery there is a stone terrace; below the terrace there used to be a pretty broad gravel walk, and beyond that a square of grass, all of which are now enclosed. The terrace and the walk were both admirable marble-grounds. Of course stone cannot equal gravel, which is the ideal base-material for the game; but there was just sufficient difference in the conditions of playing to make the change interesting now and then. Alas! the industrious but leisurely gardener now wheels barrows of manure along planks where once youth contended generously, and the victory was to him of the strongest knuckle and the justest eye.

If it be really true that marbles is not the popular game it once was (and there is at least the evidence to that effect that one sees far less of it, not only in London, but elsewhere), we are not sure that a Royal Commission ought not to inquire into the subject. Among other causes of decay, that Commission would probably decide that the loose and anarchic conditions under which the game, even in its best days, was played, and the multiplication of day schools, in which the playground hardly exists as an institution, have had most to do with the decadence; unless, indeed, the horrid thought be true that modern youth are too grand—that is to say, too great fools—to play at marbles. It must be owned that at no time—at least at no time within our recollection—was there anything like a "club game" of marbles. If boys of different schools or different sets happened to meet at the ring, they generally found that their rules were quite different, and endless squabbling was the result. The printed directions in the few books that condescend to

the subject are usually vague and insufficient in the extreme; and the amiable instructor of youth above mentioned is much more occupied in dilating on the merits of marbles, and telling stories of that sublime "youth of Christ's Hospital" who hit thirty times running in fair fillips from the pavement the stone balls in front of Burlingt n House (*Vierge souveraine!* where are the stone balls in front of Burlington House now?), than in instructing his readers how to play. On the other hand, decrepit age is at a disadvantage in rummaging its memory on such a subject. But the public interest is the first object, and it is not to the public interest that marbles should be let die.

With one observation of our mentor, that there is only one "real game of marbles"—ring-taw—we heartily concur, though he himself gives plenty of others. We have played most, if not all of them; but they are to marbles scarcely even what skittle-pool and losing pyramids are to billiards, and one or two of them are only colourably "marbles" at all. Thus you may play with a thing like the bridge of a bagatelle-board, shooting marbles at it from a distance. You may build a pyramid of marbles in the centre of a ring, and shoot or throw at it on the three-shots-a-penny principle. You may vary this by arranging marbles at intervals along a chalked or scratched line, and shooting at them in the same way. There is the simple and barbaric "spans and snops," in which two players shoot at each other's marbles successively till one hits or comes within a span. There is a kind of peg-top game with large marbles as big as greengages. There are complicated but degenerate pastimes called "Three Holes," "Laggings-out," and "Handers," of

which Laggings-out is rather good fun, because of its gambling interest; for it is played by ricochets from a wall on to sloping ground, if possible, and there is nearly as much chance in it as in the more artificial and effeminate game of Cockamaroo. Lastly, there is a game of gambling pure and simple with marbles, which is called "Eggs in the Bush," and which we almost blush to find in our boyhood's friend. It is of a beautiful simplicity and extremely effective; for it is a historical fact (not derived from the "Boy's Own Book") that you can lose seventy marbles at it during the construing of not more than twenty lines of Xenophon. It consists simply of the holding up of the clenched fist containing, or supposed to contain, marbles. The adversary guesses the number, and pays the difference, whether less or more, or takes the whole if he guesses right. Then he holds in his turn, and the other guesses. Of course there is an opening for any amount of trickery here. And we blush more than ever to find in our text that "The fun of the game is making the closed hand appear great or small in opposition to the number contained in it." So early is the practice of bluffing inculcated upon youth.

Marbles proper, however—that is to say, ring-taw—is a stainless game, open to no objections, except from those peculiar moralists who consider winning and losing as sinful *per se;* giving abundant scope for skill, with a sufficient infusion of luck; ample in its combinations, and exact without being too complicated in its rules. Even the most unintelligent person is supposed to be aware that it is played by depositing certain marbles in a ring and shooting at them from a distance. The best field for playing is, as has been

said, gravel on which the ring can be easily traced, and the friction of which both adds a certain pleasing element of uncertainty, and prevents the marbles from going to inconvenient distances, as is the case on stone or asphalt. Grass is out of the question, unless it be preternaturally smooth and short, and then it is not good. The tools of the game are, of course, the ordinary grey marbles for shooting at; for shooting with—that is to say, as a "taw" there is nothing like the beloved "alley," white with red ring or streak. Glass marbles chip at once, and agates, though extremely pretty, are liable to the same defect, and are, moreover, too slippery to take good aim with. In starting the game the players shoot or throw from a line at some distance, and the object is to strike a marble out of the ring. In subsequent shots the starting-place is where the taw lies. The enemy's taw is liable to be shot at, and if it be hit, or if the shooter lodges his taw within the ring, he either loses all the marbles he has put in and won, or a smaller number, as may be agreed, the game continuing till the ring is cleared. So far general consent and the "Boy's Own Book." But in our remembrance there were many other rules, some of which are an obvious necessity, while others are doubtful refinements. For instance, you may not, of course, shoot at another man's taw unless it is between you and the ring. And then there is a mighty question, which seems to us to have caused more wrangling than any other, except the eternal debate whether a marble was fairly shot—that is, with the knuckle hard down and the hand motionless—or dribbled ("fudged" the special companions of our own youth used to call it) by moving

the hand forward. We mean the question of a mysterious privilege, which we spell phonetically, never having seen it mentioned in the standard books of the English language. It sounded like "everies" (may it have been a corruption of average?). This word, uttered without anticipation by the adversary when (your taw having shot a marble out of the ring, or for another reason) it was your turn to shoot, conferred the privilege of placing the taw for the next shot anywhere round the circle at the same distance from the centre as it originally rested. This of course gave in certain cases a very great advantage, and at this time of day we doubt whether it is an improvement in the game. It was, however, further complicated by the rule that the person affected, or indeed any adversary, if more than two were playing, could prevent it by previously exclaiming, "Fain everies," —a phrase even more excellent than the other, insomuch as it signified, or was taken to signify, that the person using was *not* "fain" that "everies" should take place. No one who is not utterly ignorant of humanity need be told that hardly any game of marbles under these rules ever took place without a wrangle as to whether the privilege had or had not been claimed in time. This was such a nuisance that it was by no means unfrequent to play by agreement with "everies" barred. And we have known societies of marble-players in which they were not recognized at all, or even known. The game being already one in which the good player has proportionately almost as great an advantage over the bad as at billiards, it certainly does not seem to be necessary to make matters still easier for him.

The simple game, however, is one of which it is difficult to speak too highly, and it may be said to be as certainly the best game for little boys as cricket is for big ones. Simple as it is, there is remarkably little monotony in it, and it has the great advantage of being always interesting. Unless too many play (and we are inclined to think that three is the outside number that should play, while two are better) something happens every moment. Its almost unique freedom from apparatus, again, is a great charm. A pocketful of marbles, another boy to play with, and a patch of hard ground (for bare trodden earth is nearly as good as gravel), that is all that human nature, as exhibited in the game of ring-taw, requires or desires to make it happy. Unless the players are very unevenly matched, or a very large number of marbles are put into the ring (which is of itself a mistake and spoils the game), losses cannot be very serious, and marbles used to be twenty a penny. We have not seen them quoted for many a day now. Moreover, the first condition of a really good game—skill—may be in ring-taw cultivated to a very high point. Except for outward differences of age, apparatus, worldly estimation, and so forth, a really good shot at marbles, with the hand properly in position, and well calculated to "leave" as well as to "hit," is quite fairly comparable in its degree to the *coups* that bring down full houses at Lord's or at Wimbledon, or in a championship match at billiards. The same qualities of eye and hand and brain are brought into play; though, of course, the trial is simpler and accommodated to the years of the competitors. If any one were to say now that marbles are much more really desirable things

for English boys than "standards" in the educational sense, he might seem a heretic, but he would probably have plenty to say for himself. At any rate, let it be hoped that, whether standards stay in or not, marbles will certainly not go out. Why does not somebody start a National Ring-taw Association?

TOPS.

Of the two games, or classes of games, which used to be, if they are not still, most popular with English youth below the cricket age, tops can hardly claim the intense and peculiar nationality of marbles. The Dutch, of course, make marbles, and therefore probably play them; but to the best of our belief, there is not even a word in French to express the noble game of ring-taw. Neither is there any trace of the game in antiquity; while tops are cosmopolitan and have a history. Everybody knows the celebrated simile in which Virgil (rather to the scandal of precise and ceremonious devotees of royalty on the one hand, and epic dignity on the other) compares Queen Amata to a *volubile buxum*, whipped round the *vacua atria* by small boys. There were tops in antiquity, there have been tops in the East, the explanation probably being that whipping something is always dear to the natural man. But as there is no intention here of parading cheap erudition, let us consider tops as a game, and not as an occasion for turning over dictionaries. Neither let it be more than noted that the irrepressible scientific man has taken possession of tops and invented strange and uncanny varieties of them, and

turned their harmless vagaries into formulas of x and y, and otherwise abused their innocence.

Of tops there are many kinds, but they reduce themselves more or less to three, which, to arrange them in the order of dignity, are the humming-top, the whip-top, and the peg-top. The first everybody knows. It affords a mild but pleasing diversion, which needs little notice, except to protest against the hideous innovation of metallic tops, which instead of humming, shriek with an unmusical and ghastly note; also their sides bump and bulge in an unseemly fashion, and their colouring is hideous to look on. There are only two orthodox shapes of humming-tops, and both ought to be made of wood. The one has its body shaped like a cylinder, much broader than it is high, and is usually small, being made of fine close wood; the other, and larger, is turnip-shaped, and it may, as a concession to infancy, be painted in divers colours. It would, by the way, be nearly as interesting to know who invented the handle of the humming-top as to know what name Achilles bore when in petticoats. The thing is remarkably ingenious in its simplicity, and hardly likely to have been suggested by anything else. Perhaps the only thing that can be affirmed with certainty is, that somebody else got behind the inventor and clubbed him for the sake of his top very soon after it was noticed that he could spin it better than by the natural fashion of rolling the handle between flattened hands, or twirling it with the fingers. Of the relation of teetotums to tops it is not lawful to speak at present.

The humming-top is, however, a solitary and rather selfish diversion, and—unless the gambling element is

introduced, as it may be anywhere—it is somewhat monotonous. The whip-top, which seems to be the oldest and most universal form, is gregarious and competitive. There is something attractively honest in the extreme simplicity of the whip-top's shape, which probably requires less manipulation to change it from the natural state of the wood than any other toy. You may take a thick slice of such a birch tree as they cut down by millions in Scotland, to make bobbins of, give its bottom a slight shaping to a point in the centre, and there is a rough whipping-top complete. Even the bark need not be taken off. But it need not be said that the lathe will give something more satisfactory. As for the whip, it is a time-honoured tradition that there is nothing like an eel-skin. Personally, we believe the eel-skin to be over-rated, and certainly it requires very careful drying. But there is this interest about it that, like knucklebones, it is rarely, if ever to be obtained by the summary process of commerce. It may be that co-operative stores and universal providers now keep eel-skin top-whips and sets of knucklebones as they keep everything else; but not many years ago both objects of youthful covetousness could only be got by personally conducting negotiations with a well-affectioned fishmonger or butcher, as the case might be. There was something primitive, and therefore pleasing, about this. But when you have got your top and your whip, the methods of using both are not numerous, nor, it must be confessed, is there much skill in the game, though it is a famous one for exercising small arms and legs. It would seem that Virgil's boys had but one top, and lashed at

it "promiscuous." This is not bad fun; but the top is very likely to be kicked over, and the whip-lashes are extremely likely to go into the eyes of the players. To whip two tops against each other that one may be knocked down is rather poor sport; and the best way, beyond doubt, is to race top against top for a given distance. In all forms the point of skill is one, single and the same—to get the lash well round the top without getting it too much round, so as to catch and stop it. It is true that sometimes the top will rise in the air with the lash, disengage itself, and fall spinning; but in such a case it much oftener loses its way and goes dead.

Peg-top, however, is as far above these infantile diversions as cricket is above peg-top. Here there is real skill, and, if the full game of peg-in-the-ring be played, a good deal of excitement and varied interest. Any one, even a hopeless idiot, can spin a humming-top, and anybody except an idiot can race a whip-top. But a great many boys never master the true over-hand fashion of pegging, and we have known some neither deficient in head nor hand who could not even manage the easier underhand, or "chimneysweep" fashion, as it is sometimes called in contempt. The underhand delivery is good enough for merely spinning the top, in which case the chief object is to get it to sleep, *i.e.* spin perfectly upright, to take it up, so spinning, in the hand, or on a spoon, and so forth. But peg-in-the-ring is a closed game to those who cannot attain unto the peculiar turn of the wrist, and cast with wrist and elbow combined, which send the top, not perpendicularly, but in a curved line of descent from above the player's shoulder to the

ground. It cannot be described, and can only be learnt by the light of nature or by imitation and practice. The hardest, smoothest string (and be it noted that such string is now not easy to get, except in seaport-towns), the most artistically arranged button at the end, to secure it to the hand (loops are bad and dangerous, having been known to dislocate the finger, and nearly always cutting it), the most careful winding round the top, the best-balanced and most artistically-pegged top itself, are useless till the knack has been learnt; and the mortified owner of these good things had much better lend them to somebody who can do the trick (and who is sure to be affably willing to accept the loan) and watch his practice. As for peg-in-the-ring, the rules are by no means intricate. A ring is drawn, one player casts his top, and the others peg at it. It cannot be taken up till it has spun or been pegged out of the ring, and hence a top that sleeps (or spins straight and upright on one spot) is sure to be knocked about a good deal. The theoretical object of pegging is to hit the adversary's top if possible so hard and so true on the hollow which is usually made at its summit as to split it, the peg being then the trophy of the splitter. But our friend, the "Boy's Own Book," acknowledges that "when tops are of good box it is but rarely that they split," and we cannot honestly say that we ever remember to have seen one fairly cloven, though we have seen pegs produced as evidences of the accomplishment of this feat. There is, however, quite enough amusement in spinning one's own top and pegging the others, especially the unfortunate dead men which fall in the ring, and cannot be removed

from it until, with many blows, they are forced over its bounds. If there is no definite end to the game, there is plenty of incident and variety, and it can be diversified as much as the spinner likes, by changing from it to solitary spinning and "taking up." There are also some artificial and complicated games with the peg-top, especially one called chipstone, which we never saw played, and which must, we should say, be anything but exciting. Lastly, there is the amusement to which Mr. Titmarsh refers in his notice of Master Snivins and his top, "the little wretch was always pegging it at my toes."

Peg-top, like marbles, appears to have very much gone out in London and its neighbourhood (we have received gratifying assurances that as to marbles things are much better in the remoter parts of the country); and here again, notwithstanding the fact that Michael Angelo's just quoted complaint did somewhat apply to the practice of playing in public places, the going out is very much to be regretted; for the game is a capital one, interesting in itself, giving excellent training to the eye and hand, and incidentally exercising most of the muscles of the body. When one looks either at the preparatory schools for the middle classes which, nine times out of ten, have no proper playgrounds at all, or at School Board playgrounds, asphalted, prim, and unsuitable for varied pastimes, one sees very little of these simple old games, endless in variety and interest, and of no small educational value. A kind of aimless shoving one another about—the initiatory process, doubtless, of the Saturday night street sports of 'Arry—seems to constitute the chief amusement. Even in elaborately

equipped schools, where athletics are made a point and almost a business of, these pastimes for the smaller boys seem to be neglected and unflourishing, while nothing has taken their place but the exercises of the gymnasium—most excellent and healthful exercises, doubtless, but which we are old-fashioned enough to think something different from games in the proper sense of the word. Possibly the time will come (possibly it has come) when boys will need a solemn note to the line in the *Tirocinium*:—

"To pitch the ball into the grounded hat."

"*Note.*—This refers to a childish and now totally obsolete diversion, ridiculously called *egg-hat*, which was practised by our ancestors in the days of rotten boroughs and naval victories, and the like signs of imperfect civilization." Meanwhile, let everybody who has the chance endeavour to avert this consummation. Since we wrote on marbles we have heard with great pleasure of a clergyman of the Church of England, well known as a scholar and divine, who yearly presents his parish schoolboys with a stock of marbles, and encourages the game with all his might. Unto him we can only say, *macte!* and to others, "Go and do likewise."

KNUCKLEBONES AND CAT'S-CRADLE.

THERE was once a man who, being confronted with the familiar problem of the best equipment for a desert island inhabited by savages (it is well known that the true desert island is always inhabited by savages, somewhat to the confusion of exact verbal logicians), promptly answered that he would rather have a set of knucklebones and the simple material required for the game of cat's-cradle than anything else. His plan of campaign was that while waiting for the savages he would play knucklebones by himself, diversifying the occupation (which is endless, and never fails to interest) by an occasional resort to the bread-fruit and palm-toddy which all respectable desert islands keep on hand. On the appearance of a male savage three courses would be open to him—to trade the knucklebones to the savage for a consideration; to teach him how to play (a preferable course); and, best of all, to represent to him that the knucklebones were divine, and that he, the involuntary desert islander, had the secret of their priesthood. If, on the contrary, a female savage appeared, he would at once play cat's-cradle with her, and would be quite certain to soften that savage breast by the engaging amusement. This, of course, is an extreme case, though it is probable that our adventurer would have fared quite as well as

the too-celebrated basket-maker, who was marooned under circumstances which need not be retold. Desert islands are now getting very rare, and there are scarcely any amiable savages left, because we have got rid of most of them with measles and new rum. There is, on the whole, no probability of the two games being put to such a severe test; and their merits must depend on their adaptability to the conditions of civilization "and Christianity," as a speaker once observed, either deliberately or unconsciously plagiarizing from Mrs. Proudie's greatest exploit.

Seriously, both the primitive pastimes here mentioned are admirable diversions; and the diverse and complementary character of their attractions is not badly illustrated by the sanguine plans of the person mentioned at the beginning of this article. Knucklebones, though far from disagreeable to look on, and calculated to inspire intense covetousness of a set in the mind of the onlooker, is pre-eminently a game for man-by-himself-man. It is the game of the *αὐτάρκης*, of the person who is content with his own resources, supplemented only by five little bones of a harmless sheep. Besides, if you play it alone, nobody sees when you "miss your tip," as you very frequently do in the abstruser varieties of the diversion. It has, as is, or ought to be, generally known, a very long pedigree, being, besides its own ancestor for many centuries, the ancestor of all such games as are played with dice; but it is independent of that. What, however, it is not independent of is a careful selection of the knucklebones (the odious and foolish *vox nihili* "Dibs" shall, having been once mentioned, no more cross our pen). The absurdity of democratic ideas

cannot be better illustrated than by simply putting the formula, "One bone is as good as another." Is it? That's all! (in talking of knucklebones the dialect appropriate is that of festive youth.) We can only say that it would give us the greatest pleasure to see two champions selected by Mr. Thorold Rogers play the severe and complete game (if there be a complete game, which some have doubted), the one having a set of equal-sized, small, neatly-shaped astragals, and the other a scratch lot of bones taken from Leicesters and other coarse sheep. In ancient days they used to play with goat and antelope knuckles "for elegance and curiosity," say the authorities. They also imitated the real thing in glass and ivory and agate—a piece of very bad taste. But the sheep is the true fountain of knucklebones, and when he or she is not too large, and is well made, a set of knucklebones is a rather comely thing. It is, or ought to be, needless to say that there should be five, and no more. Some of the proper figures absolutely limit the number to this, and in the simplest form of all (it used, if a reluctant memory serves us, to be vulgarly called "grabs") no more could be conveniently held by any hand that was not in old English phrase a "goll."

But, it may be asked, what are the proper figures? and here we feel a certain shyness. The mentor by whose aid in this and some other instances the rust of years has been rubbed off the aged mind, the "Boy's Own Book" (the original "Boy's Own Book") fails us here shamefully, so shamefully that we are bound to make the spiteful remark that, if a boy ever held his bat as the "Boy's Own Book" shows him holding it, he would be leg before to every

ball, and clean bowled by all the rest. In the first place, the bad old man who wrote this book (he must be very old indeed now, if he lives) calls the game by the *vox nihili* above referred to. In the second, his account is a disgraceful evasion. He says "this is a very excellent indoor amusement [so it is, and outdoor, too, for that matter]. It is played with five small bones from the hind leg of a sheep [do they all come from one leg? it is necessary that this question be referred to a comparative anatomist], which are thrown up in the air and caught in the palm or on the back of the hand, according to various rules. *These rules, however, are so various and intricate that a description of them would occupy a much larger portion of our space than can be spared for the purpose* [the old hypocrite!], and even if given would, we fear, be far from sufficiently clear," etc. etc.

Now this is calculated to make a man, and especially a writer on knucklebones, very cross. In the first place, what is the good of a "Boy's Own Book" which behaves in this way? And, in the second, how is the writer on knucklebones to refresh his own memory on the subject? For, to tell the truth, the rules *were* very intricate, and it *is* difficult to make them sufficiently clear, and in fact we are very much in the same case as the author of the "Boy's Own Book," and therefore have a right to be indignant with him. We can, however, improve a little on his baldness. Knucklebones begins nowhere and ends nowhere. You may start with "sweeps," or with "grabs," or with "pick-up," or with an ingenious pastime, the name of which we think varied, which consists in setting one hand down, with the finger points spread

out on the table, and the wrist raised, and while the fifth bone is thrown up by the other hand, sweeping the remaining four successively into the doorways between the fingers of the stationary hand. But if we started with any figure we should both in the order of thought, and in that of practice start with that in which the five bones are laid in a line, one is thrown in the air, and the others during its flight (for that is the central principle of all knucklebones) are picked up first one by one, then by twos, then by threes, and then all four. One of the figures in which there is most difficulty is that in which the bones are clutched between the finger tips and successively thrown up backwards. The novice always finds all flying instead of the one which ought to do so. The very simplest sport of all, and apparently the oldest, is that of throwing the bones up from the palm and catching them on the back, or *vice versâ*. But as for rules they, to return to the faithless guide, than whom we have not perhaps proved much faithfuller, "can be readily learned from any person acquainted with the game, and a little practice will secure their easy accomplishment," which last fact we venture to doubt. Not only is some deftness of hand required by a perfect knucklebone player, but also a hand rather peculiarly shaped. Mere size of fist is not much help; you want long fingers, supple joints, and a flat-backed palm.*

If the venerable instructor above referred to (a sacred shame invades us at having spoken disrespectfully of him) had written the sentences quoted about cat's-cradle, there would have been ample excuse for him. The thirty-two figures of that admirable

* Since writing the above we have found a very sufficient, if not complete, set of rules in *The Boy's Own Paper*, for 1881, p. 557.

diversion (some say there are thirty-two, and some say that the figures of cat's-cradle are like the sacred stones and steps, and so forth, to be found all over the country, which no man can number twice with the same result) could only be described by a novelist of the school of M. Zola, or an expert in the composition of knitting manuals, and even then the description would be useless without abundant diagrams. But it is altogether a noble game, and just as knucklebones is the game of man-by-himself-man, so is cat's-cradle the game to be played under four eyes.

"With thee cat's-cradling I forget all time"

is known to English scholars to be the original form of the line which was afterwards altered and spoilt by a puerile fear of seeming puerile. There is nothing in the man's part in it of that effeminate and rather grotesque appearance which distinguished the male player in a game once widely practised—that of holding skeins of silk or wool to be unwound—but it has more than the same advantages. A good long game of cat's-cradle with a qualified partner is indeed a liberal education, and, like all true education, it can be carried on almost anywhere. Misconstruction might indeed attend the playing of the game in church; but it can be, and has been, played on the stairs at a ball, in a railway carriage, in the box of a theatre, in many other places where the influences and exercises of a liberal education are too often but ill represented. It is even said that an artist once executed a charming pendent to that famous scene which Gautier sketched in words, and which Mr. Foker had on his walls in the language of line and colour, by depicting a lady and gentleman playing

cat's-cradle on horseback, at full gallop. It supplies while it is being played abundant themes of conversation, and in its endless disappointments and recommencements it is an emphatic and invaluable Criticism of Life. For even the skilfullest players (especially in the circumstances under which, as has been pointed out, cat's-cradle ought to be played) find themselves making one of those innumerable little slips, whereupon follows the sudden dissolution of the most intricate and unimagined complication into the simple "cradle," and the necessity of beginning all over again. The moral uses of cat's-cradle are also infinite; and in a somewhat different order of thought it is an admirable game for displaying the beauties and distinctions of the human hand, which Mr. Browning and others so justly admire. Neither should the extraordinary simplicity of its apparatus be omitted, though—and here cat's-cradle is once more Critical of Life—that simplicity never has attained to full perfection. An endless silk cord would be the ideal engine for cat's-cradle. Knots, which, in the absence of such an endless cord, have to be put up with, often jeopardize the transfer of the cradle at the most interesting moments; and though, if the cord is carefully spliced and whipped, the knot is avoided, the join still makes a certain stiffness at its particular point. Still, it is not well to be too exacting; and the joys of cat's-cradle may be partaken of by the aid of the humble string, nay, even—for the game is, as has been said, endlessly satirical and humorous—of a piece of red tape. Can the sovereign virtues of a diversion go further than to the extraction of amusement out of red tape?

ENGLISH CHESS.

It is a common and not unnatural weakness of good chess-players to desire that their names may be handed down to posterity in connection with some new opening or new development of an opening in the game to which their intellect and energies have been devoted. Ruy Lopez, Kieseritzky, Evans, and a few others are thus immortalized in the annals of chess, and it is not surprising that modern players should feel a glow of ambition at the thought that their names also may be remembered with the rest. Mr. Steinitz need not fear that his prowess will be soon forgotten, but he cannot remain satisfied with the glory of having played some of the finest combinations ever recorded, and of being as difficult to beat over the board as Mr. Grace, with his eye well in, is difficult to dispose of at cricket. He has devised a gambit somewhat startling in its novelty, in which, instead of castling, he makes his king run the gauntlet for ten or a dozen moves, trusting to have greater service from it in the middle or end of the game than if it were mewed up in a corner. Two out of his first three games in the London International Tournament were lost by this gambit, which has not secured the approval of any other great player. But we

believe that Mr. Steinitz manfully refuses to abandon it. In the hands of a clever strategist it is a formidable weapon of attack; and, at any rate, no man who is not his equal would be wise to speak lightly of it. Its chief blemish is that black has the opportunity of forcing a draw at the eighth move; though to force a draw immediately after accepting a gambit would be too much in the style of the poor cat in the adage. Another chess opening which has not yet earned the sanction of the masters, but which seems to have more in its favour than has generally been admitted, is known as Bird's variation of the Giuoco Piano. A bishop and knight being played on either side, in accordance with the regular opening, Mr. Bird advances his queen's bishop's pawn one, his queen's knight's pawn two, his queen's pawn one, and his queen's rook's pawn two, which, with a careful continuation, certainly gives him a strong position for attack. In the first part of his entertaining work on "Modern Chess," published by Mr. James Wade, Mr. Bird expounds and defends his opening, taking to himself a sweet revenge for the scantiness of which he complains in other people's criticism. It must be admitted that he makes out a fair case, both in argument and in illustration. "I like," he says, "something lively and spirited as early as possible; and the early advance of the Pawns on the Queen's side attains my object." There are many people who like something lively and spirited as early as possible; and to chess players of this disposition Mr. Bird's treatise, and the opening itself, may be safely recommended. In the course of the past eighteen months the author has adopted his favourite tactics in seven

games of primary importance, against Winawer, Englisch, Zukertort, Rosenthal, Fritz, and Mackenzie. Of the seven he only lost one, that against Zukertort in the London Tournament; and here, on the twenty-ninth move, he unfortunately overlooked a sacrifice of the exchange which would have given him a won game. In view of these facts it certainly does seem remarkable, as Mr. Bird says, "that this mode of playing the Giuoco Piano has never been adopted by any other player, and that the book authorities have not given it due consideration, or expressed any opinion in regard to it." The most favourable (or the least hostile) of the masters is Mr. Steinitz; and perhaps it may be said that Mr. Steinitz, having an innovation of his own to defend, was less likely to indulge in conventional reproof of a fellow-innovator. Perhaps the late champion of English chess, now that he exults once more in a magazine of his own, may have something fresh to say from his head-quarters in America on the relative merits of old and new openings.

The demand for chess literature has been steadily growing for some years past, and this growth is not the only symptom of a noteworthy increase in the popularity of the game. The fact is unquestionable, and it is not a little curious. Chess presents few attractions for the generality of men and women in our day which it has not presented for the men and women of a dozen generations. It is probably played no more shrewdly by the masters of the nineteenth century than it was played by the masters of the eighteenth century. Its method has scarcely developed as much since the time of Phillidor as the

method and apparatus of cricket have developed since Gainsborough painted his "young cricketer" with bails nailed to the stumps, and a bat like an Indian club. Yet this oldest of our systematic sports, of which the origin is lost in obscurity, but which Odon de Sully forbade his clergy to meddle with nearly seven hundred years ago, has within the last decade reached a level of popular favour beyond all recorded precedent. Much, no doubt, is due to the careful analysis of the openings, which, especially since the publication of Staunton's "Handbook," have become more and more familiar to the average amateur. Everything which encourages a beginner to acquire the commonest formulas of chess at an early stage in his progress tends to make the succeeding stages more easy and delightful to him. In one way or another the many thousands of young people who now take up chess as a pastime contrive to learn and remember these formulas; and from that time onward their interest in the game is assured. Mr. Ruskin, who has touched and adorned this subject also, cannot understand the pleasure which some players seem to take in following prescribed lines of attack and defence, or in skulking after stray pawns when nearly all the pieces have been changed off. There are many who go a great deal further than Mr. Ruskin, and question the interest and value of chess under any circumstances. This sceptical frame of mind is perhaps less open to objection than that of the enthusiasts who have listened too eagerly to the song of the charmer, and have given up to chess what was meant for mankind, or at all events for the earning of their livelihood in a commonplace trade or profession. It is a danger to

which all players are exposed, and which is fatal to not a few. Chess would thrive well enough even if it were regarded as exclusively a game for amateurs; and, as a matter of fact, some of the finest performers have been men to whom it always remained a pastime, and never became a crutch. This being said, it is advisable to say one thing more—namely, that the professional element in English chess is not obtrusive, and has no cause to blush for its record in any shape or form. Our professional chess masters of the first rank may be counted on the fingers; they have proved themselves superior in skill to the masters of other countries; but they do not, as distinctly as in cricket and boating, constitute a separate class, nor do they, any more than in the sports just mentioned, overshadow the men who play for simple recreation. The number of these could not be readily computed, but it has certainly increased at a very rapid rate. There are now in great Britain some three hundred and twenty chess clubs, apart from the institutions where chess is only one out of a number of tolerated games. Many of these clubs have over a hundred members, whilst some of them can at any time put sixty or seventy fairly strong players in the field. The City of London Club, now regularly produces something like a hundred competitors in its annual tournaments, and several of the larger provincial clubs have reached three-fourths of that number. Nor has the average quality of the play failed to keep pace with this numerical increase. Mr. Blackburne, who up to the time of his recent illness was a frequent visitor to the provinces, had latterly begun to find that his favourite task of meeting a dozen good men blindfold was no longer the bagatelle that he used to consider it.

Partly a cause and partly a consequence of this stimulated popularity are the numerous chess magazines, chess pages, and chess columns which now exist, many of them conducted with marked ability, and all of them apparently read and appreciated. The modest amateur, who can follow an easy piece of analysis, and at least attempt to solve a two-move problem, need never be at a loss for entertainment; and the man who wants more than this must be hard to please if he does not find satisfaction in such budgets as the *Chess Monthly* of Messrs. Zukertort and Hoffer, or the "Modern Chess" of Mr. Bird. It is not long since Mr. Steinitz also was in the lists as an English chess editor, warring valiantly for his principles. America has appropriated him for a time, as it appropriates, or tries to appropriate, all our great executants, one after another. If Mr. Steinitz presently tires of America, or Americans tire of chess, we shall have him back in his former haunts, and the vexed question of the championship may then be disposed of. It has been warmly contested for some years past. Nearly every one is ready to admit that the palm is borne either by Mr. Steinitz or by Mr. Zukertort; and indeed the International Tournament of 1883, from which no first-rate player was absent, left these two men prominently at the front. Zukertort stood first with twenty-two wins out of twenty-six games, whilst Steinitz only scored nineteen; so that, if this were the sole test which could be applied, the former would have an undisputed claim to the title of champion. But the result of a tournament is not so conclusive on the relative merits of two amongst the whole number of competitors, as a single combat under proper condi-

tions would be. The deciding match should consist of not fewer than twenty-one games, played at the rate of five in a week. The preliminaries and the regulation of the match should be entrusted to a committee, composed of nominees of the two players, of the St. George's and City of London Clubs, of the Counties Chess Association, and the new British Chess Association. Finally, the match should be played in a public room, not in a club, and every precaution should be taken to insure the players against needless distraction of mind. These conditions—which we believe Mr. Steinitz is willing to accept—would be fair to both sides, and would inspire confidence in the outside public. They provide a test of all the qualities which combine to make a chess-master of the highest rank—that is to say, not only knowledge and skill, but mental endurance, power of concentration, and equableness of temperament. A match of this kind between Zukertort and Steinitz would possess much interest for all players and lovers of chess. The two are foemen worthy of each other's steel; and a score or more of games, in which both put forth their whole strength, would be sure to exhibit some brilliant strategy.

Good performers often lay themselves open to the charge of extravagant confidence in their own abilities, and it may be very wholesome and natural that they should be laughed at for their conceit. But anything like persistent depreciation and ridicule of one champion by the backers of his rival is an impertinence to all who do not care for this sort of thing, and an injury to the rival in question. The word wants saying, and editors of ephemeral chess literature

may rely upon it that they would give their readers greater satisfaction by excluding personal quips and gibes, which possibly establish the phenomenal smartness of the writers, but establish nothing else. English players are noted, on the whole, for their genial and gregarious habits, and the only kind of rivalry which the best of them care to recognize is that which can be fought out across the table. This is certainly the view of the general public, who will come together to see a good chess match almost as eagerly as they come to any other trial of strength or skill. Men of influence who love the game ought to think it worth their while to arrange more frequent contests, of distinguished amateurs as well as of professional players. What, for instance, could be more interesting than a duel between Mr. Ruskin and Lord Randolph Churchill? In a recent letter to the editor of the *Chess Monthly*, Mr. Ruskin half promised us a collection of pattern games, reasonable in length, like a dean's sermon, and warranted free of skulking. If Mr. Zukertort would undertake to prepare his correspondent for the encounter, and Mr. Steinitz would perform the same service for his quondam pupil, half the town would assemble to see them play. And, as enough money might be taken at the doors to give a respectable start to a Chessplayers' Benevolent Fund, we really do not see why the idea should not commend itself alike to philosophic age and mercurial youth.

MORA AND LOTTO.

One of the most amiable traits in the national character of the Italians is the ease with which they are amused. A tambourine will set a whole family dancing, and the gift of a few squibs or crackers on a saint's day will delight a grown-up man. If he is a Neapolitan the odds are that he will not have patience enough to wait till nightfall, but will let them off in the full glare of the noonday sun. No opportunity for pleasure is lost, and no other race feels so entirely that sufficient to the day is the evil and also the joy thereof. This is, perhaps, the reason why Italian games are so simple and unscientific. The light Southern temperament does not require the stimulus of those complicated forms of diversion which afford an opportunity for the exercise of strength or dexterity. The player is content with the excitement produced by chance but slightly tempered with skill, and his favourite games are therefore apt to appear somewhat childish to an Englishman.

Among the most universal of these is mora, which closely resembles the schoolboy's odd or even, except that it is played with the fingers instead of marbles. Whoever has frequented the village inns and the

smaller wine-rooms of Southern Italy must have seen groups of peasants and fishermen gesticulating violently, throwing out their half-closed hands, and at the same time shrieking out numbers in wild and discordant tones. In the flickering light of the unshaded oil-lamp that stands in their midst, a stranger might almost think they were wizards imprecating destruction on some enemy's head, so eager are the pale sallow faces, and so wild and yet measured the movements. That is the picturesque, and by far the most interesting side of mora, which is played in the North, too, though with less noise and fewer gestures.

When the match is only between two, they stand opposite each other. At the same moment each elevates his right hand with as many fingers as he wishes to be counted extended, and calls out a number. If he has guessed the sum correctly, he scores a point; if both players are either right or wrong, they begin again. A game may consist of any number of points; either ten or twelve are usually chosen. If four join in it, they generally form parties, A. and B. being opposed to C. and D. The first pair begins, while the second quietly looks on. If A. wins a point from C., he opposes himself to D., and so on. When the company is large, mora may be played in two ways, but never by an odd number of persons. In the first case they divide into pairs, though standing side by side, and those who win play against each other until the victory is finally decided. In the second all play together, every right guess counts, and whoever first makes the ten or twelve points has won. There are local variations of both these systems, and custom differs greatly as to the way in which the

losses are distributed. It may be added that old players generally prefer the first system, and that they believe that when playing with novices it is wisest to call out a single number—six, seven, or eight is thought to be the best—while varying the number of fingers extended, but that this plan is not advantageous when they are opposed to the more experienced.

It is obvious that so insipid a game cannot be played without a stake, which generally consists of a given quantity of wine. Over this the victor has, of course, absolute disposal; but it is an understood thing that he shares it with the losers, though if he bears any of them a grudge he has an acknowledged right to exclude him. If a respectable foreigner is seated in a village inn while play is going on, he will frequently be asked to join it; and the most remarkable thing about mora is that, if he is entirely ignorant of the game, he is almost certain to win. Whether it is the natural politeness of the Italians which induces them thus to cheat themselves for a stranger's advantage, or a shrewd suspicion that in any case he is likely to pay for more wine than he drinks if once his acquaintance can be made, we shall not attempt to decide.

In bad times, when the soldi are scarce, the innkeeper often proposes mora as a certain means of attracting them from the pockets of his neighbours; for many an Italian who hesitates to buy his customary half-litre will willingly run the risk of paying a somewhat higher price for the hope of being able to drink it for nothing. Indeed, the love for gambling is a national characteristic; and, as mora is the most innocent,

lotto—that is, the official weekly lottery—is the most dangerous of the forms it takes, at least among the middle and lower classes. It is true that the Government derives a considerable revenue from the banks, and that play is so popular that no Administration would venture to close them; but it is also true that the injury they do to the country is incalculable. From the nobleman to the labourer who tills his fields, every one is anxious to stake all he can as soon as he has discovered what he thinks to be three lucky numbers; the very beggars hoard their halfpence for the purpose; and there are whole classes who hardly think of investing their savings in any other way. Nor is the game confined to authorized places, where the play is fair, though the odds are enormously in favour of the bank; in every large town there are private adventurers, who, in spite of the law, find it profitable to undersell the Government by accepting its risk at a lower price. They recognize the numbers officially drawn, and are strictly honest when small sums are gained; but, if a client of theirs were to happen to have one of those great strokes of luck which do occasionally occur, even in lotto, the probability is that he would never see a farthing of the money, nor ever again meet the obliging gentleman with whom he dealt so long. Nay, more than this, there are shops, at least in Naples, where a poor but speculative housewife may deposit a soldo on condition that, if the numbers she has named are drawn, she is to be provided with a turkey, a ham, a pair of fowls, or whatever the object of her desire may be, for her Sunday dinner. It is strange that the very men who find this form of trade profitable should themselves be passionate and

habitual players; but a man who gives his soul up to lotto seems to gain such a confidence in his own luck or judgment as neither reason nor experience can shake.

The ignorant are at one with the philosophers in this, that they never believe that anything that happens is the result of pure chance, and the Italians, at least the Southern Italians, are firmly convinced that there must be some way of getting behind the mystery of lotto, and foreseeing the numbers that will be drawn. To this important task each addresses himself in his own way. The poverty-stricken old widow hears numerous masses before she stakes the few pence which are half of her weekly income, and after having done so returns to her church and entreats Santa Lucia to lend her good fortune. "You know no one needs it more than I do." Why should she not pray for a rather more plentiful supply of daily bread? It is often simply bread she wants. Then she goes home and starves herself for a week, and when her numbers do not come out she says to herself, "Well, well, perhaps it's all for the best. Santa Lucia knows; but then how pleasant it would be to be able to buy one big loaf, and a halfpenny water-melon, and a glass of wine!" Schopenhauer said jestingly, when a friend ridiculed him for taking a lottery ticket, "Why shouldn't I leave a door open to Fate if it came into its head to do me a good turn?" The old lady wants to open a door for Providence, when she sinks the halfpence she can so ill spare in the lotto bank. On the other hand, there are many who note all the numbers that have appeared for years, and base forecasts upon them, which look very ingenious upon

paper, but when they stake their money they are rarely more successful than the widow.

Most Italians, however, like most Englishmen, are neither religious nor scientific. They endeavour to get to fate by a back door, and to outwit nature. Accordingly, most lotto-players rely on chance circumstances, omens, and dreams, for the numbers they desire to play. Thus, if a bull were to break loose from five men, to run thirty-eight paces, and to stop opposite a house, the number of which was ninety-six, the spectators would rush to the nearest bank and lay their money on five, thirty-eight, and ninety-six. In the same way, if they were to dream of numbers, they would at once back them. The misfortune is that neither circumstances nor dreams are generally so clear as the examples above given. But the genius of the nation has been equal to the occasion. Various books have been published, several of a formidable size, which undertake to reduce everything one can possibly see, or more especially dream of, to a number for the purposes of the game. The present writer was once compelled to pass two days in a village inn, where the only literature attainable was such a book, and he earnestly endeavoured to discover on what principles the numbers were arranged, but could find none. This may have been the fault of his own dulness, for when he came to look a little further he found abundant reason to admire the ingenuity of the author. He cannot guarantee the correctness of the details or the numbers; but, on the whole, the impression he gives is, he believes, correct. You have dreamed of a tree, and turn to the infallible oracle; a tree is nine, but a dead tree is thirty-seven, and a green one forty; so far all is

clear; but then a leafless tree is ninety-six. Who but a botanist of the most inveterate kind can distinguish a dead from a leafless tree, when he is dreaming? But this is not all. Every forest tree known in Italy has its own peculiar number, and so if you have dreamed of a winter landscape you are left to decide, not only the difficult question whether it was a simple, a dead, or a leafless tree that appeared to you in the visions of the night, but also whether it was oak, beech, chestnut, or some other species whose name you never heard. Your success depends upon your choice, and if you lose your money, your neighbours will soon discover that it is you, not the book, that is to blame. It is still more diverting, however, to discover that a single number represents your stepmother, a pancake, a giraffe, Napoleon I., and a frog croaking upon a stone. In a word, it is the very exactness of the book that renders it at once so mysterious and so infallible.

Such books are for those who can read; those who cannot have but little faith in them. Yet in Southern Italy they trust greatly to learning. The commonalty believe that the priests know all the lotto numbers, but are bound by an oath not to reveal or play them, and if they suspect that one has done so in an underhand way, they at once set upon the same numbers. It is said that some of the monks who have been excluded from their monasteries by the present Government earn a living by foretelling the fortunate numbers; but party feeling among the ruling class runs so high, that it is well to examine twice before you believe the current reports as to a priest or a monk. It is certain, however, that a wanderer who

makes his excursions on foot, and is therefore not unapproachable, though he lingers long amid ancient ruins, will sometimes be accosted by a stranger, who, after a few words of introduction, entreats him to give a number. In such cases it is useless to insist on the folly of the request; the best thing to do is to disclaim all knowledge; but to add, "If you like, play so and so." Those who are known to read Greek, however, are thought to be the true masters of lotto; why, we cannot say. They are not always the wealthiest of men. But, after all, it is best to part with the game, as with everything else, in a friendly way. We have said that we consider it one of the greatest curses of modern Italy; yet it has its uses. It amuses the imagination of its votaries. The Italian poor, except in Tuscany—a doubtful exception—are so miserable, that they are not perhaps so unwise as they seem when they purchase with the poor soldi they can manage to scrape together a day or two of hope. The widow enjoys at least the vision of her great loaf, her melon, and her wine, and the housewife luxuriates for a day or two in expectation of the turkey which will amaze the family. They are disappointed; yes, but the lotto banks are still open, and the day *may* come. It is perhaps foolish of them to cast the hardly earned, the hardly saved pennies they possess into the great gulf of the national treasury; but is it not, after all, better than that they should spend them in gin and whisky? Is it not incalculably better that they should be lost thus than expended upon dynamite?

CUT-THROAT EUCHRE AND POKER.

In nothing do the national characteristics of a country show themselves more thoroughly than in its sports and games. When at play one must perforce be natural; in the practice of old amusements, or in the invention of new ones, the mind follows its natural bent, and the amusements in their turn react on the mind, and bring out or emphasize the leading traits of character. As with their songs and their proverbs, so would it be easy to predicate the distinguishing characteristics of a people from a study of their national games. Nowhere is this better seen than in America. It is hardly possible to understand, and certainly impossible to appreciate thoroughly, that class of American literature of which the writings of "Mark Twain" and of Mr. Bret Harte may be taken as types, without some acquaintance with two essentially American games of cards—euchre and poker; so completely are Western modes of speech and thought permeated with illustrations drawn from the practice and terminology of these games.

Who, for instance, could understand the description of a luncheon in the "Innocents Abroad," at which every one "passes," unless he were familiar with the game of euchre? Or who could, without such know-

ledge, properly appreciate the allusions in the poem of "The Heathen Chinee," in which one player has his sleeve

> **"Stuffed full of aces and bowers,**
> **And the same with intent to deceive"?**

Yet the "Chinee" contrives to score points over his two Californian adversaries until his game is exposed, and the catastrophe brought on by the unfortunate fact that

> **"At last he put down a right bower,**
> **Which the same Nye had dealt unto me."**

Euchre, as will be seen below, like most other games of cards, requires a good memory and a certain rapidity of judgment in order to secure success, combined, of course, with average luck in the matter of holding high cards. Poker, on the other hand, is a game that demands quite different qualities. You do not even need to hold good cards. Perfect coolness, impassibility of countenance, the finest nerve, keen discrimination, and an almost intuitive perception of the motives of play in others, together with constant variety in your own style of play, so that your adversaries may never be able to draw inferences from it as to your motives—these are the main characteristics of a good poker player. Some of the best American stories are about cards, or, at all events, contain allusions to them. The reason that they are the best is that they bring out the national traits and peculiarities. The essence of poker consists in "bluffing," which is the result or expression of that habit of self-assertion which, without intending to impute anything offensive to our kinsmen over the sea, one cannot help remarking as peculiarly American. It is a great

mistake to suppose that this arises from a mere vulgar spirit of boastfulness. On the contrary, it was in its origin merely their form of entering their protest against British superciliousness and assumption of superiority, and it has no doubt contributed greatly to making the United States what they have become in the short space of a single century. To go back to our games. Euchre is probably German in its origin, as is proved by the name given to the highest card in the game—the knave of trumps—which is called the right bower, evidently a corruption of the German *baur*, or knave. It may be played by two, three, or four persons. It is in its nature and general rules of play akin to écarté, but has several peculiarities which give it a character of its own. It is played with a short pack of thirty-two cards. The principal point to remember is the value of the two bowers; the highest card is, as has been already said, the right bower, or knave of trumps, and the next highest the left bower, or knave of the same colour, *i.e.* if hearts are trumps the knave of diamonds is the left bower; and not only is it the second highest card, but it becomes a trump, and you must follow suit with it as such; for instance, if the knave of hearts, being right bower, is led, and you have the knave of diamonds, but no hearts, you must play the knave of diamonds. It is a little difficult for a beginner to remember that the left bower is not of the suit which it professes to be, but is a trump. The other cards follow in their usual order of value, the ace of trumps being consequently the third highest. If two persons are playing, the dealer deals five cards to each, and turns up the next one; but this does not

necessarily become the trumps card. The first player looks at his hand, and if he thinks himself strong enough in that suit to make the odd trick, he says, "I order it up;" on which the dealer discards face downwards the weakest card in his hand, and the turn-up card becomes confirmed as trumps, and forms part of the dealer's hand. It remains, however, on the table, face upwards, to be played by him when necessary. Should the first player not feel himself sufficiently strong in the suit turned up, he says, "I pass;" it then falls to the dealer to approve or not of the card; if he wishes to confirm it as trumps, he discards his weakest card without saying a word, and his adversary then leads; but if the dealer, too, is not strong enough in that suit, he signifies his intention of "passing" by turning the card face downwards; for the game is played with as few words as possible between the players. If the dealer passes, it becomes the turn of the first player to select any suit excepting that originally turned up as trumps, which he announces by saying, "I make so-and-so trumps;" if not strong enough in any, he says, "Pass again." The dealer then, in his turn, may "make" any suit; or, if he too is weak all round, he throws down his cards, saying, "Pass out," and his adversary then deals afresh. Whichever player "orders up" or "makes" any suit trumps, takes on himself the responsibility of making at least the third, or odd trick; and should he fail to do so, he is "euchred," and the other player scores double. The game consists of five points; three or four tricks counting one, and all five of them two, as at écarté. When there are four players, the two opposite to each other are partners, and play of course

into each other's hands; but if any one feels himself sufficiently strong to make the odd trick by himself, without aid from his partner, he may say, "I play it single;" his partner then lays his hand on the table, face downwards, and the player plays alone against the other two, and in this case scores double if he wins, but only loses single if he fails to make the odd trick. A curious variety of the game is three-handed or "cut-throat" euchre. In this the hands are dealt to each of the three players as usual, and each of them scores for himself, on his own account; but whichever of them "orders up," "takes up," or "makes" any suit trumps, has to play that hand alone against the other two, who become for the nonce temporary partners. It will thus be seen that the three are constantly changing partnership or playing single in the course of a single game. The "cut-throat" part of the business does not come in till towards the end of the game. Suppose A. and B. are temporary partners, and A. has scored 1 or 2, while B. has scored 3, and C. 3 or less; in this case C. having "made" something trumps is "euchred" if he fails to secure the odd trick; this would add 2 to each of the scores of the others, and A. would thus be 3 or 4 at most, whereas B. would be 5 and therefore win the game. If C., on the other hand, makes the odd trick, he will only add 1 to his score, and will not be out. It is therefore evident that it will better answer A.'s purpose to "cut his own throat" by playing badly on purpose, so as to lose the trick for himself and his partner, rather than win it with that partner, and thus lose the game himself. "Cut-throat" euchre, however, at best, must be considered a poor and a

badly constructed game: it cannot be right to have to play deliberately to lose; and there must occur conjunctures in which one player must in any case lose. For instance, suppose that A. stands at 2, B. at 4, and C. at 3, and that B. "orders up;" if he wins the trick, he is of course out, and wins the game; while, if the partners A. and C. "euchre" him, A. will only be 4, but C. will be 5: thus, whether A. plays his cards well or ill, he must lose, and he might be in a position to make terms with either of the others as to how he should play, which of course is undesirable. Cut-throat euchre might fairly be cited as another instance of the truth of the old adage that two is company, while three is none.

Poker is essentially a gambling game. In fact, it is impossible to play it for love, as the only check against utter recklessness—namely, the fear of losing your money—would be wanting. Nevertheless, it is not too much to say that the chief excitement of it consists, not so much in winning the stakes as in the pleasure of outwitting your adversary, especially when you have induced him to throw up his hand, while you have all the time got a much worse one yourself. A recent American representative, accredited to the Court of St. James's, who was neither a historian nor a poet, favoured London society some ten years ago with a little treatise on the game, and various newspaper articles have dealt with the same subject. The game has become, therefore, tolerably well known in England, and it is unnecessary to go at length into its somewhat complicated rules and terminology. Suffice it to say that it is an adaptation of and an improvement on the old-fashioned English

game of "brag." Each hand consists of five cards, instead of three, as in its English prototype; so the variety of combinations, and consequent difficulty of forming an estimate of what the other players hold, is infinitely greater. Each player has the opportunity of changing any or all of his cards once; this process, of course, must be carefully watched, so as to gain some indication of what your adversaries are trying for. It is, at best, a very slight and uncertain one that can be thus gained, as an experienced player will discard differently at different times from precisely the same hand, and resort to all sorts of devices to throw his adversaries off the scent. The hands rank in a strictly defined order of value, which is easily mastered; and it is practically impossible that two of the same value should ever be out at the same time. The play simply consists in each player in turn increasing his stake so as to make it equal to the total stake of the last preceding player, and, if he sees fit, he may, whenever it comes to his turn to play, "raise" it by as much as he likes; any one who does not choose to "see the raise"—*i.e.* to cover it with a like amount—can at any time "run," *i.e.* throw down his cards and abandon all claim to share in the pool; whenever the stakes are equal all round, and the last player does not "raise," he can "call;" the best hand shown then takes the pool, but those who do not claim it are not obliged to show, and thereby expose their style of play. Frequently all but one go out; and all the money is taken, without his even showing his hand, by the player who has "gone better" than any one else. Euchre, as we have seen, is played in a grave, sententious manner,

as few words being used as possible. "Poker talk," on the contrary, has passed into a proverb; you may say as much as you like "with intent to deceive," the great object being to throw your adversary off his guard. With a really good hand much judgment is required to draw on the others into betting high; if you "raise" too much yourself you may frighten them off prematurely; yet if you bet too cautiously, they may divine that you are trying to egg them on. At one time poker was played by simply betting on the five cards originally dealt, without the hands being "helped" to any new ones. But this last method, which is called "draw-poker," or even for short alluded to as "a little game of draw," is now the one universally adopted. Since the introduction of the game into Europe, and especially since it has been so much played by English and American ladies at French watering-places, certain abominations, such as "jack pots," and other novel practices, have been introduced. These form no part of the pure and original game, and are regarded as heresies by all true lovers thereof. Poker is unquestionably the national game of America, notwithstanding the fact that base-ball has arrogated to itself that title. Expressions derived from it permeate the whole language, and are familiar among certain classes in the mouths of young and old—from the rough who, in the menacing presence of a hostile "five-shooter," put up his "Arkansas toothpick," with the remark, "A full hand's good by——!" to the child, who in the course of a geography lesson, met the "school-marm's" question, "What is a strait?" with the prompt reply, "Beats two pairs."

THE GAMES OF SAVAGES.

If the development of our games has been like that of our society, our laws, and many of our customs, then our games have been evolved out of something akin to the pastimes of savages. Games were no more invented ready made than laws, or myths, or manners. The Lydians, according to Herodotus, believed that their ancestors invented games during a famine, to divert their minds from the hunger of their bodies. If hunger be the mother of the invention of games, then games should have been first practised by savages who live in alternate periods of starvation and satiety But we cannot suppose that any one ever invented a game, as now known to us, in a moment, as Thoth, according to Plato, was fabled by the Egyptians to have invented draughts, chess, or backgammon. All known games are the results of ages of evolution and gradual improvement. Sometimes we can detect the conditions and the environment which gave its final form to a certain game, as in the example of Eton Fives. The same process—that is, the use of structural features in the place where the game was played—probably led to the adoption of the pent-

house and the *grille* in tennis. Games cannot reach any valuable kind of elaboration and complexity in a state of society where they are only played by children. Cricket might still be in its primitive stages of "cat and dog" and "stoolball," had it not been taken up by men of mature intellect, serious character, and abundant leisure, in a calm, rational, and worthy spirit. Now the qualities of intellect required for the development of a really good game like cricket, tennis, or golf are not possessed by savages. They have not the mental seriousness or powers of application to form rules like those of the M.C.C., though, like Custick and the rest of the Black Fellows' Eleven, they appreciate a civilized game when they are taught it, and play it very well. We must therefore look for considerable simplicity in the games of savages. We must also allow for their want of mechanical skill. No outsider, not even Mr. Gale, knows how a cricket-ball is stuffed and sewn; some at least of the processes are a trade mystery. The savage cannot produce a cricket-ball, a golf-ball, a billiard-ball; his equipment is thus scanty, and he has to do the best in his power with the rude materials and means at his command. Yet we must not despise the games of savages. Little studied as they have been by the anthropologist (for even Mr. Tylor has chiefly written about a primitive form of backgammon, and about tsigan, or polo, alone), the games of savages deserve to be examined with respect.

The arrangement of such vague things as savage games is not very easy. They may, perhaps, be classed as imitative, gambling, and purely sportive, though the three divisions naturally overlap and run into

each other. The first category may be dismissed briefly enough. Of savage as of civilized children it may be said that "their whole vocation is endless imitation." A wedding or a funeral among their elders is copied by the little ones in childish play. The Eskimo children "build little snow huts, which they light up with scraps of lamp-wick begged from their mothers." Australian children have their tiny boomerangs, and light yet dangerous boys' spears, the latter being made of a long reed, tipped with a sharp piece of hard heavy wood. Australian children are regularly taught by the old men to wield their little weapons; and the late Mr. Grimston at Harrow has his Australian counterpart in the aged Murri, who sets up the mark for the children, and teaches them how to direct their missiles. A disc made of bark is thrown hard down on the ground, and, as it bounds along with irregular leaps, the young blacks cast at it with their spears. "Obedience, steadiness, fair play, and self-command were inculcated by the practices witnessed" in the playing-fields of the bush. The imitative games of young savages, then, are like those of other young people, only varying in the things imitated. Among games we can scarcely reckon the dances of the adults, in which the manners and customs of beasts are imitated. These dances have usually a religious sense (as when the Athenian girls mimicked the bear in the worship of Artemis), or they are magical ceremonies, intended to secure luck in the chase.

Turning from imitative sports to gambling games, we find, as is well known, that savages are determined gamblers. Their modes of losing and winning wam-

pum, blankets, beads, shells, weapons, and other portable property seem childish, but are not more so essentially than such games of pure chance as roulette, or trente et quarante. In New Zealand a kind of mora is played; the game is called Ti, and one player calls a number and "has instantly to touch the proper finger"—whether his own or his opponent's we are not informed. In his work on Tonga, Mariner gives a very full account of the game styled Líagí. As a minute description of a game which has reached considerable complexity, the passage from Mariner deserves quotation in full:—

"*Líagí.* This is the first and most important of all Tonga games. It is one which every chief and mataboole is expected to be well acquainted with; and no others ever attempt to learn it. It is played either by two persons or four. For simplicity's sake, we will first suppose that two are playing. They sit opposite each other, and make signs with the hand simultaneously. The one whose turn it is to count making one or other of three signs, *i.e.* by a sudden jerk of his arm, presenting either his open hand, his closed hand, or the extended index finger (the others and the thumb being clenched): his opponent at the same moment also makes a sign, and if it happens to be the same, it becomes his turn to play, and the first gains nothing; but if he succeeds in making one or other of these three signs, without his opponent making the same, five different times running, he throws down a little stick, of which he holds five in his left hand. It is now the other's turn to play, and he must endeavour to do the same; and whichever in this manner disposes of his five sticks first, wins the

game: but if his antagonist imitates him before he can make five signs, we will suppose at the fourth, he has a right to demand what were the three other movements on each side. If his opponent cannot mention them in the order in which they happened, and give a feigned reason for every individual motion on both sides, in the technical language of the game, according to a certain invariable system laid down, he may begin his count again. Giving these supposed or artificial reasons for each move is the most difficult part of the game, because it will vary according to the order of each of the moves that preceded it. When four play they sit as in our game of whist, but each is the antagonist of the one opposite to him; and when one has got out his five sticks, he assists his partner by taking one or two of his sticks, and continuing to play. The rapidity with which these motions are made is almost incredible, and no inexperienced eye can catch one of them."

Of course the gambling at a sport of this kind can be arranged at will, and plunging matabooles doubtless play for jade axe-points with a canoe on the rubber. Any number of variations may be introduced in Líagí or Ti. Some savage forms resemble the English "Buck, buck, how many fingers do I hold up?" or the "*Bucca, Bucca, quot sunt hic?*" of Petronius Arbiter. The Scotch boy's game of Neevie Nick Nack may not be generally understanded of English readers. It is known to savages, and is very simple. One player puts his stake—a marble, top, or what not—in one hand, shuffles it from hand to hand behind his back, and then brings forward both fists, closed, saying:—

"Neevie, Neevie, nick nack,
Whilk haun' will ye tak'?
Be ye richt, be ye wrang,
I'll beguile ye if I can."

The other player then chooses the fist in which he supposes the stake to lie, and either wins or is baffled by the *leger de main* of his opponent. Last winter an American paper described a form of this game among the untamed Western tribes. At their big trade meetings they lose all their profits or double them at an aboriginal form of Neevie Nick Nack. Chosen champions of each side hold numbered pieces of stick, concealing their disposition, and the *galerie* bets with frantic excitement, and generally with ruinous results. Another savage game in Tonga is Laffo, somewhat like our Squails, if any one remembers Squails. Laffo is played "by pitching beans upon a mat, attempting to strike off others that have been pitched there before." Of course this principle, in other matters, can be expanded into curling, so far as knocking away the other side's stones go. In the Tongan games men decide disputes by a wrestling-match, women "toss up" with a cocoanut. Quarrels are thus prevented, but a strong and practised wrestler must have a great advantage at Líagí. If disputed points at whist were settled thus, where would Mr. James Payn be? is the question that occurs to readers of his agreeable "Reminiscences." Gambling may be introduced at the "guessing games" of savages; we know that the Philistines dashed down a considerable stake in their "guessing game" with Samson. In a "guessing game" of the Samoans, one party retires, the others cover one of their side over with a mat and put him in a basket. They then call for the

other party, who try to guess who is in the basket, all but three of the players on that side having concealed themselves in the bush. The successful guesses count as points in this very artless game.

The Samoans, like the Tongans, have the game which resembles Squails, but they are more given to guessing riddles, like the Wolufs of Senegal. The riddles are almost exactly like the *devinettes*, or "guesses," of French, Breton, Scotch, and other European peasants, and these, as we know, resemble as closely the riddle of the Sphinx and the *devinette* which killed Homer, so chagrined was he, according to tradition, at having to "give it up." A kind of Crambo is not unknown to the Samoans. "One party would choose the names of trees, and another the names of men. Those who sided with the trees would say:—'There is the *Fau* tree; tell us a name which will rhyme to it.' The reply would perhaps be 'Tulifau'"—"an innocent rhyme." They are satisfied with assonances; as when one side chooses fish names and the other rhymes with bird names, for the bird Lupe the name of the fish Une is reckoned a satisfactory rhyme. It is better than "dawning" and "morning," "orchard" and "tortured," and other devices of our poets. Of all gambling games of savages the most remarkable is Pachisi, or Patullo, a kind of backgammon, in which the movement of pieces on a board is "motived" by throws of dice, or of buttons, or of beans, or any other rude substitute for dice. Mr. Tylor's essay on this game, which he traces in India, Asia, America (among the Aztecs), and Europe, is not, unluckily, within our reach at this moment. Mr. Tylor is inclined to think that

the game was carried over to Mexico from Asia by immigrants, or in some way imported. Our own inclination is to believe that the game might have been independently invented anywhere by savages in its rudest forms, in a shape, for example, not much unlike hop-scotch. It might then have been elaborated into shapes closely resembling each other, as civilization advanced, by races which had no communication with each other. But this point of inheritance, transmission, or independent development is as difficult to clear up in discussing the distribution of games as in discussing the distribution of myths and *märchen* and customs. One set of people will always believe that identity in these things between various races implies some far-off unity of origin. Others will be inclined to hold that the games have been brought by invaders or by castaways, or have been circulated in the processes of primitive commerce. A third party will prefer, as a rule, the theory of independent development out of some simple, obvious, original shape. In the case of primitive backgammon, we incline, after a due consideration of Mr. Tylor's evidence and arguments, to the third alternative.

Leaving these early forms of gambling, we come to games of pure athletic sportiveness, of the same nature as tennis and cricket. One savage game alone has had good fortune among Europeans—the Red Indian Lacrosse. That game is on the principle of hockey and football and polo, each side trying to drive a ball through, to, or over the goal defended by its opponents. The peculiarity of the pastime is the loose racquet or net on a stick with which the ball is tossed, or in which it is carried. Now, whence came this racquet?

Did the Iroquois modify the pattern of the French tennis racquet, itself a modification, we presume, of the old glove used in La Paume? Or is the kind of racquet used in Lacrosse a sportive modification of the Iroquois snow-shoe, with its reticulated sinews? In the dearth of evidence, we incline to this view, thinking that tennis with regular racquets can have been but little played by the early French settlers in America, and that, even if played, it was not very likely to give an idea to the Red Men. The native game of Lacrosse has been best described by Catlin. Match-days were great days for the women, who were allowed to beat their lords with boughs, and so urge them to greater exertions.

The Australian native ball game is called Marn Grook. The ball is made of opossum-skin, and is "punted out" by "some man of mark." The kick is a regular "punt," not a "drop" or "place" kick. The sides struggle for it, as when the ball is knocked out of touch in the Rugby game. "Some players will leap as high as five feet from the ground to secure the ball." There seem to be no goals. In fact, Marn Grook is "punt about." Elasticity in the ball is got sometimes by making it of twine formed of the twisted hair of the opossum. Another game is throwing the wee weet, a curious native toy, which can be cast to an almost incredible distance. The Narrinyeri have a ball game (the ball sometimes made of the bladder of a kangaroo), which consists of tossing a ball to one of your own side, who tries to pass it on to another, while the opponents endeavour to seize it, and a regular "scrimmage" follows, as at football. Such are the unsophisticated

games of savages, mere rudimentary sports, capable of any amount of elaboration. This the rude primitive forms of games have received at the hands chiefly of the most gamesome of peoples, the English. At one game alone do Dyacks excel civilization—cat's-cradle. In this game also, or in a variety of it, the Maoris represent the various stages of the creation, according to their belief.

THE RECREATIONS OF A CORPS BURSCH.

A YOUNG man who possesses any marked ability for the line of life he has chosen has generally attained to considerable proficiency before he developes into a Bursch. He has mastered the punctilio of the duel and of beer-drinking—two matters of high and elaborate ceremony—and would be able to deliver a challenge with propriety, and to "divide sun and wind" both fairly and accurately at a beer tournament, though he is never permitted to do so. Besides this, he has learned to observe a certain method in his madness, to be courteous to his friends even in his drink, and never to be atrociously rude to any one who does not belong to a Burschenschaft. His life is therefore one of leisure. He must still attend the fencing-school regularly, of course; and, besides the amusements open to all the young, he may drop into a lecture-room, if he feels inclined, and hear what the professor happens to be talking about. Still his time would hang heavily on his hands if it were not for his peculiar recreations.

Time, who is a friend to few of us, has dealt unkindly by the Corps Bursch; and the progress of

civilization, instead of increasing his happiness, has robbed him of some of his favourite diversions. Before 1848 he had a larger scope, and he then thought that to drill an obnoxious Philistine was an agreeable way of spending the small hours of the morning. The whole corps would assemble before the house of the man from whom one of its members had received a real or a fancied slight, and treat him first of all to a "cat's concert"—that is, to the most discordant uproar their ingenuity was capable of inventing, and instruments, carefully put out of tune beforehand, of producing. This was continued long enough to allow the victim time to make a hurried toilette; then came the cry "Light, light," when he had to place a lamp or candle in the window, and afterwards "Light away," when it had to be immediately removed. These cries alternated at varying rates of speed until the young tormentors grew weary of the game, and if they were not obeyed the windows suffered for it. These things were of course only possible in the smaller University towns, where, indeed, the Corps Burschen chiefly loved to congregate, and which, at a still earlier time, the Landsmannschaften ruled with a rod of iron. In those days, when the municipal authorities offended the students, they would retire into the adjacent villages, and thus starve the townsmen into submission. Of course nothing of the kind could now be done, but some remnants of the ancient discipline still remain. If a tradesman has behaved improperly to a student, the seniors of the various corps meet, and after examining into the matter, they issue an order forbidding any member of their societies to deal with the offender.

This resolution is communicated to the heads of the Burschenschaften, who, if the complaint be serious, will probably adopt it, in which case it will be obeyed also by most of the students who do not belong to any society. If any one contravenes such an order he is put into a kind of Coventry—that is, none of his comrades are allowed either to drink or fight with him. At least it is not long since this system used to be employed with considerable effect. These, however, are rather the serious occupations than the amusements of the Corps Bursch.

The latter are manifold, but they differ greatly in different Universities. The Beer State had, we believe, its origin in Jena, at least it culminated there, and exercised a greater influence over the whole social life of the students than in any other University with which we are acquainted. The smallness of the town, the beauty of its environs, and the character of the peasantry, all contributed to its rise and glory, which may perhaps already have passed into a decline and fall. Each student society has rooms in some neighbouring village, where it establishes a mimic court, which during term-time is regularly held once a week. The character of the ruler and his officials is well expressed in the popular song from which we take the following lines:—

> "Ganz Europa wundert sich nicht wenig,
> Welch' ein neues Reich enstanden ist.
> Wer am meisten trinken kann ist König,
> Bischof wer die meisten Mädchen küsst."

In fact, it is the court of the old Lord of Misrule. Whoever is introduced to it must go through various periods of probation, each of which, in the case of a

refractory Fox, may last for weeks, or even months; whereas a welcome guest may in a single evening pass from the condition of a base outsider to that of a miserable squire, an honourable knight, and even higher honours. Everything is decided by the sovereign, his minister, and the bishop, who withdraw to consult on all important questions, and return in their robes of state to announce their decision. The corps students, who, though they publicly profess to take no interest in politics, are almost without an exception Conservative, never assume a title equal to that which the ruler of the state in which their University is situated bears, and so in the neighbourhood of Jena the king of the Beer State contents himself with the appellation of duke, and with a dozen minor titles which need not be reproduced. An account of one of the ceremonies will afford a pretty good general idea of all. When the honour of knighthood is conferred, the squire is summoned before the duke, who sits at the upper end of the table, supported by his knights, and surrounded by the dignitaries of state in their official robes. Every one below the rank of a knight is ordered to retire from the room, and his grace then proceeds to catechize the aspirant as to difficult questions connected with the theory and practice of the beer law. His object is to extract from him some answer which may be construed into an expression of want of absolute devotion to the ducal court. If he succeeds in this the duke frowns, the bishop lifts his hands in abhorrence of the heresy, the dignitaries shake their heads, the knights turn up the whites of their eyes, and the unfortunate squire is not only com-

manded to return to his old place, but he is declared to be in beer Coventry, from which he can only extricate himself by imbibing a specified quantity of liquor within a given time. Nor is this the only danger the catechumen has to dread. The knights, too, are jealous of their privileges, and if he makes an admission which seems to infringe upon these, he will be greeted by a dozen challenges to beer tournaments as soon as he takes his seat among them. When he has passed his State examination successfully he is handed over to the spiritual powers. The bishop takes his seat upon a barrel which has been placed on a convenient table, while the duke and the officers of his court stand around. The worthy ecclesiastic now in his turn questions the squire with respect to his private life and character, more especially his love affairs. It is of course an understood thing that no one is expected to tell the truth either to the duke or the bishop, and the fun of this part of the ceremony consists in the allusions to real circumstances made by the latter, and the skill with which they are parried. When the episcopal court is satisfied, the bishop speaks a few words of kindly admonition. He probably advises the aspirant to cultivate a greater catholicity of taste, to love the blonde without scorning the brown, and never to allow his attention to be so entirely absorbed by the beauty of the mistress as to be entirely unmindful of the charms of the maid. The squire is told to kneel, and asked what title he wishes to assume; he generally chooses one that contains a humorous reference to the lassitude that follows upon vinous exhilaration, and in a minute more, instead of a little water being

sprinkled gently upon his head, a quantity of beer is poured over it. Thus dripping, he is made to crouch on all fours before the duke, who dubs him with an old sword.

Among the most important officials of the Beer State is the court poet, although he does not hold cabinet rank. He is the editor of the official beer gazette, and bound to keep secresy as to the names of the contributors. The gazette, which is read publicly once a month, contains not only the proclamations of the duke and the pastoral letters of the bishop, but a number of parodies on ancient and modern authors; a large amount of news, either imaginary or real, as to the doings of the various members of the corps, and comments on the events of the period it covers. It is purely satirical; and, as it is understood that no one has a right to take offence at anything it contains, the seniors often use it to check the extravagances and bad manners of the younger members.

We have dwelt so long upon an institution which has, after all, only a local importance because it affords an insight into the whole life of the corps. Every one can see from the above that it may rise to an encounter of wits, or sink into brutal and drunken ruffianism. Sometimes a single term decides the character of a corps. A few of the older members leave, and about as many join it who come from associated societies in other Universities. They are distinguished drinkers and swordsmen, and they give the tone to the association they join. Where during the last term a parody on Homer, a happy quotation from Shakspeare, or an allusion to Goethe would

exempt the originator from a beer penalty, such things are now voted Philistine, and every subject, except drinking, fencing, and other still less edifying matters, is decried as "shop." But such a condition of things is the exception rather than the rule, and a debate in the Prussian Parliament has shown how much may be said in favour of the corps. Herr von Zitzewitz, for instance, pointed out that no less than five of the present Ministers had belonged to such a society in their youth, and that in the ranks of the Centre several clergymen were seated who were once renowned for their mastery of every accomplishment in which the heart of the Bursch takes delight. We should certainly imagine that the active members of a students' society are tolerably free from the sin of cramming, a practice that seems lately to have found its way into the Universities of Germany, and which the speakers of all parties agreed in denouncing; but in what way either his recreations or his more serious exercises can tend to promote the "earnestness and thoroughness" which were said to distinguish the Corps Bursch in his after life we are at a loss to understand.

Every Verbindung has its own special anniversaries, which it celebrates with as much splendour as its means will permit. On such occasions numbers of the old members who have now become grave, and in some cases even venerable citizens, revisit the scenes of their former riot, and deputations from similiar societies in other Universities attend to take part in the festivities, the chief of which is, of course, a grand commers. On one of the high days it is usual for the corps to parade the streets on horse-

back or in open carriages. Such processions are occasionally magnificent, and when fancy dresses and masks are worn by the active members, they are not unfrequently amusing, though most Englishmen are apt to think them a childish diversion. There is one procession, however, which never fails to make a strong impression on a stranger. When a student dies at the University during term-time, all the rest request permission to pay him the last honours. First come the societies with their bands playing sacred music; the students who do not belong to any of them follow. The funeral takes place at night, the seniors march with drawn swords, and all the rest with torches, which throw a strange, vivid, but uncertain light on young faces that wear an unwonted seriousness. Thus they pass through the principal streets of the town to the churchyard, where the body has before been brought, and the clergyman is waiting. They form a large circle round the open grave, and stand silently while the service is performed, and a few fitting words are spoken, after which they return as they came, but only to the churchyard gate. As soon as that is passed, they once more arrange themselves into a circle, the torches are cast in a great pile in the centre, and when the flame leaps through the reddening smoke, the bands suddenly strike up a new tune, and hundreds of voices join in the old song:—

"Gaudeamus igitur,
Juvenes dum sumus,
Post jucundam juventutem,
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humus."

THE FIESTA DE TOROS.

THE bull-fight, or, as the Spaniards call it, the bull-feast, cannot be called a national game in the strict sense of the word. In its fully developed form it is not an amusement in which anybody can share, but a performance by highly trained professionals. It is, however, a national game in so far that nothing else is so characteristic or so popular. No other thing of Spain is so thoroughly Spanish. In the Northern provinces it is not the custom for ladies to be present, but their husbands and brothers go to a man. Spaniards who do not smoke are few, but they are far more numerous than those who do not visit the ring at least occasionally. The great majority of foreign visitors see at least one fight during their stay, and of those who have once gone, not a few go again, and keep on going. It is needless at this time of day to speak of its barbarity, especially as it has been made the subject of not a little cant, more particularly, as is only natural, in England. The bull, the horses, and at times the men, suffer, it is true, yet it may very well be doubted whether the pursuit is more cruel than coursing bagged hares or pigeon-shooting. In a world which is so rich in barbarity

of a very sordid kind, some allowance may be made for the brilliant bull-fight.

Elaborate descriptions of the show have been given quite often enough. Foreigners who have visited Spain for centuries past have generally written accounts of it more or less fully, and it may be taken for granted that most readers are already familiar with the main features of the fight. They know that it takes place in an open amphitheatre; that the bull is first worried by men on horseback, then maddened by men on foot armed with various instruments of torture, then mortally wounded by the chief performer, who uses a sword; and, finally, when it has fallen, put out of its pain by a blow with a species of dagger on the spine. Some six or seven bulls are disposed of one after another in this way, and then the "fiesta" is at an end. The internal organization of the game is less known, and we will endeavour to explain how a fight is got up, and how the work is divided among the various combatants. Firstly, then, as to place. Most towns of any importance in Spain have a regular "Plaza de Toros." It is an open amphitheatre, which in some cases is very large. The ring at Valencia will hold twelve thousand persons. According to amateurs of severe taste, a fight cannot be seen to full advantage in a large ring, because the men have too much room to avoid the bull, and are therefore never called upon to show their utmost skill. When he has plenty of space to run in, a banderillero is tempted to trust to his legs rather than to the accuracy of his eye and the neatness of his dodging. Besides, the bull gets tired too soon. In small towns, which can only afford one fight or

so a year, the market-place, or principal square (plaza), is temporarily fitted up. This was at one time the universal practice, and hence the name of the ring, to which the title of plaza has descended, just as the pit of the theatre is called the patio, or courtyard, the comedies having been originally given in that part of the houses of the nobles, or in large inns. A strong stockade (la barrera) runs round the ring. It is about six feet high, and has a ledge about two feet from the ground, for the convenience of the men who have to jump over. Inside the barrier there is a passage rather higher than the level of the ring, then another barrier. The seats rise from the top of this second barrier, so that even if the bull gets out of the ring, he cannot reach the spectators. These seats, mere rough benches without a back, rise in tiers, and above them are the boxes. As the fiesta is given in the afternoon, one side of the plaza is in shadow, and the seats here cost rather more than those in the sun. In the middle of the boxes in this half of the amphitheatre is the seat of the president. Right under him is a passage from the ring, with which it communicates by heavy folding doors. Wounded men can be taken out by this way into the room where the doctor waits. Similar doors on one side lead to the stable for the horses. Opposite the president's box, and on a level with him, is the seat of the bugler, and under it another passage with other folding doors, which leads to the torral—the yard where the bulls are kept. All these doors open back from the ring, and for a very intelligible reason When the bull has got over the barrier and sets off trotting round in the narrow passage, he must be

turned back into the plaza. One of the attendants, therefore, runs to the door, towards which he is moving, and shuts the further flap back across the passage. The bull, finding his road barred, makes a halt. Then a second attendant gets nimbly on the top of the barrier, and begins to shut the nearer flap. The bull turns instinctively towards the open space on one side of him—namely, the ring—and plunges into it. Instantly the doors are slammed to behind him, and the poor "toro" is back on his fatal field of battle.

Such is the place, and now for the persons, who may be divided into the organizers of the fight, the four-footed and the two-footed combatants. A fiesta may be given by a Town Council, or a politician in search of popularity, or by charitable persons to raise money for the poor, or by an impresario in the way of business. The ring is hired from the company or municipal authority to which it belongs. There are two classes of tickets, first for the "entradas," which cost five or six reales—a shilling or fifteenpence—and merely give the right of entry, and then for the seats, which range from tenpence or so for a place on a bench in the sun to four or five pounds, or even more, for a box. You need not buy a seat if you do not object to standing about, but you cannot get in without an entrada. The usual division of the spoils is that the owners of the ring get the entradas, and the givers of the fight the money for the seats. There must be a president, whose function it is to give the signal for the beginning or ending of each part of the fiesta, and decide all disputes as to the behaviour of the bull-fighters. He is commonly the chief local

authority, civil or military, and his post is not always a pleasant one. If his generalship does not please the people, they are considered entitled to howl unlimited abuse at him, and they use their privilege to the fullest extent. A president who is not learned in the niceties of bull-fighting, and who lacks the fine tact which tells a true "aficionado" when anything has lasted long enough, does wisely to have a more experienced friend at his elbow. We have seen an unlucky and bungling civil governor reduced to putting himself into the diminutive hands of a charming Andalusian lady, the wife of a distinguished Alphonsist general. By the universal consent of a Republican audience, she discharged the arduous duties of the post in a masterly manner. The horses and bulls are provided by the empresa—*i.e.* the managing committee or impresario, as the case may be. As for the horses, little need be said of them. They are all the broken-down animals which are only fit for the knacker, and no words can be too strong for the brutal cruelty with which they are treated. Of late years it has been the custom to kill them as soon as they are badly wounded, which shows some sort of beginning of a feeling of humanity to animals in the Spanish mind. The bulls come, for the most part, from Navarre, Castile, and Andalusia. It would require a treatise of some length to specify and explain the many terms used in Spain to describe the varying characters of these animals. They range from the bravo pure and simple, the courageous beast which charges with blind fury, to the cabrito or kid, which skips about the ring and does nothing effectual. One name may be quoted for its exquisite absurdity—

it is the "bull of bad intentions," the beast which will not be deluded by flags and cloaks, but charges straight for the man. Such bulls are dangerous. As a rule, the bulls are not big; but they are remarkably fierce and active, and, coming from the vast pasture-grounds, are always in good training.

When the empresa has secured the ring, the horses, and the bulls, the next step is to find the fighters. The usual way of doing so is to hire the troop of some well-known espada, or those of two espadas. Bull-fighters are divided, as everybody knows, into several classes, all called toreros. The old word toreador means an amateur who kills the bull from horseback with a short, broad-headed spear, weighted at the handle, and called a rejon. It is held like a dagger, and the blow is struck downwards. The toreador only appears now at royal feasts in Madrid, and is always accompanied by a troop of professionals, who advise him and get him out of scrapes. The great man among the toreros is the espada, or sword, also called the diestro, the fencer. He is the manager of the trooop (la cuadrilla), and pays its subordinate members out of the lump-sum advanced him by the empresa. There are always two espadas at every fight, who kill alternate bulls; and, as a rule, the wage-fund is divided between them, each paying his own troop. Next in dignity come the banderilleros, who worry the bulls with barbs called banderillas—which is, being interpreted, little flags. There are generally two banderilleros in a troop—that is to say, four in all in the ring. One of them is selected to be sobresaliente de espada, or third man to the chiefs. If either of them is killed or disabled, he takes his

place, and it is his function to kill the extra bull, or "toro de gracia," which is generally given to the spectators at the end. Then come the capeadors, the smart lads with cloaks (capas), who draw the bull off from the fallen picadores, and otherwise make themselves useful. All these toreros fight on foot, and stand on different rungs of the same professional ladder. The espada has always begun by being a capeador. The picador, the horseman who fights with the long spear called garrocha, comes after all. He has the roughest work, the poorest pay, and he remains a picador all his life. By the rules of the ring he is compelled to cover the head of his spear with a sheath which leaves only about an inch of steel exposed. He must hold the weapon so that when his arm is hanging straight down the point comes four inches in front of his horse's breast. By another rule he must never turn the point on the bone of the bull's shoulder. In fact, he is hampered in every way, and stands in constant need of the armour he wears on the right leg and thigh—the gregorianas, as they are called from the Christian name of the illustrious Don Gregorio Gurri, who invented them in the last century. Calderon, one of the few picadores who has enjoyed much personal reputation in our time, has always said that he could bring any decent horse untouched through a fight if he was only allowed to do as he pleased with his garrocha. But even he could only do it by crippling the bull and spoiling sport for the banderillero and the espada, and so he has to take his share of tumbles with other picadores. There is also in every troop a cachetero, who, when the bull has fallen after the fatal thrust, divides the spine with the

short dagger, also called the cachetero. This is the man whom the Spaniards now call the matador, or killer, and he is a mere butcher. A miscellaneous crowd of chulos—knaves in the old sense—is employed to rake and water the ring, spread fresh sand over the blood, and tend the gaily caparisoned mules which gallop off with the dead horses and bulls. The pay given to these different classes of men varies from two pounds or so for an ordinary picador up to twenty or thirty for the sobresaliente de espada. They are paid by the fight. All that remains after paying them goes to the espadas. As the lump-sum provided for paying the toreros is sometimes as much as five hundred pounds, of which one-half will cover the wages and travelling expenses of the troop or troops, an espada may make as much as a hundred and fifty pounds. When it is remembered that he may take part in thirty or forty fights during the season, it requires very little arithmetic to show that his gains may amount to thousands. With ordinary prudence in money matters and good luck in escaping "bulls of bad intentions," he may rely on spending an honoured old age in the enjoyment of a pleasant little fortune.

In the ring the work is divided according to well-established rules. At a signal from the president—the waving of a pocket-handkerchief—the toreros march in from a door to the right of his box. The procession is opened by two alguaciles on horseback dressed in handsome black customs of the sixteenth century. Then come the two espadas walking side by side, as magnificent as silk, satin, gold lace, or jet can make them, each man with a cloak of the same colour as his dress carefully arranged over his left shoulder

and round his waist. It is held in its place by the left hand, the arm being placed akimbo, while the right hangs gravely down the side. The banderilleros and capeadores march in order after their chiefs in the same attitude and in soberer versions of the same dress. Behind ride the four picadores in a line abreast. The president throws the key of the torral to one of the alguaciles, who should catch it neatly in his hat, gallop across the ring with it, and hand it to the doorkeeper. As they are indifferent horsemen, they generally bungle their work; and great is the delight of the spectators if one of these officers of the law gets spilt, particularly if that happens when the bull is already in the plaza. When the key is delivered, the alguaciles take themselves off without standing on the order of their going. Meanwhile the toreros have taken up their positions. Even if two cuadrillas are employed, all the men except the espadas are in the plaza at once, and act together. The espadas relieve one another. If, for instance, the two hired for a fight are Lagartijo and Chicorro, and the former is to kill the first bull, he withdraws inside the barrier as soon as the key is thrown to the alguazil there to wait till his work begins. Meanwhile Chicorro acts as captain of the team. He posts his men on either side of the door leading to the torral. Two picadores are put on each side, while the banderilleros and capeadores are posted near them, cloak in hand, ready for an emergency. When a picador is down, he must be saved and the bull drawn off. It will be Chicorro's business to see that this is done promptly and without confusion. When the picadores have done enough, the president again

shakes his handkerchief, and the bugle sounds. Then the ring is cleared of riders and their horses (those which can move), and the banderillero does his feats of skill, aided by the capeadores under the direction of Chicorro. Once or twice in the course of a fight the directing espada is expected to do some feat of skill himself, but that will be in the middle or towards the end. At the beginning he husbands his strength. When the second act has lasted long enough, there is another waving of the pocket-handkerchief, and another bugle call. In an instant the toreros retire to the barrier, and Lagartijo comes out. Gravely he takes his place facing the president, with his sword and flag, the blood-red bandeja in his left hand. With the right he gracefully takes off his hat. Then in a loud voice he pronounces perhaps the only oath, not being one of vengeance, which is piously observed in Spain. He swears to do his duty, and he does it. His hat is thrown behind him with a gay toss. Holding the bandeja in the left hand, the sword in the right, with one trusty capeador at his back, he stands forth to fight his duel with the bull. Like the picador, he is bound by strict rules. He must keep on his ground in front of his enemy. No blow can be struck from the left side or from behind. If the bull rushes away, it must be tempted back to below the president's box. An espada must show a certain amount of graceful play with his flag before giving the final thrust. When he has done that for a sufficient time, he gives his blow. It is delivered in front of the bull's right shoulder, as the animal charges, and with the nails down. The commonest blow is the volapié, when the espada springs to meet

the bull, but a recibido—a thrust given with the feet firm—is perhaps more honourable. It shows less skill, and is not so graceful, but it is more risky, and requires a strong wrist and steady eye. The sword must enter up to the hilt. If the blow is properly given the bull stops at once, and soon falls. Then the cachetero finishes him. The carcass is dragged out at a gallop by the mules, and the ring is raked and watered. Lagartijo enjoys his applause, and places the men for the second bull. He directs until Chicorro is called on to kill him, and then takes his turn of rest. Chicorro then swears his oath, disposes of his bull, and acts as captain till Lagartijo's turn comes round again. Each man, be it observed, swears once only. It is also well to do the toreros the justice of saying that, although they are divided by jealousies of a truly theatrical rancour, they are never known to fail one another in the ring. Indeed, any one of them who played another a base trick would soon find that, between the rage of the spectators, the universal contempt of society, and the knives of his rival's friends, the coldest corner in the Guadarrama would soon be too hot to hold him.

What we have described here is a fully organized fiesta. The various inferior forms are too numerous to detail, and they are increasing. It is sometimes said that a public opinion against the amusement is forming in Spain, and that the bull-fight is destined to disappear. No sane man will prophesy what will happen in the twentieth century, but there are reasons and reasons for thinking that the toreros will not find themselves short of work in our time. In the first place, there have always been people who thought

the game barbarous, and at one time all who attended it were excommunicated by the Church. Yet the mass of Spaniards, including churchmen, went. In our own time the spread of civilization in the shape of railways has given it a great impetus. Fights now take place in towns where they were unknown when the bulls could only be brought by the road. The attitude of the Spanish mind towards the bull-fight is indeed well described in a popular apologue told to illustrate the stiffneckedness of the Arragonese. "Erase que se era," as Sancho Panza would have said, once upon a time it happened that the Archangel Gabriel was going his round of inspection on earth in the kingdom of Arragon, and he met a native trudging along the road. "Where are you going, my friend?" asked the archangel. "I am going to see the bull-fight at Tudela," answered the Arragonese. "Si Dios quiere—please God," added the archangel, with pious gravity. But the Arragonese stolidly repeated his assertion. "Say if God pleases," said Gabriel, intent on improving his morals; but it was no use. Then, in great wrath, the archangel turned him into a frog, and left him croaking in a puddle. After many years the celestial inspector came to those parts again. As he walked along the frogs croaked from the puddle, and his attendant angel said, "How loud do those frogs keep saying 'Coax, coax' in the puddle!" "My son," answered Gabriel, "you remind me of a duty." Then he went to the water, and summoned forth a frog, which at his word took human shape, and again became the Arragonese. No sooner was he on his feet than he started off along the road. "Now then," shouted Gabriel, "where are you going?"

All the answer he got was, "I am going to Tudela to see the bull-fight." Now the whole Spanish nation might be turned into frogs, if there be water enough in their dried-up land to hold them, and soak and croak there for many years, and yet would their love of the "fiesta de toros" not depart from them.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED, LONDON AND BECCLES.
G., C. & Co.